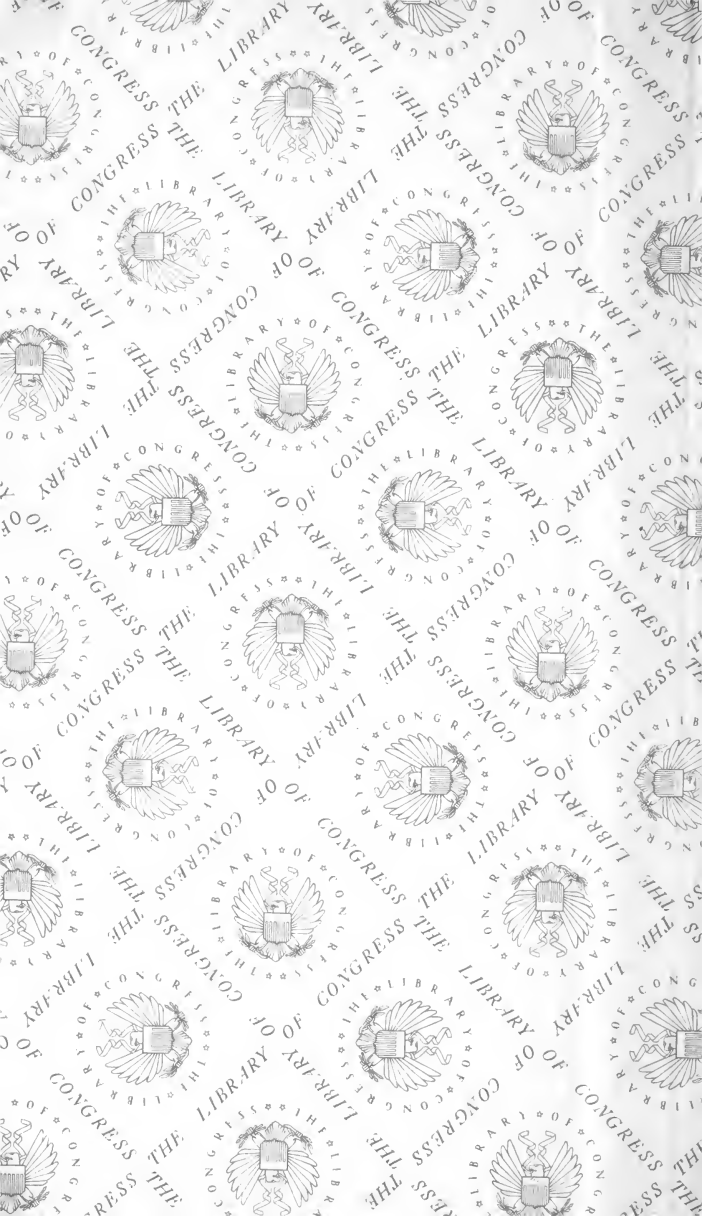
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TO D. W. J.

" When I behold the false and flatter'd state
Which all ambition points at, and survey
The hurried pageants of the passing day,
Where all press on to share a fleeting fate,
Methinks the living triumphs that await
On hours like thine, might tempt the proud to stay.
For on a green and all unworldly way,
Thy hand hath twined the chaplet of the great,
And the first warmth and fragrance of its fame,
Are stealing on thy soul. The time shall be
When men may find a music in thy name,
To rouse deep fancies and opinions free;
Affections fervid as the sun's bright flame,
And sympathies unfathom'd as the sea.

LAMAN BLANCHARD (1824).

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THE

LIFE AND REMAINS

OF

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

BY HIS SON

BLANCHARD JERROLD.

BOSTON:
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.
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AUTHOR'S EDITION.

RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE:
STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY
H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY.

Dedication.

I LAY THIS RECORD

OF A LIFE SHE SHARED AND SWEETENED,

WITH ALL DUTIFUL AFFECTION,

AT

MY MOTHER'S FEET.

PREFACE.

I HAVE fulfilled, to the best of my poor ability, a very difficult and a very solemn task. Mr. Carlyle has said that a well-written life is almost as rare as a well-spent one. My endeavour has been to set forth two rarities: I fear I have failed in the production of the well-written life; but it will be sufficient reward to me for the anxiety I have suffered in this performance of a filial duty, if I have proved that my father's life was a well-spent one.

It is possible that the world may declare that I have, in the following pages, set an unjustly high value upon my father's works; and that I have claimed for the memory of the man more reverence than it deserves.

The chief writings of Douglas Jerrold have been now for many years before the public; and the high favour which they have commanded is the safeguard of that place in contemporary literature, which the grateful affection of a son would have assigned them, under any circumstances.

When speaking of the man—of the husband

and parent—some authority is due to me. I who saw my father—the fine subject of this poor picture (which I set before the reader with a grave sense of short-comings in the execution thereof)—daily *en robe de chambre;* when the house-doors were closed upon the world—when the fear of critics was not—and when the natural temperament had its free play—I who have most solid reason to be grateful for many sunny years passed under the wise and tender guidance of Douglas Jerrold at home, do venture to speak somewhat authoritatively to all who have slandered him, calling him cynic, and begetter of feuds and ill-blood between poor and rich.

I might have filled chapters answering trite slanders—slanders in religious papers that doubted insolently his Christianity—slanders penned by penurious scribes, with a wondrously liberal disregard of truth—slanders carted in long articles numbered 1, 2, and 3, and sent to an American paper by a man who declared that he was a friend of the illustrious deceased, and had therefore a few mud pellets ready, at a goodly sum per pellet, to throw upon his grave. I have put all this dirty pillory-crowd aside. I have written, upon my father's own desk, the truth, so far as I know it, about him, at home and abroad. I have suppressed nothing for the indulgence of family vanity; and beg the public acceptance of this biography in the faith that it is an honest, if a weak work.

One gentleman has, however, written to *The Press*, an American paper, slanders of my father, so elaborate and wicked, that I feel bound to assure any readers who may have read them, that the writer was *not* in the list of Douglas Jerrold's friends, in the first place; and, in the second place, that his statements are fabrications; and his estimates of the writer's private character, impure speculations not based upon personal knowledge. Even facts which the writer might have caught correctly, with a little trouble, are misstated. Thus my father is said to have written *Black Eyed Susan* "before he was twenty-one"—the fact being that the dramatist was in his twenty-sixth year when he produced this drama. Then the American public is informed that Douglas Jerrold was "down" upon Mr. Charles Kean, in *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, till his death, because he conceived that Mr. Kean had purposely contrived the failure of the *Heart of Gold*. The fact is that, after this piece was produced, my father never wrote a line about Mr. Kean or his management, in the said newspaper. Douglas Jerrold, writes the scribe in question, "was easily offended, and never forgave." How many men are alive to contradict this, most energetically! But the sting of the series to which I am referring, is meant to lie in the assertion that "Jerrold only *wrote;* he never *did* any thing for the people." Let me give the maligner's own words:—

"He (Douglas Jerrold) used to say that for the

first twenty-five years of his life he was perpetually struggling with poverty, and that therefore he felt for the poor. Almost at a bound, so sudden was the accession of literary reputation and gain, he rose from £800 to £3000 a year. Out of the smaller income he *could not* indulge in charity; out of the larger he *did not*. . . . How his large income slipped through his fingers we shall not too curiously inquire. His family benefited very slightly by it. Jerrold was a man who made a point of being extremely and constantly liberal —*to himself*." The facts given in the following pages, and the many witnesses of my father's most prodigal charity, will suffice, I trust, to cast back this charge in the writer's teeth. Perhaps, however, to show how calmly this "friend" gives assumptions for truths, it would have sufficed to state that he alleges, as evidence of my father's "unpopularity," that "year after year, until the month before his death, he was regularly blackballed at the Reform Club." My father was proposed for election at this club once, and once only and was elected.

During the preparation of this difficult work, I have been indebted for suggestions, correspondence, and anecdotes, to many of my father's old friends. Mr. Charles Dickens and Mr. John Forster have kindly afforded me the opportunity of referring to my father's letters addressed to them respectively; Mr. Hepworth Dixon has given me some valuable memoranda; and Mr. Wilkinson

has enlightened me on my father's early days at Cranbrook and Sheerness, aided by the clear memory of Mr. James Russell. Mr. Peter Cunningham, Mr. Horace Mayhew, Mr. Kenny Meadows, Mr. Shirley Brooks, are names of my father's friends, who have been of service to me. But I can recall, happily, many old, familiar faces, that have been grouped about me, bringing anecdotes, facetiæ, &c. to my work. To one and all of these I beg here to tender my heartiest thanks.

If the world will still obstinately hold that my father's was of those natures which are outwardly "cold, cutting, and sharp," they will, I trust, believe that it was also of those which "in their common inner world," throb and labour warmly and tenderly—natures which Jean Paul likens happily to "lofty palm-trees, armed with long thorns against all that lies below," but filled on their summits "with precious palm wine of the most vigorous friendship."

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LIFE OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.

CHAPTER I.

INFANCY.

In the year 1789 the Dover company of players were halted at Eastbourne, the chief actors of the little band being located at the Lamb Inn. On a certain evening in this year a star arrived, and inquired for the manager, Mr. Richland. "A very shrewd-looking and rather handsome lad of about fourteen" met the star, and conducted him into the managerial presence. This lad was the son of Mr. Samuel Jerrold. Mr. Jerrold was an important member of the company; and seemed to derive much of his popularity from the possession of a pair of Garrick's shoes, which he wore whenever he appeared on the stage. "I still see the delight," writes Mr. Dibdin, the star in question, in his autobiography, "with which his eyes sparkled when he exhibited these relics of the mighty Roscius to me for the first time, and his stare of admiration on learning that the 'new gentleman' was really and truly no more nor less than a genuine godson of the immortal G.!"

More than half a century after the poor stroller,

Samuel Jerrold, had displayed his precious shoes to the bumpkins about Eastbourne, his son, Douglas, accompanied by his family, went to this quiet place to enjoy a summer's holiday. Here a poor stroller waited upon the son, and asked him to give his patronage to the little theatre. Douglas Jerrold's "bespeak" was put forth in this same Eastbourne, in 1851; and the patron went to the barn with his family, and was posted in the seat of honour;—the honour being marked by a little red cloth thrown over the front bench. Rafters, dark and ghostly, overhead; rows of greasy benches behind; and a woeful stage, with dips for foot-lights, were not encouraging hints as to the nature of the entertainment. Presently a boy in a smock frock snuffed the dips; and then the *Love Chase* was played. The manager's family took nearly all the parts; even the poor old chief of the troupe, blind and worn, was led on to sing "Come and take tea in the arbour." In 1851, the patron of the evening must have thought, "Matters theatrical here are rude enough. What must the theatre have been in which Dibdin, and my father, and Wilkinson, performed hereabouts some sixty years ago!"

We pass back from 1851 to 1789.

Mr. Samuel Jerrold was, according to Dibdin, not only the envied proprietor of Garrick's shoes—he was printer to the theatrical corps. In this capacity he asked the new star how he would have his name printed in the playbills.

"Sir," replied the facetious Dibdin, "my name is Norval.

"True," responded Mr. Jerrold, "upon the Grampian Hills; but your real name?"

The proprietor of Garrick's shoes was not, as may be inferred from this retort, always "melancholy," as Dib-

din has described him. His son Robert was even energetic and enterprising, for he was ready to take a midnight walk with Dibdin from Eastbourne to Brighton, in those days when the roads were infested with highwaymen, and when the coast was in the possession of smugglers. The object of Dibdin's journey with his young friend Robert Jerrold, was to see Reynolds's tragedy of *Werter;* and, perhaps, to embrace Mrs. Dibdin, who happened to be at Brighton at the time.

The travellers left Eastbourne on their tramp of eighteen miles as the clock struck midnight. The moon cheered them with her "tender light," and they had already fortified themselves with a substantial supper at "The Lamb." They reached Seaford in safety, and without having had an adventure by the way. But at this point of their journey the moon disappeared, leaving them to grope along a barely distinguishable road, over a dreary, cliff-bordered down. The comforts of the Lamb Inn probably rose to the minds of the pedestrians. They had yet far to go, through that black night, under the ebon shadows of tremendous cliffs, through deep and ghastly crevices. Suddenly the scene was brilliantly illuminated. They knew the meaning of the circle of signal lights that flashed along the seaboard. Smugglers were abroad. Like Nelson, they had accepted the dark night as a point in their favour. Dibdin and Robert Jerrold had now reached the end of a "gloomy defile," and, as they followed the winding of the road towards the sea, they were suddenly stopped by a procession of about one hundred smugglers, leading about two hundred horses laden with casks. The men were armed to the teeth, ready to save their booty with their lives. Still they were jolly fellows it would seem, and at once insisted

upon refreshing the travellers with a little "godsend"—the name they gave to some very excellent brandy. More—they insisted upon giving Dibdin a ride between two tubs upon a tall black mare, and upon setting "little Bob Jerrold" astride a cask of contraband, on the back of a Shetland pony.

In short, smugglers were never jollier nor bolder on the boards of the Adelphi, than were these sturdy transgressors of the law on the southern coast.

Dibdin and his companion reached Brighton in safety, and returned presently to their professional duties at Eastbourne.

Robert Jerrold and Charles Jerrold were the issue of Mr. Samuel Jerrold's marriage with Miss Simpson, an actress in one of the companies to which, during his changeful youth, Mr. Samuel Jerrold belonged. The elder son, Robert, when he reached manhood, adopted his father's profession, and became a member of the Norwich company, acting under the name of Fitzgerald. Subsequently he was lessee of the York circuit, bought the Sheerness theatre of his father in June, 1813, and died suddenly, on his way from Sheffield to Leeds in May, 1818. Charles became a warrant officer in his Majesty's navy, and died about 1846.

Mr. Samuel Jerrold undoubtedly passed many years of his life in the provincial towns of the south of England, gaining his livelihood as an actor. The son of Mr. Jerrold, of Hackney, (who was a large dealer in horses at a time when horses were eagerly sought, in consequence of the long-continued wars,) and the descendant of yet richer forefathers, the poor stroller must have remembered somewhat bitterly the fact, to which he often referred, namely, that he had played in a barn upon the estate that

was rightfully his own. More of his family he never communicated to his children; nor has the humble chronicler of these facts been at much pains to elaborate an ancestral tree.

At the close of the last century, and in the early years of the present, the strolling actor was still, in the eyes of society, a protected vagabond. Since that 10th of May, 1574, on which the influence of the Earl of Leicester obtained for his servants, James Burbadge, John Parkyn, John Lanham, William Johnson, and Robert Wilson, a license, under the privy seal, "to exercise the faculty of playing throughout the realm of England,"* until far into this present century, actors had made little progress in the esteem of society. With the exception of the fortunate men and women who trod the boards of the patent houses, they were still vagabonds, as in the early Elizabethan days, when they were glad to shelter themselves as servants of powerful nobles; when the Earl of Warwick, Lord Clinton, Sir Robert Lane, and other notable men had each their retinue of theatrical servants; and when these servants were forbidden to act publicly on Thursdays, because their entertainments might harm the interest of the more dignified folk who speculated in the attractions of bear-baiting.

And so near that little pleasant Kentish market-town, Cranbrook, Mr. Robert Jerrold, manager, who set his actors to work about 1806 in a large barn at Wilsby, was, no doubt, glad to find himself under the protecting wing of Sir Walter and Lady Jane James, the great people of Angley. The stage must have been rude enough; the dresses were possibly coarse and dingy; yet under this barn thatch more than one actor, destined to be presently

* The Prolegomena to Reed's edition of Steevens's "Shakspeare."

famous in London, strutted his hour for the amusement of Kentish ploughboys.

The manager had had his misfortunes and his fortunes. He had lost his first wife, and years afterwards (about 1793 or 1794), had married at Wirksworth, in Derbyshire, Miss Reid, a young lady of great energy and ability. The husband was older than his own mother-in-law; and gossips in the theatre had much to say about this junction of May with December. Still the match was a happy one, and brought prosperity to the management; for Mrs. Samuel Jerrold could rule a theatre as cleverly and more vigorously than her elderly lord. A young family came —first two daughters; then, while Mrs. Jerrold was in London, on the 3d of January, 1803, a fine boy, who was christened Douglas William, and carried in swaddling clothes to Cranbrook by his grandmother. Douglas was his grandmother's maiden name.

The sheep-bells that made the softly-rounded hills about Cranbrook ever musical, and the rude theatre in the suburbs of the little town, were little Douglas's earliest recollections. In 1806, when the subject of this memoir was in his third year, he was a strong, rosy, white-haired boy, as Mr. Wilkinson (afterwards the celebrated Jeffrey Muffincap), who had just arrived at the little theatre to tempt fortune upon its humble boards, is still alive to testify. That intense love of nature—that thirst which the grown man felt for the freshness of the breeze—and that glow of heart with which he met the sunshine in after-life, appear to have first moved his soul as an infant. The memory of the sheep-bell, I have said, was his earliest impression; for the sweetness of the rich pasturages and the leafy lanes, the swelling distances of grove, and hill, and valley, were all summed up, in his

memory, in this pastoral music. Led by his grandmother, with whom he chiefly lived, for careful walks along the cleaner paths, he gathered the abundant wild flowers of Kentish hedges, and trotted early home to bed, that the old lady might be at her humble post of money-taker at the Wilsby theatre.

And when he becomes a man, with a pen in his hand, and strong, clear, and intense thoughts in his brain, he remembered this little thatched Wilsby theatre, and spoke in behalf of the strolling player. "He is," said the strolling player's son, "the merry preacher of the noblest, grandest lessons of human thought. He is the poet's pilgrim, and in the forlornest by-ways and abodes of men calls forth new sympathies—sheds upon the cold dull trade of real life, an hour of poetic glory, 'making a sunshine in a shady place.' He informs human clay with thoughts and throbbings that refine it, and for this he was for centuries 'a rogue and vagabond;' and is even now a long, long day's march from the vantage-ground of respectability."

And so Master Douglas Jerrold passed into his fourth year. On the 27th day of January, 1807, Mr. Samuel Jerrold became the lessee of the Sheerness theatre, and early in this year his family followed him to his new field of exertion.

Sheerness at the present time is, perhaps, the dullest English seaport town a wanderer from London can visit. The approach from Chatham, down the Medway, between the wooden walls of England, making a glorious thoroughfare—past the dismantled ships that once bore hardy Englishmen to the Arctic regions—past the black and terrible floating batteries, and the poor old hull of the Chesapeake reduced to a receiving-ship—to the broad

water, where frigates sit immovable upon the dancing sea —where lively boats dart hither and thither to the cheery notes of brawny tars, while the gold-laced caps of the officers in the stern-sheets gleam, as the little barks rise and fall, with a white crest of foam ever upon their gallant shoulder—here with a fresh breeze rushing past his face, and planted upon the deck of a little steamer that runs audaciously under the stern or bows of the war monsters around her, and impudently tries to puff her smoke into the state-cabin windows, to prove that she is not so little after all—here, I say, the smoke-dried Londoner may spend a pleasant, invigorating hour. But let him once touch the creaking timbers of old Sheerness pier, and he is disenchanted. He may lean upon the railings for a few minutes, and watch sailors lolling and peaceably smoking in their rocking boats—he may note the admiral's little black steamer standing out to sea; or he may catch glimpses of great hulls laid up high and dry in the dockyard, and suffering the blows of a thousand hammers, amid feathers of steam darting from the black holes, where fires glow like angry eyes, and where, he is told, Nasmyth's hammer now breaks an iron beam, and now, delicately as a lady—to show how gentle it can be —cracks a nut! But when he has resolutely passed the dingy toll-house at the land extremity of the pier, and has turned to the left, and into High Street, he will possibly quicken his footsteps, with the innocent idea that he is passing rapidly out of the dirt, and away from the little squalid shops of Blue Town, into the more aristocratic Mile Town. A quarter of an hour devoted to this manly pedestrianism will convince him that Blue Town is, on the whole, quite as cheerful a place as Mile Town; for, grant that the High Street, Blue Town, do consist

of a high black dockyard wall on the left, and rows of rasping pilot coats, arrays of 'bacco boxes, tarpaulin, consumptive apples strangely laid out near red herrings that are yellow, and dingy beershops, ornamented with gin bottles with fly-blown labels, on the right—can Mile Town, with its long streets of little one-storied wooden houses, make any solid claim to grandeur? It includes Portland Place it is true; but then its Portland Place is hardly one hundred yards in length; and its industry is almost confined to the operations of an energetic dealer in weathercocks and figure-heads. Enterprise is not wild in Blue Town, it is true again, since the librarian surrendered a current number of "Household Words" to me only after a weighty discussion, in which he informed me that he "never bought more numbers than he had orders for." Sheerness does not even boast a published guide. One was issued years ago, but it has long since been suffered to run out of print. For amusements Sheerness possesses a Coöperative Hall, mostly frequented by clergymen of a highly orthodox jocosity. No telegraphic wires connect this ancient town with London. It has consented to avail itself of the advantages of gas; but then it will not allow its gasometer to compete with the moon, and so, on moonlight nights, it dispenses with the services of its lamplighter. But then Sheerness has no pretension whatever. There are no gaudy linendrapers' windows, no dapper tailors, no tempting hosiers within it. Its people dress as they please, and appear to have but the smallest regard for the opinions of their neighbours. The sailors lounging about the streets, with their broad fingers dipped into their dog's-eared pockets, appear to have given their rough, and honest, and careless spirit to the place.

It is strange, seeing how cheerful Sheerness people are, and how content they live in narrow, dirty streets, that they have not been impelled by the gallant fellows who lie in the great ships yonder, to arrange some hearty amusements for visitors. But the fact is, that the sailors repair to sad beershops, while the serious attend those sleepy, soulless lectures, of which the soiled syllabus may be seen in the bakers' windows. There is no theatre in Sheerness; and more, I could not find a single inhabitant who wished to see a theatre there. I was shown a timber-yard, at the corner of Victory Street, which was the site of the last stage; and I knew that the theatrical establishment of which Mr. Samuel Jerrold became lessee in 1807, had long since been taken down; and that its site had been inclosed within the great black wall in High Street, Blue Town.

Sheerness in 1807, however, although not measuring half the circumference it now boasts, was livelier than it is now; or the manager, although paying to Mr. Jacob Johnson, of London, only £50 per annum for the theatre in High Street, Blue Town, would have fared badly. A formidable foe was on the opposite shore, England looked more than ever to her wooden walls, and had just added ten thousand men to her naval service. The Blue Town, Sheerness, was crammed with sailors and their officers. The spirit of recent great achievements animated them; and to Mr. Jerrold's little wooden theatre in High Street, flocked officers and men in sufficient crowds to make the manager's speculation for many years highly lucrative. The audience was not, as may be readily imagined, a very quiet one. Still, *Hamlet*, and *Richard the Third*, and *Macbeth* drew houses; but pieces having some reference to nautical life; and farces, broad

rather than elegant, interspersed with old comic songs, were the chief elements of the usual entertainment. Now the port-admiral, and now the governor, gave the manager a "bespeak," to help him through the dull season.

Jogrum Brown, one of the old door-keepers of the little theatre, still lives; and in his ripe old age, pursues the very serious duties of sexton to his neighbours of Blue Town. He is a hale old man, with a head stored to the skull with curious bits of local history. I had a long conversation with him, as we rambled together lately, along the shore, within sight of the dockyard: "To him," he said, "times were changed indeed." He remembered the day Parker was hanged—well. History told us many lies on the subject. Parker was hanged on board of The Sandwich, 90-gun ship. They brought him from Greenhithe, and he was hanged.

"He ought to remember all about the theatre, for he was door-keeper there for years. He worked in the dockyard in the daytime, and was in Mr. Samuel Jerrold's service in the evening. Webb, the Irish comedian, was the star for a long time. Mr. Samuel Jerrold played, too sometimes. He remembered him well in Richmond, and in the Ghost in Hamlet. He was not particular what he played. He couldn't say how big the theatre was, but he did remember well that on the night when the Russian admiral was at Sheerness, and gave a 'bespeak,' there was £42 18s. in the house. This was the largest sum they ever took in a night. The prices were three shillings to the boxes, two shillings to the pit, and one shilling to the gallery."

"In that time," continued the old sexton, in reply to my allusion to the want of water-works in Sheerness, "it was much scarcer. Water cost fourpence for two pails;

now you can have the same quantity for one penny. Ay, you could get, in those days, plenty of hollands in the island, but very little water. There was smuggling going forward everywhere. Why, the smugglers stowed the spirits in any corner. He remembered that there was a kind of ditch that ran behind the theatre. Well, somebody once told him that he was certain that a lot of money must be dropped, from time to time, through the floor of the boxes; so he and the carpenter determined one day, when nobody was by, to take the floor of the boxes up. They did take it up, and crept under, when they found, not money, but near upon eighty casks of hollands. It appeared that smugglers had been in the habit of travelling along the ditch, and depositing their contraband in this convenient spot under the theatre. Of course he gave a hint, and the casks were removed.

"Ay, many strange things happened to him while he was door-keeper. He remembered Lord Cochrane well. He used to be often at the theatre when he was at Sheerness, in The Pallas, and his lordship would always insist upon paying double."

The little white-haired boy who ran about the theatre then, looking up with awe at the naval hero, was destined, many years afterwards, to take up that hero's cudgels. [Appendix I.] And very handsomely did the hero acknowledge the service, as the following letter sufficiently witnesses:—

"8, Chesterfield Street,
10*th May*, 1847.

"Sir,

"Your generous and very powerful advocacy of my claim to the investigation of my case has contributed to promote that act of justice, and produced a decision of the Cabinet Council, after due

deliberation, to recommend to her Majesty my immediate restoration to the Order of the Bath, in which recommendation her Majesty has been graciously pleased to acquiesce.

"I would personally have waited on you, confidentially to communicate this (not yet promulgated) decree; but as there is so little chance of finding you, and I am pressingly occupied, I shall postpone that pleasure and duty.

"I am, Sir,
"Your obliged and obedient servant,
"DUNDONALD.

"Douglas Jerrold, Esq."

This letter was always treasured by the recipient of it as a very handsome acknowledgment of a small service.

Jogrum Brown remembered, too, when Oxberry was playing at Sheerness. Two gentlemen arrived from London, engaged him, took him off in a post-chaise directly after the performance was over, and Oxberry played in London the very next night.

"Mr. Samuel Jerrold and his wife were very much liked. She was the more active manager, and was very kind. Once there was a landslip near Sheerness that carried a house and garden into the sea. Mrs. Jerrold was very good to the poor sufferers, and gave a benefit for them, which realized £37."

The old door-keeper, now sexton, and known to his fellow-townsmen as Jogrum Brown, had many more stories to tell. His friend Patrick and Mrs. Patrick—both hale, happy old people, under whose honest eyes I have promised that this page shall fall—also remembered the mutiny at the Nore. Mrs. Patrick recalled the theatre to mind as the scene of her husband's early attentions.

Patrick has spent the lusty days of his life as a shipwright, and is now living in a snug house in Victory Street, Mile Town, on his superannuation allowance. He

remembers well the performance of the *Stranger*, and that "little Douglas," a handsome, rosy boy, appeared as one of the children in it. Jogrum Brown did not remember that the manager's son often appeared, but he did remember that he never seemed "to take to it."

The truth is that Douglas Jerrold appeared on the paternal stage in several pieces when a child was needed. Edmund Kean, for instance, carried him on in Rolla. But not within the wooden walls of this little theatre were the boy's thoughts. He had no inclination towards the foot-lights; and never cared, in after-life, for the drama—seen from *behind* the scenes.

Mrs. Reid, the kind old soul under whose tender care my father's earliest years were passed, was not inclined to see him running wild about the theatre. She made it her special business to bring him up. No speck was ever seen upon his collar, no button was ever wanting upon that skeleton suit which was in vogue in those days, but which has been since ceded to our dapper pages as their exclusive fashion. Mr. Wilkinson, who remained a member of the Sheerness company till 1809, having joined it at Sheerness at Christmas, 1807—some months, probably, after the close of the Cranbrook campaign—was engaged early in 1809, when my father was six years of age, to teach him reading and writing. He combined the duties of tutor with those of actor till the close of that year's season, when he left Sheerness for Scotland.

At this time "little Douglas" showed a remarkable love of reading; and years afterwards, when the good old lady was blind and bedridden, she would tell stories of how she used to lock up "the dear child" in his own room, with his books, before she went to take the money at the theatre. And "the dear child" grown to man-

hood's estate—hazy acreage very often!—would tell his stories of the bright summer evenings when he was locked up like a pet bird, and when he looked down into the streets to watch his free playmates pass, chirruping, to and fro, to their games. He loved his books undoubtedly, but the key was turned in the lock, and his spirit chafed to know it.

From his little prison in the High Street he might, however, watch the fleet at anchor off the town. And in those days, when the men about the thoughtful boy were all naval heroes—when the glories of the British tar were the unfailing theme upon his father's stage—the great ships lay there, to him, floating fairy palaces. Already his half-brother was a sailor, and his grandmother had relatives in the service of his Majesty. The stories that were told to him by his garrulous grandmother, were of Prince William, the royal sailor; of Nelson, and Collingwood. The passionate reader of the "Death of Abel" (the copy over which his young eyes wandered, is before me) and of "Roderick Random," at an age when most boys devote their free energy to the niceties of "knuckling down," or to the mysteries of rounders; he turned from the dwarfed pictures of life, as presented on the stage, to the great, real drama afar off, of which he caught the faint, but thrilling echoes. In his walks with his grandmother (who insisted that he should wear pattens in dry as in wet weather) neighbours would stop to watch the little fellow read the names over the shops, or the bills in the shop windows. Both Mr. and Mrs. Patrick, who knew Mr. Samuel Jerrold and his family only by seeing them in the streets or at the theatre, have yet a very vivid recollection of my father when a boy, and of his constant walks with his good grandmother. They

remember, too, that he had a passion for the sea; and Jogrum Brown declares that his master's boy, Douglas, was a stout, well-made, white-haired, and rosy-cheeked child, graver than other children, and somewhat unusually ready "to show fight."

After Mr. Wilkinson left Sheerness for Scotland, the little reader of "The Death of Abel" was sent to Mr. Herbert's school. This school was the best then in Sheerness, and included about one hundred scholars. The old schoolmaster still lives, and remembers his pupil, Master Douglas Jerrold, as a boy to whom, he believed, he never had to say an angry word, and who was particularly studious. "Little Douglas" remained at this school during four or five years, and when he left Mr. Herbert "he was," according to his schoolmaster's report, "in the third or fourth rule of arithmetic." I have a Christmas piece before me, signed Douglas William Jerrold, the 25th of December, 1812, and written in a fine small hand—strong, flowing. Undoubtedly it is a school-boy's best writing, performed at a very slow pace, under the scrutinizing eye of Mr. Herbert, who was anxious to send home his pupil showing the most encouraging progress. Still, it is so far beyond the cramped, dull, copy-book hand written usually by children at this age, that it is, to me at any rate, strong evidence of the writer's precocious power. It is an affecting sheet to look upon, with its rude painted pictures of brightest blue and most flaming red and yellow—to remember the dear young hands that traced these fading letters; and the hands, also dear, that, down to this hour, through sad and tumultuous scenes, have kept it safe, to lay it under my unworthy eyes, and bid me tell its simple story to the world—to the world that will gravely, coldly, cast into its icy scales, this record of a dear life!

Mr. Herbert's school was, to use the words of Mr. Jogrum Brown—possibly not an infallible authority on educational systems—a very different affair from schools in the present day. "No algebra, nor that sort of thing." Mr. Herbert undertook to teach, undoubtedly, only the common rudiments. His scholars left him, able to read, write, and manage arithmetic for their own worldly advantage, as some of his boys, now thriving in Sheerness, can testify. "He taught us to turn noughts into nines," said one of his grateful pupils to me—a kind of commercial education that would hardly satisfy the greedy maw of the present time. To turn a nought into a thousand by a flourish of the pen, is the trick which our youth is learning, if not in commercial seminaries, at least in city counting-houses.

> "Meek quietness without offence,
> Content in homespun kirtle,"

is by no means the spirit which we now infuse into our children.

But it is clear that from Mr. Herbert my father turned, directed by the strong fire within him, and gazed wistfully, passionately, at the noble frigates that ploughed the waves under his window, and sank below the horizon on their way to victory. It is certain that the sea, and the glories of the sea, first evoked a passionate longing in his young heart; that, sitting prisoned on summer evenings, in his bedroom, his blue eyes wandered from the well-thumbed "Death of Abel" to search over the water; and that great visions of Nelsons afloat under victorious bunting, of flying Frenchmen, and gallant boarding-parties, of prizes in tow, and the grateful cheers from English shores, glowed in his heart. That ardent

temper, that white-hot energy, which pulsed through him in after-life, and made his utterances all vehement, whether right or wrong, showed in the boy whose daily walks were in the midst of gallant sailors scarred by war —come home to be glorified by their countrymen.

From his mother, who was of Scotch descent on the maternal side, undoubtedly, he derived that feverish energy which made him dash at every object he sought; as, from his father, a weak, pensive, thoughtful old man, he borrowed that tender, poetic under-current that flowed through every thought he set upon paper for the world's judgment. But chiefly to my grandmother, I have always heard, and have always, from my own observation, thought, he owed the marked elements of his character,—and the strong constitution and the peculiar cast of countenance that were his. His face, as a child, must have been remarkable, since its features live still, and vividly, in the minds of old people who knew him simply as a young fellow-townsman. The testimony of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick, and of old talkative Jogrum Brown, points to a very handsome, white-haired, rosy-cheeked boy. A boy with eager, flashing eyes he must have been. Energy, fire in every muscle of the strongly-marked countenance; the thin lips curled down with a wicked humour; the eyes, sharp as lightning, were fixed upon you, and looked through you;—this in after-life. But the boy, prisoned in High Street, Sheerness, who dwelt mournfully upon the "Death of Abel," and could enjoy "Roderick Random;" who had already looked across the waters, to scent the thrilling atmosphere of victorious war; who chafed like a young lion eager to subdue, and was valiantly resolute to bear his little part in the fight against the French—the French, under whose sunny

skies the grown man was destined to pass some of the happier years of his life—this restless, eager boy, to whom the paternal stage was an arena all too mean for his aspiring soul, must have borne, even upon his white head ten summers, old, vivid signs of the great and dauntless heart that was within him. Boys, and the games of boys, were not for him. "The only athletic sport I ever mastered," he said, long years afterwards, "was backgammon." He is reported to have been at hostilities with the boys of Mile Town, as one of the leaders of the Blue Town juveniles; and to have acted so vigorously, and with an earnestness so downright in the actions which ensued, that serious interference on the part of civil heroes of a larger growth became necessary. Whether the young warriors—

> "—— their feats to crown,
> Storm'd some ruin'd pigsty for a town,"

is not on record. The little armies consisted mainly of the sturdy offspring of a maritime population, reinforced by the progeny born of maritime store-dealers, vendors of Jack's 'bacco boxes, artful appropriators of Jack's prize-money; for Sheerness in those days was not the favourite watering-place of the Virtues, when these Excellencies were tired of the smoke of London. The Blue Town was, if a jolly, also a very loose place. Jack ashore, with the glow of victory upon him, and with much spare cash burning in his pocket, was not the man to refine the spot of earth which he made the scene of his landing; therefore the sharks that are always ready to pounce upon a blue jacket, shoaled, during the war, at the mouth of the Medway. Many very bad men here filched the prizes from the guileless heroes who had won

them with their sweat and blood; and went away to enjoy the sunset of their life upon snug properties, while their victims limped to Greenwich Hospital.

So that "young Douglas" saw, not only the pleasant, the heroic side of sea life.—Jack ashore, reeling along squalid alleys, his stalwart arms encircling one of those terrible women seen only in seaport towns (strong jowl, eyes hideously merry, dress loose, dirty, and glaring); Jack in some tavern brawl, prodigal of oaths, and eager for a fight; Jack striped by the "cat;" Jack swinging from the yard-arm—all these scenes of a great living drama passed under the eager eyes, into the fiery brain, and smote upon the heart of the future author of "Black-Eyed Susan." Yet with these brawny, uncouth heroes of the salt sea, who had ever an oath for the French upon their lips, whose magic word was Nelson, despite their coarseness and brutality, the boy's brave heart went. Went, ay, resolutely, as to its proper air—to its obvious and its glorious destiny. The boy forgot the hour when Edmund Kean bore him to the foot-lights in Rolla; he turned from the faint odour of the theatrical oil, to drink deep of that bitter hate with which Englishmen then honoured their "gallant allies" of to-day. To thrash the French was the aspiration of a large proportion of English youngsters in those times. The memory of Napoleon's threatened invasion—the great army of Boulogne (now made for ever memorable by a statue of the great general erected upon the site of his head-quarters, by an English undertaker, a local Crossbones)—the stories of which Napoleon was the presiding demon, stirred the young blood of England; and far and wide went forth the defiant assertion that one Anglo-Saxon could thrash three Gauls. Superb was Jack's contempt

for *Mounseer* afloat—infinite his delight when he saw his vivacious natural enemy caricatured upon the stage. In this delight, and in this contempt, eager "young Douglas" shared largely. For him the sea, and the sea only, was the worthy sphere of an Englishman. In after-life he never spoke of Nelson without a thrill of excitement; never sniffed the salt again without casting back his flowing hair in the breeze, and looking eagerly and with huge content around him.

His good grandmother must have watched the growth of this impulsive, vehement nature with alarm; for she—good soul!—would have cast away her life as a waif to shield him from the least harm. He was, as she would have expressed it herself in her old-fashioned way, "the apple of her eye." Never, in wet or dry weather, did her young charge tread the uneven stones of High Street, nor walk along the shore, without pattens upon his feet. Contentedly enough, the dear boy fairly under lock and key, did the old lady take her station in the theatre lobby, and talk, perhaps, with Jogrum Brown or Charlsworth—the joint attendants upon visitors—remembering that, for that night at any rate, "little Douglas" was safe.

But she might have been certain that her young grandson would not long bear this affectionate restraint. The hour must come when he would refuse to be locked up in his room, or hold the apron-strings of his good grandmother. The time was coming when his dream of the sea would be a stern reality. Yet even then would the good soul watch over him, and write to his captain, imploring him to be kind to "little Douglas," and be sure he wore his pattens upon the wet decks. From the fights of Blue Town he was about to turn, after a brief hour under schoolmaster Glass, of Southend,—where Mr. Sam-

uel Jerrold had also a theatre—to the reality of war upon the deck of a gun-brig—in a time, too, when the sailors of the old school ruled the waves; when a youngster was buffeted about a ship with more determined brutality than any men now venture to exhibit to a dog. He was about to leave the dirty old town and its honest, hearty townsfolk, little expecting that they would remember his white hair and rosy cheeks; and that there would be a good couple in Victory Street, after his death, able to paint his boyish figure, and declare that "Douglas Jerrold was the only good thing that ever came out of Sheerness." The brave boy bore away with him from the old town, however, many memories destined to do him good service in the future.

The accuracy of his memory is strongly exemplified, for instance, in the following account of Kean at Sheerness, which he gave Mr. Procter for his life of the great actor:—

"Mr. Kean joined the Sheerness company on Easter-Monday, 1804. He was then still in boy's costume. He opened in *George Barnwell*, and harlequin in a pantomime. His salary was fifteen shillings per week. He then went under the name of Carey. He continued to play the whole round of tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, interlude, and pantomime until the close of the season. His comedy was very successful. In *Wattey Cockney* and *Risk*, and in the song of 'Unfortunate Miss Bailey,' he made a great impression upon the tasteful critics of Sheerness. On leaving the place he went to Ireland, and from Ireland to Mr. Baker's company at Rochester. It was about this time (as I have heard my father say, who had it from Kean himself), that Mr. Kean, being without money to pay the toll of a ferry, tied his ward-

robe in his pocket-handkerchief, and swam the river. In 1807 Mr. Kean again appeared at Sheerness; salary, one guinea per week. He opened in *Alexander the Great.* An officer in one of the stage-boxes annoyed him by frequently exclaiming 'Alexander *the Little!*' At length, making use of his (even then) impressive and peculiar powers, Mr. Kean folded his arms, and approached the intruder, who again sneeringly repeated 'Alexander the Little!' and with a vehemence of manner and a glaring look that appalled the offender, retorted, 'Yes, with a GREAT SOUL!' In the farce of the *Young Hussar*, which followed, one of the actresses fainted, in consequence of the powerful acting of Mr. Kean. He continued at that time, and even in such a place, to increase in favour, and was very generally followed, when, at the commencement of 1808, in consequence of some misunderstanding with one of the townspeople, he was compelled to seek the protection of a magistrate from a pressgang employed to take him. Having played four nights, the extent of time guaranteed by the magistrate (Mr. Shrove, of Queenborough), Mr. Kean made his escape, with some difficulty, on board the Chatham boat, having lain *perdu* in various places, until a nocturnal hour of sailing. The models of the tricks for the pantomime of *Mother Goose*, as played at Sheerness, were made by Mr. Kean out of matches, pins, and paper. He also furnished a programme of business and notes, showing how many of the difficulties might be avoided for so small an establishment as that of Sheerness. In allusion to the trick of 'the odd fish,' in particular, he writes, 'If you do not think it worth while to go to the expense of a dress, if the harlequin be clever he may jump into the sea, and restore the egg.'"

We now turn seaward, whither poor Mrs. Reid's anxious eyes are directed in the wake of her little favourite, who is on his way, this 22d of December, 1813, to the guard-ship Namur, lying at the mouth of the river —a first-class volunteer in his Majesty's service, and not a little proud of his uniform.

CHAPTER II.

ON BOARD SHIP.

Life on board a man-of-war in 1813—even on board a guard-ship at the Nore—was no holiday work. I have often heard my father dwell upon the great emotion with which he first ascended the gangway to the deck of one of his Majesty's ships.

The great floating mass had the pomp and power of a kingdom about it—a kingdom in which he, a child eleven years of age, was to play a part not quite obscure. The good Captain Austen received him kindly, and petted him throughout the year and one hundred and twenty-three days which he passed under his command. Still, life at the Nore was not the naval career to which Captain Austen's midshipman aspired. He liked well enough to pass hours in the captain's cabin, to read Buffon through and through, and to get up theatricals, aided by the pictorial genius of foremast-man Clarkson Stanfield, afloat in the same ship. He was near home, too, and this had its charm. He was permitted also to keep pigeons; and he loved to see his flight of birds swooping round the fleet. The sounds of war afar off, however, smote incessantly upon his ear, and made him eager for active service. The life on board The Namur was dull; the position of a midshipman in her not a very hopeful

one—as in the fortunes of Jack Runnymede,* first-class volunteer Douglas William Jerrold, promoted long afterwards to pen, ink, and paper, ventured to set forth. To this picture of a guard-ship, when Runnymede, caught by a pressgang, was put on board, must be added the figure of the faithful limner, as he walked the deck with his dirk at his side, and clad in that remarkable compromise between a gentleman and a footboy, which in those days distinguished the midshipmen in his Majesty's service from their betters and inferiors.

"Jack and his companions were placed on board the guard-ship at the great Nore, to be distributed to various ships as hands might be required. 'Thank God!' said Jack to himself, as he stepped aboard and saw several officers; 'thank God, here are gentlemen! They must admit the flagrancy of the case. Yes, in another hour I shall be ashore.' Jack stood eyeing the officers, making himself an election of one for the depository of his secret, when he found himself violently pushed, and heard a voice braying in his ears, 'Tower tender-men all aft!' and Jack, turning with indignant looks to make an indignant speech to the boatswain's mate, was fortunately hurried on among the crowd of his fellow-voyagers. The list was read, John Runnymede answered to his name, and with his fellows was dismissed.

"'Why don't you take the bounty?' asked a sailor, whom, from his superior appearance, together with a heavy switch, formed of three pieces of plaited ebony, adorned with a silver top and ferule, under his arm, Jack considered to be a person in authority, the ebony being, no doubt, the insignia of office. 'You may as well have the bounty.'

* See "Men of Character," (collected edition.)

"'You are very good, sir, indeed, replied Jack to the boatswain, for it was that intelligent disciplinarian, opening his eyes at the elaborate politeness of the pressed man; 'you are very good, sir; but —— I have other views.' The boatswain was puzzled; he knew not whether to laugh or swear. He scratched his cheek in doubt, and Jack, with the greatest civility, again addressed him: 'I beg your pardon, sir; but I do assure you I should accept it as a lasting favour at your hands, if you would have the kindness to inform me when I can see the captain of this vessel.'

"'There was something in the politeness of Runnymede that quite disarmed the boatswain; he felt himself quite overlaid by the fine manners of the ragged pressed man. Jack paused, and smiled in the boatswain's broad blank face for a reply; he then repeated, 'The captain of this vessel?' (the vessel being a seventy-four).

"'The captain? Why, you see, he's gone to dine with the admiral. I'm sorry we can't man a boat for you,' said the satirical functionary.

"'Don't mention it,' observed Runnymede, joining his hands, and making his lowest bow.

"'Perhaps the first lieutenant will do?' suggested the boatswain; 'he's next in command.'

"'You're very good—very kind indeed!' exclaimed Runnymede, suddenly seizing the hand of the boatswain, who, quite unused to such a mode of thanksgiving from such a person, instantly raised his ebony wand to acknowledge it. He was in a moment disarmed by the vivacity of Runnymede. 'The first lieutenant—where can I find him?'

"'Just now he's at school in the gun-room,' answered the boatswain.

"'What! have you a school aboard?' asked Runnymede.

"'And ninepins, and cricket, and every thing you like. Here, Splinters, show this gentleman to the gunroom; he wants the first lieutenant.'

"'Splinters, looking at the boatswain, knew there was some game to be played to the cost of the pressed man; and, therefore, with great alacrity conducted Runnymede to the door of the gun-room. What was his astonishment to hear the 'evening hymn' chanted by boys' voices, the school closing every night with that solemnity! Runnymede edged himself into the school-room, and saw standing on each side a desk some half-dozen little midshipmen, looking—Mr. Dickson, the first lieutenant, being present—very serious; and at another desk boys of the second and third class, with the children of the warrant-officers and sailors of the ship. Mr. Dickson very frequently attended the performance of the evening hymn; the master of the ship, a choleric Prussian, whose berth was on the starboard side of the gunroom, as frequently mounting to the deck until the hymn was ended. On the present occasion, however, Mr. Dickson had another duty to fulfil; for, in addition to his official labours, he had taken upon himself the task of watching over the morals and punishing the transgressions, of all the children in the ship, who, although no more than seven or eight years old, were, in common with adults, submitted to the visitation of the cat.

"The evening hymn concluded, the punishment was about to commence; the culprit was led in; he was, in the present instance, a pale, thin, little boy, perhaps seven years old. He shivered beneath the strong eye of Mr. Dickson, who stood with his old bare cocked hat hugged under his arm, his withered features set with determi-

nation, his shoulders slightly bent—the very personification of stern duty in repose. The child begged for mercy, but Mr. Dickson nodded to the boatswain's mate; the boy was tied up, and the first lieutenant proceeded to dilate upon the enormity of the culprit's offence: he had dared to spin his peg-top on the after-deck, and had more than once been detected trying experiments on the temper of the he-goat, that animal, we presume, for his great services to his Majesty's fleet, being an object of particular interest to Mr. Dickson. 'Now, little boy,' said the first lieutenant, and he seemed overflowing with kindness towards the offender, 'you will be flogged for these offences; you know, little boy, that peg-tops are not allowed in the ship."—'I didn't; indeed, sir, I didn't,' cried the child—"and you know, little boy, that the goat is not to have his beard pulled. Hem! hem! Boatswain's mate,' and Mr. Dickson, eyeing the cat, spoke quite like a father, 'one tail, boatswain's mate;' and with one cord selected from the nine, the child was taught to eschew peg-tops as long as he was afloat, and to have, on all and every occasion, a particular respect for the he-goats of his Majesty's fleet.

"Jack Runnymede was so confounded by the ceremony, so astonished at the importance which Mr. Dickson threw around the peccadilloes of the boy, and, more than all, so disheartened by the appearance of the officer himself, that he did not venture to accost him, but resolved to keep his complaint for the ear of the captain alone. 'What—what kind of a gentleman is Mr. Dickson?' Runymede, purely out of curiosity, ventured to inquire of a sailor who had, as Jack thought, a communicative countenance. 'What sort? Why he messes by himself, and sells his rum,' answered the sailor."

So much for education on board the guard-ship. For the schoolmaster let us take the following portrait painted by one of the sailors: "He come down here among a batch of marines, a volunteer. Well, they drills him for a marine, and gives him brown bess, and mounts him on the gangway. One day captain, coming up the side, sees Nankin's hands, for that's his name. 'Dickson,' says the captain, 'that marine's either a scholard or a pickpocket.' You know, he might ha' been both, but the captain wasn't to know that—'either a scholard or a pickpocket,' says the captain, 'he's got such smooth hands.' Well, they wanted somebody to learn the ship's boys, and they tries Nankin, and finds he can read and write, and sum, and so they promotes him to the gunroom, and bit by bit he casts his red and pipe-clay, and has the blessed impudence to let his hair grow."

We now pass to the midshipmen of the guard-ship.

"Young midshipmen, like young dogs, very soon discover the antipathies of those it is their destiny to live with; but, unlike the more useful animal, the young midshipman does not avoid the prejudices of the party, but takes every opportunity of revenging himself upon them. Such was the state of things between the juvenile midshipmen of the guard-ship—for, of course, we do not include the midshipmen of forty and fifty—and Mr. Mac Acid, the gunner; for he was not, as Jack had hastily concluded, a divine. Thus, it gave a particular edge to the pleasure of flirting with the carpenter's black-eyed daughter, that the time and place for such relaxation was 'evening, the fore cockpit,' close to Mac Acid's berth. There had been many skirmishes between the gunner and the boys; but the midshipmen generally made a safe retreat, the candle of the gunner being extinguished by

the enemy, and sometimes carried off. On the present evening Mr. Mac Acid, like a thrifty officer, sat conning his volume (for it was not the Bible, but his book of stores) with his door ajar and a heavy cane at his side, prepared at all points for the enemy. When his stick smote the neck of Runnymede how, for a brief moment, did the old man rejoice! To kill a spider, a rat, a polecat, a snake, great as may be the satisfaction to those who loathe such things, was as nothing to the delight that Mac Acid would have felt at the destruction of a young midshipman. We verily believe that the ecstasy of the sport would have carried the old man off.

"'Is there no way, Mr. Mac Acid,' asked the good-natured captain of the gunner, 'is there no way of reconciling you to the young gentlemen? Can't you by any means be brought to stomach a midshipman?'

"'I think, sir,' replied the venerable Mr. Mac Acid, shaking his white head, 'I think I could like one in—a pie.'"

In the further experiences of Jack Runnymede, are lively descriptions of drawing buckets of water from the hold; of the arrival of the cutter with a large black bull painted in her mainsail, conveying beef by the half carcass for the use of the crew; of how men were drafted to a gun-brig, raw, ragged fellows, many from the jails of London. This description is drawn direct from the memory of the writer, even to the arrival of the commanding officer of the gun-brig; for, on reference to the records of the navy, I find that on the 24th of April, 1815, Mr. Douglas William Jerrold, volunteer first class, was transferred, with forty-six men, to his Majesty's brig Ernest, "in lieu of the same number drafted to the guard-ship."

The monotony of the proceedings on board The Namur was now to be exchanged for active service at sea. The times were big with events. The great story of modern Europe—the rise and fall of Napoleon I.—was working to its climax. The guns were nearly loaded for Waterloo, and the little-gun-brig Ernest, William Hutchinson, lieutenant-commanding, was ordered to take its share in the preparation of Bonaparte's final catastrophe. She was to convoy transports, carrying troops and military stores, to Ostend. Vividly was the excitement of this time impressed upon the midshipman's memory. Still his anxious grandmother, from the shore, sent to him as often as an opportunity offered, begging that he would be careful of his health. For he had the troubles of a younker. His hammock was stolen, and he slept during six weeks upon the floor; he got into disgrace with his captain for being too lenient to his men; and on one occasion was refused leave to go ashore, when the ship put into harbour after a short cruise. But he kept the enthusiasm of his childhood in his heart. His was a sailorly nature. Hearty, flashing to the smallest spark of excitement; courageous to rashness; vehement in thought and expression—how could a boy, made up of turbulent elements like these, fail to be stirred when, from the deck of a gun-brig, he saw the transports he was helping to protect from the enemy, ploughing the chopping sea from the little Nore to the shores of Belgium? It was only five days before the great battle which gave peace to Europe, and a rock to the hero of Austerlitz, that The Ernest entered Ostend harbour with her transports—three of which, by the way, most ungraciously ran foul of the little brig, carrying away her flying jib-boom.

This duty performed, however, The Ernest stood home-

ward, and on the 13th of June was at the little Nore. Here she remained only two days; for, by reference to her log (a most meagre record, by the way, devoted mainly to a chronicle of when rum casks were tapped and beef was taken on board), we find that on the 15th she stood eastward, and carried away her maintop-gallant in a strong breeze. On the 20th she was off Texel,—that land of shepherds, and where the gulls love to deposit their eggs—and on the 22d she had reached that remarkable little rock in the North Sea which we took from the Danes in 1807—Heligoland. Nor did the restless little ship pause long here. She doubtless took in some of the haddock and lobsters for which the surrounding sea is remarkable, saluted the batteries on the cliff, and then went cruising again, having on the 22d seen "a strange sail." The weather presently became heavy, and The Ernest took advantage of her proximity to the good harbour of Cuxhaven to anchor there on the 29th of June. It was here or at Heligoland, I suspect, that the midshipman of the brig, in whom we are interested, fell into sad disgrace. He had gone ashore with Captain Hutchinson, and was left in command of the gig. While the commander was absent two of the men in the midshipman's charge, requested permission to make some trifling purchase. The good-natured officer assented, adding,—

"By the way, you may as well buy me some apples and a few pears."

"All right, sir," said the men; and they departed.

The captain presently returned, and still the seamen were away on their errand. They were searched for, but they could not be found. They had deserted. Any naval reader, whose eye may wander over this page, will readily imagine the disgrace into which Midshipman Douglas

Jerrold fell with his captain. Upon the young delinquent the event made a lasting impression, and years afterwards he talked about it with that curious excitement which lit up his face when he spoke of any thing he had felt. He remembered even the features of the two deserters; as he had, most unexpectedly, an opportunity of proving.

The midshipman had long put his dirk aside, and washed the salt from his brave face. He had become a fighter with a keener weapon than his dirk had ever proved, when, one day strolling eastward, possibly from the office of his own newspaper to the printing premises of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, in Whitefriars, he was suddenly struck with the form and face of a baker, who, with his load of bread at his back, was examining some object in the window of the surgical-instrument maker, who puzzles so many inquisitive passers-by, near the entrance to King's College. There was no mistake. Even the flour dredge could not hide the fact. The ex-midshipman walked nimbly to the baker's side, and, rapping him sharply upon the back, said,—

"I say, my friend, don't you think you've been rather a long time about that fruit?"

The deserter's jaw fell. Thirty years had not calmed the unquiet suggestions of his conscience. He remembered the fruit and the little middy, for he said,—

"Lor! is that you, sir?"

The midshipman went on his way laughing.

On the 28th of June The Ernest was working out of the Elbe, and on the 30th she was back at Texel. Here one of those incidents of life in the royal navy occurred, which made my father's heart sick whenever he recalled them to his memory. On the 30th of June, Michael Ryan was punished with six lashes, for theft. Any readers

who may have been constant subscribers to the periodicals in which the name of Douglas Jerrold has figured, will remember the vehemence with which he wrote always of the "cat." This vehemence appeared to convulse him when he spoke of the bloody backs that he had seen, while a midshipman. It was a subject to which he returned again and again. When, in the summer of 1846, a soldier was flogged to death, his indignation burst forth in words of fire. The debate in the House of Commons which the death in question provoked, roused him to this expression of savage irony. "The British oak," he said, "which, on the authority of the song, supplies his heart to every British sailor, flourishes the more, like the British walnut, the more it is thrashed. This opinion is recommended to us by legislative wisdom—wisdom clubbed to both by sailors and landsmen in the House of Commons; for a great part of Monday evening (July 20th, 1846) was devoted to the praises of the cat-o'-nine-tails. The eulogies were so glowing, so ingenious—the natural and the social benefits of knotted cord administered by the boatswain's mate till the flesh blackens and the blood gushes, so deep and manifold that, after the eloquence, the fancy, bestowed upon the scourge, we do not despair to hear sweet things said of the rack; to have the thumbscrew bepraised as 'most musical, most melancholy,' and the much-abused and much-misunderstood steel boot recommended to the use of families. To read the debate, is to glow with admiration at the stoic wisdom of officers and gentlemen who, with unscathed backs, bear witness to the efficacy of the lash. According to them grace and goodness are twined with every layer of the scourge. To flog is to elevate. The reprobate, 'seized' to the gangway, becomes, with every burning, flaying stripe, 'a wiser

and a better man.' He does not feel himself, with every lash, a more debased and wretched being. No, the 'offending Adam' is whipped out of him, and, like a martyr with maimed and lacerated body, he is sublimated by agony. . . . . Nought so purifying as the scourge. The moral iniquity of the hap-hazard sailor sloughs with his cat-torn flesh. His wilfulness, by degrees, runs off with his blood, and, after a twelvemonth's purification, chastened by a few dozens, more or less, he comes from the doctor's hands, scarred, it may be, in the flesh, but morally whole and regenerate. Considering this solemn purpose of the cat-o'-nine-tails, we think the health-dealing instrument ought to undergo some sort of consecration. . . . . It ought to be blessed by the ship's chaplain, in the like way that bishops sanctify military colours. So lovely an instrument cannot be made too much of." *

We have here the effect of the punishment of Michael Ryan on the Elbe on the 30th of June, 1815. The pale fair middy, who shuddered as the cat tore the poor man's flesh, bore away the brutal scene, to cast its blood and shame, long afterwards, at the statesmen who would perpetuate the savage custom of whipping men in a country, where the undue flogging of animals is punishable by law. "The good old days of good six dozens" were those when Douglas Jerrold was afloat in the North Sea.

We left The Ernest at Texel. We find her next, on the 8th of July, 1815, in Yarmouth Roads. Hence she proceeded to the Downs, there to perform her last duty—one that lingered long in the memory of Midshipman Jer-

* The French abolished flogging in their army and navy in 1797; yet, as Thomas Moore reminded the British advocates of the "cat," Napoleon contrived to maintain sufficient discipline in his armies to conquer the greater part of Europe.

rold. I find, according to the brig's log, that on the 10th of July, Captain Hutchinson received on board in the Downs, for conveyance to Sheerness, one ensign, forty-seven invalided soldiers, two women, and two children. These composed, undoubtedly, the ghastly cargo of wounded from Waterloo, whose raw stumps and festering wounds, went far to give my father that lively sense of the horror of war, which abided with him throughout his life. He often described the disgust with which he beheld the poor invalids binding their sores upon the deck —the groans and the curses that fell upon his ear. Here was the effect of war, without its excitement or its glory —war behind the scenes! Europe was wildly rejoicing over the field from which these maimed men had escaped. The stench of the battle-field was drowned by the incense of victory, save only to those men who, like the sensitive little midshipman of H.M.S. brig Ernest, had the blood pushed under their nose. And to the end, the middy remembered the stench, and could hardly bring himself to sniff the incense.

The wounded were duly delivered at Sheerness. The activity of the brisk little Ernest was at an end. Europe was preparing for a long peace. Henceforth, according to the Emperor Alexander, the political relations of the powers of Europe were to be founded on the Gospel of peace and love—a foundation, by the way, which his successor was the first to disturb. The allies were in Paris, laying the foundation of many a Parisian shopkeeper's fortune. Europe was to be one vast household of Christian brothers. In this household, in this brotherhood, there was no kind of use for a brisk little gun-brig. Came the order from the Admiralty to land marines and discharge them to barracks, and to pay off the ship's

company. Accordingly, on the 21st of October, 1815, about noon, Douglas William Jerrold, volunteer first class, stepped ashore, and turned his back for ever on the service.

But he never, I insist, ceased to be, at heart—a sailor. He loved the sea—was proud of British oak. Its dashing, careless, hearty phases were suited to his nature. He often said that had the war lasted, and had his strength held out, he would have been somebody in his Majesty's service. And you could not please him more thoroughly at the seaside, than by proposing a day in a cutter. His eye would light up, and he would hasten to the shore to talk the matter over with the sailors, himself. They drove a good bargain with him, for he could never haggle over shillings, and they liked his frank, familiar manner. It was delightful to see his little figure planted in the stern-sheets, his face radiant, his hair flowing in the wind; mouth and nostrils drawing in, with huge content, the saline breeze. The energy with which his glass was raised when a sail appeared; the delight he expressed when the sailors confirmed his description of the craft; the keen attention he gave to any stories of wrecks or storms told by the crew—all these signs of enjoyment recalled the midshipman. Nor had he forgetton how to manage a boat. On a certain occasion he was sailing in a frail cutter, from Sark to Guernsey, when the wind freshened, and the sea became lively, and the boat was in dangerous currents. The men were not sufficient for the occasion. The boat shipped water; my mother and Mrs. Henry Mayhew, who were of the party, clung to their male companions in terror. The midshipman of The Ernest saw that the boat was being mismanaged, and that at any moment she might be swamped. He calmly

seized the helm, bawled out his orders, stood up in the stern-sheets firm as any old helmsman, his little figure looking wondrously feeble and fragile amid the boiling waters, and in a few minutes the craft bounded over the waves, behaving herself with all the propriety of the best-regulated ship.

Yet he spoke with horror of the hardships of a sailor's life. That a boy should "rough it" was an idea he frequently and earnestly put forth. He believed that this roughing process gave manliness to a boy's nature—that it steeled him to fight the world. Yet he saw in the life of a "middy" something too rough to be good—something that might make a very brutal man. His admiration for the midshipman who had fought his way to command, and had kept the gold of his original nature in him—who had developed into a bluff, daring man, with that wondrous touch of feminine tenderness which belongs to sailors of the better class—his admiration for this triumph of nature over adverse conditions, was boundless. Of Nelson he would talk by the hour, and some of his more passionate articles were written to scathe the government that left Horatia—Nelson's legacy to his country—in want. It was difficult to persuade him, nevertheless, that a man did wisely in sending his son to sea. A friend called on him one day to introduce a youth, who, smitten with a love for the salt, was about to abandon a position he held in a silk manufacturer's establishment, for the cockpit.

"Humph!" said the ex-midshipman of The Ernest; "so you're going to sea. To what department of industry, may I inquire, do you now give your exertions?"

"Silk," briefly responded the youth.

"Well, go to sea, and it will be worsted."

With something of this kind he met all who sought his advice on the advantages and disadvantages of a sailor's life. Yet meet him by accident at Greenwich, and you would find him laughing in the midst of the pensioners, and distributing money among them, with a true sailor's carelessness. On one occasion he made himself known to the old war's men as a midshipman of The Namur, and inquired eagerly on all sides for men who had served in his ship. Having collected half a dozen, he sallied forth from the hospital, at their head and led them to a neighbouring tavern, where he proceeded to regale them. The report of certain good fortune which had befallen these Namur men, soon spread through the hospital, and by degrees, formidable bodies of pensioners discovered that they also had been on board the guard-ship. The tavern was besieged, and the crowd became so great and noisy, that the midshipman and his friends were compelled to beat a precipitate retreat, laughing heartily at the adventure;—the midshipman leading the laugh as he had led the men.

Let us return awhile to the fair boy, bronzed somewhat by two years' service, who stepped on shore on the 21st of October, 1815, at Sheerness, and was received once more into the arms of his grandmother. He found his prospect gloomy enough. Theatricals had fared ill with his father. The old gentleman had been tempted to take the Southend theatre as a summer establishment—he had been tempted to rebuild the old Sheerness stage—the peace had come, and had depopulated the seaport town. Already, in June, 1813, he had assigned his lease of the Sheerness theatre to his son Robert; but in 1815, borne down by losses incurred at Southend, and by the unjust dealings of the men to whom he intrusted the rebuilding

of the Sheerness theatre, he was compelled to relinquish management altogether. The bill of sale of the theatre that calls upon bidders to assemble at the White Horse, High Street, Sheerness, lies before me. It is a melancholy sheet, giving me the starting-point into that gloomy period of the family history, when my father, with his sister and brother, for the first time saw their home broken up. The blow was precipitated by the resolve made by government, to claim the land upon which the old Sheerness theatre stood, it is true; but time would have very rapidly consummated the ruin of the establishment, had government not claimed the site of the old stage.

Mr. Samuel Jerrold was already an old man, but his wife was still in the full vigour of womanhood. She had, moreover, as I have already written, a vigorous mind and an energy of character which strongly reminded all who met her, of her son Douglas. The ordinary rules of action in cases of difficulty, like that through which my grandfather was now passing, were reversed in this instance. The husband remained, for the moment, at Sheerness with his children, while the brave young wife went forth to London, accompanied by her younger son Henry, to see what might be done there. Douglas and his sister spent a gloomy autumn with their father and good Mrs. Reid at Sheerness, waiting a summons to try their fortune in London. This summons came late in December, 1815. The family left Sheerness at the close of the year, never to return to it.

Yet, ere we part from the good old seaport, let us take a kind farewell of the simple friends who remember the little midshipman standing on the deck of the Chatham boat, bound for London, to spend many dark and many

bright years there; with a stout heart for the gloom, be it observed, and a grateful look for the shine. Let us press the hand of good old Patrick, who still stoutly clings to his belief that Douglas Jerrold was born at Sheerness, and to his dictum that Douglas Jerrold was the only good thing that ever came out of weather-beaten Blue-Town!

CHAPTER III.

ARRIVAL IN LONDON.

About seven o'clock in the morning, on the first day of the year 1816, the Chatham boat arrived in London. A sharp, damp, and foggy dawn very appropriately ushered in, to Mr. Samuel Jerrold, the three or four sad years he was destined to spend within the sound of Bow bell. His son Douglas, whose coat had been stolen from the cabin, and who, therefore, trudged, for the first time, along London streets hardly prepared for the fog or the cold, probably felt neither the sharpness of the wind nor the suffocating tendency of the fog. The scene was new to him, and all that is new is welcome to the young. Holding his sister by the hand, he walked the streets for some minutes on his own responsibility, while his father stepped aside to comfort himself with a draught of purl. The young middy might well try thus early, even for a few minutes, the effect of walking alone in London!

A house in Broad Court, Bow Street, received the family—a humble lodging enough; but the general peace, and the confiscation of the land upon which the theatre stood, had ruined them utterly. Fortune, food, had to be sought. Let me not lightly pass over this time. It is the key to the after-character of him whose life I have to set before the reader. This Broad Court, with

its dingy houses; its troops of noisy, ragged boys; its brawls and cries; was my father's first impression of the great city. Here, too, for the first time, he came to hob-and-nob with the stern realities of the world. As yet he had passed a youth not remarkable for its vicissitudes, and he had been two years in his Majesty's navy; in the position, and with the prospects, of a gentleman.

When a home is broken up it is the position of the children that oppresses your heart. You see their neat clothes give way to something coarse and wretched—they tease with questions that cut to the soul. They want to have a child's party when there is not a crust for them. They ask for playthings when the cupboard is empty. Yet, in the new and humbler house, you will find them happily, because insensibly, adapting themselves to a poorer station. They will occasionally wonder why they have few treats now, and why the little companions of their prosperity never come. Knowing nothing of that dogged sternness with which the world follows success—not seeing that father and mother are of less account to their neighbours than they were when the board was bright with plentiful cheer—they still wonder that the old playmates avoid them. Till the truth flashes suddenly upon them—whereupon they cease to be children.

Broad Court was not then, I will fondly hope, so dreary a place to the children of Mr. Samuel Jerrold as it must have been to their parents. Indeed, I have proof that the young midshipman, still sporting his naval uniform, looked manfully about him at once, and was eager to see the wonders of the great city. He had only just entered upon his fourteenth year; yet had he begun to burn with a desire to do something—to be somebody. He appears to have moved about freely, as one preparing

to hold his own place shortly. Naturally, his curiosity was first directed to the London theatres; of the glories of which he had heard from the London actors, who had, from time to time, joined his father's Sheerness company. I have traced him to the Adelphi, or Scot's, as it was then called, only a few days after his arrival in town. On this occasion he was the victim of a clever thief.

A very authoritative person stopped the midshipman as he walked up the passage from the street to the boxes, saying,—

"Pay here, sir!"

The unsuspecting midshipman, anxious to reach a view of the stage, paid his money, and went rapidly forward. Presently a head protruded from a pigeon-hole, and again a voice said,—

"Pay here, sir!"

The midshipman stopped, and told the face framed in the pigeon-hole, that he had already paid. At this moment a gentleman came up. The midshipman's statement proved that the first man who had demanded payment, was a very expert swindler. The boy had no more money, and he was about to turn in bitter disappointment away, when the gentleman, who had heard his story, took him by the hand, paid for him, and conducted him to the boxes. That was a kind gentleman, be it remembered; and on many evenings, when the conversation has wandered back so far as 1816, have unknown friends wished him God-speed on his way through life.

From theatricals at Sheerness, it would appear, Mrs. Samuel Jerrold made her way presently, to theatrical employment in London. Her husband, an old man now, had done all the work he was destined to do. Garrick's

shoes were worn threadbare; the old actor's useful habit of playing any thing on the shortest possible notice, was broken. Henceforth he was to be chiefly with his little son Douglas. They would read together, and presently little Douglas would be something more than an amusement to the old man.

Mr. Wilkinson returned to London, to join Mr. Arnold's company in his new theatre, soon after the arrival of the Jerrold family in London. He at once renewed the old intercourse with his former manager. "I cannot," Mr. Wilkinson tells me, "I cannot forget how glad he (Douglas) was to see me, and how sanguine he was of my success, saying, (it is now as fresh in my memory as at the time he uttered it,) 'Oh, Mr. Wilkinson! you are sure to succeed, and I'll write a piece for you.' I gave him credit for his warm and kind feeling," Mr. Wilkinson adds, "but doubted his capacity to fulfil his promise."

Yet the boy spoke earnestly. He felt that there was the strength in him to produce. He was measuring himself by others; and possibly—it is the custom of youth—was dwarfing the capacities of the successful men about him as much as he over-estimated his own power. In after-years he could hardly suppress his disgust for the assumptions of young men or boys. "It appears to be a habit," he would say, "among young fellows, to think they're frogs before they're tadpoles." For his keen eye saw the fall that was coming to every man who started in life with the idea that, at one spring, he would carry the world with him. I am certain that this bitter feeling on this subject was the fruit of long sorrow. For many years his passionate soul suffered agony, as day by day opportunities flew by—as time after time, utterings were

cast into print, and left unnoticed. The deep religion that, to him, lay in the true outpouring of every human soul, kept a burning desire in his heart, making him irascible, fierce; because the expression of this religion was, for the moment, denied him. Yet he had the sailor's manful bearing too—the sailor's hearty spirit—in him. If he had left the sea, and the dangers of the sea, he could still find pleasure in banding together the boys of his neighbourhood, and leading them to a fierce conflict against a rival band in Broad Court; and he always liked to see something of the combative spirit in boys. I can remember that, when I was a child about seven years old, he knelt one day upon the lawn behind his house in Thistle Grove, Chelsea, and, calling me to him, gave me a lesson in sparring. I was, of course, afraid to strike out; but he repeatedly shouted to me to hit hard, and to aim at his head. Years afterwards he would relate, with obvious glee, how certain of his boys, with their schoolfellows, had repeatedly thrashed a whole village of French urchins. The pugnacious element was peculiar to him decidedly. It is clear, unmistakable in all his writings—it gave a zest to his conversation. It extended to physical prowess; for he, borne down by rheumatism, was heard, in a moment of anger, to threaten the eviction of a gentleman, standing six feet, by the window. He would wander in after-life through the most lonely places at any hour of the night, calm as in his own study. I call to mind an occasion on which, when walking home with him, a gardener, a square, strong man, hustled me as he passed. The father turned upon him, and bade him "take care of the child." The man replied with a gross impertinence. In a minute the father's hat and stick were in my trembling hands, and a hard blow would

have been dealt in a minute had not the burly workman, cowed by the fierceness of his little opponent, slunk away. This spirit, irrepressible in the man, must have been very fierce in the boy; when the blood was hot. It must have made him eager to enter the lists—to be independent. The poverty of his parents at this time was a new stimulus to him, and when he was apprenticed to Mr. Sidney, a printer in Northumberland Street, Strand, he went to his work with hearty good-will. The naval uniform was thrown away, the dirk was given to good Mrs. Reid to be treasured by her, and the dress suited to the new position, was put on eagerly.

There was something congenial to the young apprentice in the business of printer. It brought him, in some degree, into connection with books. It would be his duty, at any rate, to set up the thoughts, the teachings of others; and, biding his time, and reading hard, to put the stick aside some day, and take up his pen. This was his burning hope when he went every morning at daylight to Mr. Sidney's printing offices; and, as books fell in his way, the hope became a passion. I have heard him describe his work at this period of his life, with honest pride. He would tell me how he had risen with the first peep of day to study his Latin grammar alone, before going to work; how he had fallen upon Shakspeare, and had devoured every line of the great master; and how, with his old father, who was a thoughtful, if a weak man, he had sat in the intervals of his labour, to read a novel of Sir Walter Scott's, obtained, by pinching, from a library. He used to relate a story, with great delight, of a certain day on which he was useful in several capacities to his father. The two were alone in London, Mrs. Jerrold and her daughter being in the country, possibly

fulfilling some provincial engagement. The young apprentice brought home, joyfully enough, his first earnings. Very dreary was his home, with his poor weak father sitting in the chimney corner; but there was a fire in the boy that would light up that home; at any rate they would be cheerful for one day. The apprentice, with the first solid fruits of industry in his pocket, sallied forth to buy the dinner. The ingredients of a beefsteak pie were quickly got together, and the purchaser returned to be rewarded with the proud look of his father. To earn the pie was one thing, but who could make it? Young Douglas would try his hand at a crust! Merrily the manufacture went forward; the pie was made. Then the little busy fellow saw that he must carry it to the bakehouse. Willingly went he forth; for, with the balance of his money, it had been agreed that he should hire the last of Sir Walter's volumes, and return to read it to his father while the dinner was in the oven. The memory of this day always remained vivid to him. There was an odd kind of humour about it that tickled him. It so thoroughly illustrated his notions on independence, that he could not forbear from dwelling again and again on it among his friends. "Yes, sir," he would say, emphatically, "I earned the pie, I made the pie, I took it to the bakehouse, I fetched it home; and my father said, 'Really the boy made the crust remarkably well.'"

At this time Walter Scott was still a great mystery. The state of the literary world was exciting enough. Leigh Hunt was editing the "Examiner," and, in spite of his two years imprisonment, was still a liberal to the back-bone. For Shelley was with him, talking wild radicalism at Hampstead, or discussing the destinies, as the two friends rode into town in the stage. Godwin's "Po-

litical Justice" swayed the minds of the poets in spite of Malthus; and their hearts burned fiercely. Already Charles Lamb was a middle-aged man. Wordsworth and Coleridge were at work, and Byron was quarrelling with his wife, and staving off duns. Cobbett was firing the breasts of the people, and announcing the meeting of the Reformed Parliament in 1818. Hectic Keats was looking suspiciously at the editor of the "Examiner;" and his friend, the rich poet. Godwin was in distress, and Lord Byron wished to relieve him out of the proceeds of the "Siege of Corinth" and "Parisina."

The first faint movements of a strong Reform party were visible. The working classes were angry. There was machine breaking, and there were violent clubs. The old Tories were fading from the foreground, to make way for ministers better adapted to control the passions, and understand the just demands, of the people. There was a political fever abroad, and the young took it easily. Many boys were now observing the strife, who were destined to take an important part in the victory. The first years of the peace, with the liberal enthusiasm thereof, and the great men who then boldly spoke, tinged, for the public good, the minds of a hundred youths, who have since fought well in behalf of the people. And these years were remembered vividly by the young printer, who, although obscure enough at the time, watched the conflict of opinion; caught the generous flame that followed stormy Byron to his exile; and put his trust in the growth of that manful public expression which Hunt, and Cobbett, and Hone, and others, were intrepidly rearing against the Tory stronghold. In the quiet town of Norwich, a young girl, destined presently to teach the people political truths in simple stories, was still growing

for her work. Macaulay was at Cambridge, girding himself for the second Craven scholarship. Hood was meditating his quaint and pathetic utterings. Carlyle was already scowling at the century. The "fat Adonis" was the target of every malignant tongue.

Never has the country been in greater peril than she was in those days, when there were men of lofty genius ranged against the court and the aristocracy; and when the court, by its excesses, justified the most democratic tirades. Never were reformers nursed in a fiercer conflict of opinion.

We have arrived at days of calm discussion. We live in a time when parties are divided by lines so fine, that the delicate insight of a Gladstone is necessary to trace them. One faction slopes into another, as foreground melts into distance, in a flat landscape. But in the days of the Regency; when the Princess Charlotte died; when Lord Sidmouth waged his war against political writers; when Cobbett ran away because, as an editor, he was liable to "imprisonment without a hearing;" and when quaint, fearless little Hone rummaged his tattered papers before the Lord Chief Justice, and successfully defied the Tory malignity of ministers—in these days of scurrilous and indecent pamphleteering, when the bold utterances of the people were beginning to startle the aristocracy and the throne, it was natural that a young printer, who had already seen something of life; whose temperament was combative, and whose sympathies were for the weak and the oppressed, should throw himself fiercely into the strife.

That in his fourteenth year my father had already determined to write—that the fever of literary production already possessed him—is proved, not by his bold speech

to Mr. Wilkinson, "I'll write a piece for you," but by the fact that, when the popular representative of Jeffrey Muffincap returned from the provinces in 1817, the boy's promise had not been forgotten. The piece was not written, it is true, till the following year; but in the meantime the bold little printer had thrown off various scraps of thought, as we shall presently see. He had been trying the wings of his Pegasus. As he began to cast together bits of verse, and to ponder long works, he still read eagerly, in the intervals of labour. The circumstances of his parents became easier in 1817 than they had been since the family departure from Sheerness; and his opportunities for study were consequently improved. Still Shakspeare was his chief delight. Every page of the bard of Avon was fairly mastered. The boy's soul was full of the magic music, and it remained full to the end. He was often heard to say that, when he was a very young man, nobody could quote a line of Shakspeare to him to which he could not instantly add the next line. "Young men now-a-days," he would often repeat, "read neither their Bible nor their 'Shakspeare' enough."

Edmund Kean was at Drury Lane, John Kemble was at Covent Garden, and Mathews was drawing crowds to the English Opera House. The former remembered the Sheerness manager's son, gave him orders, and was in other ways kind to him. Mr. James Russell remembers Samuel Jerrold's fair-haired boy about this time, and retains a vivid recollection of his wild enthusiasm. Mr. Russell had been in one of Mr. Samuel Jerrold's troupes, as an actor. Together they had passed through hard times. They had played together in a barn at Dorking, and in a carpenter's shop at Harrow. When, the business having been bad, the hapless manager had been

compelled to leave his watch and pink satin suit behind him in pawn, the troupe still held together; for the unfortunate theatrical speculator was a man most scrupulous in the fulfilment of his engagements. "Samuel Jerrold was," says Mr. Russell, "the only really honest manager I ever knew." Therefore, when almost friendless, and with broken fortunes, he appeared in London, the grateful actor came to the side of his old manager. Together, they went to see John Kemble at Covent Garden, where the former enthusiastic wearer of Garrick's shoes declared that John was "as good as Garrick in Hamlet." The old gentleman's son, Douglas, was destined to receive presently from a Kemble (Charles) a return compliment. "*The Bubbles of the Day*," said Charles Kemble, "has enough wit for three comedies."

But to Edmund Kean did "young Douglas" give all his enthusiasm. He kept in his soul always, a happy remembrance of the actor who, according to him, approached nearer to Shakspeare's *Hamlet* than any player he ever saw. Wherever Edmund Kean, appeared, there his devoted young admirer endeavoured to be, his eager blue eyes drinking in the genius of his model. It was then, while his enthusiasm was at its height, that he first put pen to paper. For twelve hours daily he was in Mr. Sidney's printing office; but this long service was broken by hours for rest and food, and in these intervals reading and writing could be done. Both were accomplished. Sonnets, short papers, verses on the usual young boys' subjects, began to ooze from him. Now he would take a scrap of verse to his kind friend, Mr. Russell, and tremblingly ask his advice; and now he would gird himself up for a long work, bearing still in mind, and tenaciously clinging to it, his promise to write a piece for Mr. Wilkin-

son. His spare short figure, covered by a green frock coat, might have been seen hastening any evening from Northumberland Street, Strand, to the paternal roof. The head was burning to be at its proper work. Restless ever, seeking to stride with a seven-league boot over the thorny way that lies between obscurity and fame, there remained little or none of the pleasures of youth to this warrior spirit. He had clenched those little fists, and made a deep and solemn covenant with himself. He had something fierce to say to the selfish great, to the unchristian arrogant. The compositor's stick was by no means the weapon with which he proposed to belabour the foes of the people. As he sat in the pit of the great theatres, listening to the splendid elocution of Kean, or as he laughed at the wondrous drolleries of Mathews, certainly the passion to be something grew within these dazzling walls. Nor was he long in making the endeavour to be interpreted upon the stage. Let us hearken to his faithful friend and adviser, Mr. Wilkinson: "In 1818 (his fifteenth year), I presume, he wrote his first piece. It was sent in to Mr. Arnold, of the English Opera House, and it remained in the theatre for two years. It was probably never read. After some difficulty he got it back. In the year 1821 Mr. Egerton, of Covent Garden Theatre, becoming manager of Sadler's Wells Theatre, and I having a short time to spare between the closing of the Adelphi and the opening of the Lyceum, he wished me to engage with him for a few weeks, which I did, but on condition of his purchasing the farce which had been returned from the English Opera House, and producing it on the first night of my engagement, giving me the character intended for me. The original title of this piece was *The Duellists*:—a weak title, I thought, for

Sadler's Wells; so I rechristened it, calling it *More Frightened than Hurt.* It was performed, for the first time, on Monday, the 30th of April, 1821, in its author's eighteenth year."* It was received, according to the playbills, with rapturous applause. "It was," continues Mr. Wilkinson, "highly successful, and however meanly the author may have thought of it in after days, it had merit enough to be translated and acted on the French stage; and, oddly enough, some years after it had been produced in France, Mr. Kenney being in Paris, saw it played there, and, not knowing its history, thought it worth his while to retranslate it; and he actually brought it out at Madame Vestris's Olympic Theatre under the name of *Fighting by Proxy*, Mr. Liston sustaining the character originally performed by me."

This first experience of the stage was encouraging—this first contact with the translator at once flattering and galling; but the farce written by the boy of fifteen sparkled with bright retorts, and the plot was one full of comic action. Popeseye, the son of a butcher, aspires to the hand of a Miss Easy, who is in love with another suitor, and despises the young native of Newgate Market. She resolves with her sister, who is also courted by a vulgar lover, and loves another, to draw Popeseye into a duel with the second obnoxious suitor, a bullying coward, and the meeting of the two cowards gives the chief point

* The young and unknown author—become a celebrity—did not forget his early benefactor. Writing, many years after the appearance of *More Frightened than Hurt* to Mr. John Forster, the author said: "I have twice called in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields in the hope of consulting you upon a little matter with reference to a most worthy and most ill-used man,—poor Wilkinson, the actor, an excellent creature. Dickens has very cordially given his name as committee man (there will be no trouble) for patronage of a benefit—a farewell of the stage—for poor old *Muffincap*. I want your name too, &c."

to the farce. Poyeseye became a favourite part; it gave good play to low comedians. The bully butcher, cowed by real danger, yet insensible to pain, bringing the slang of the shambles into juxtaposition with the refinement of a drawing-room, made up a character to which Mr. Wilkinson, a delineator of cowardice as complete as Keeley, gave all the delicate touches with the most unctuous humour. When he said, "It's very hard I can't have a wife without fighting, but I suppose I must not expect the one without the other;" and again, when the bully Hector calls him a "calf-killing rascal," and he quietly replies, "Then don't put yourself in my hands," the points were given with masterly neatness. And the actor was undoubtedly proud to see his young protégé successful with a piece written at the ripe age of fifteen.

But there was a long gap between the time when *More Frightened than Hurt* was written and the day of its first appearance at Sadler's Wells; there were those long weary months when it lay in Mr. Arnold's cupboard. No summer time this to the young printer who had burned with enthusiasm;—whose cheeks had been flushed with hope as he wrote it. Yet, the more the world set its ghastly teeth at him, the firmer were his little fists clenched. Ay, he would work his way into the sunlight; and his kind friend, Mr. Russell, gave him promise of the coming shine. "Russell," said Douglas Jerrold, the successful author, "Russell was the only man, when I was a poor boy, who gave me hope." The elegant critic, the friend of Walter Scott, had the sagacity to see the brilliant promise that lay in the fervent mind, and the daring courage, of the printer's little apprentice. He noticed his craving for the English classics, and patted the boy on the

back, as he appealed to him for counsel. He could see how the young aspirant was catching the spirit of journalism, and how he was tending swiftly to his true vocation. Mr. Sidney, with whom he worked, was the proprietor of "Pierce Egan's Life in London," which subsequently merged into "Bell's Life," and, as I have already written in this printer's office my father first came in direct contact with journalism; but he never contributed, or, so far as I know, sought to contribute, to Mr. Sidney's periodical. He was only sixteen years of age when, his master becoming bankrupt, he was transferred to the printing offices of Mr. Bigg, in Lombard Street.

It has been said widely that Douglas Jerrold's first printed words appeared in the "Sunday Monitor," then edited and printed by his employer of Lombard Street; but this is not the fact. The author of *More Frightened than Hurt*, following the almost invariable tendency of young men with something to say, first tempted the judgment of the public by bits of fugitive verse; and this in "Arliss's Magazine," a periodical long since forgotten. From the moment when he came in contact with journals, he began to cast off sonnets, epigrams, and short quaint papers. It is true that the young compositor, having an order to see *Der Freischütz*, went to the theatre, and became so possessed with the harmony of the work that he wrote a critical paper on it, and dropped the composition into Mr. Bigg's letter-box.

He passed an anxious night, we may be certain, when this adventurous step had been taken. And that was a bright morrow when the editor handed him his own article to compose, together with an address to the anonymous correspondent, asking for further contributions. His way from the case to the writer's desk was bridged, though

years might pass before he should be able finally to pass from the mechanical drudgery to the intellectual pursuit. It is true, I repeat, that my father's first article in the "Monitor" was a criticism on *Der Freischütz*, but it is not true that this article was his first appearance in print.

With his vehement nature, his capacity for study before sunrise on winter mornings, his daring nature, and his haste to be at war with the wrong he saw about him; he was not likely to leave the sixpenny magazines without some of his "early mutterings." His sisters remember the boisterous delight with which he would occasionally bound into the house, with a little publication in his hand, shouting, "It's in, it's in!" Yes, his words were laid before the public in the imposing dignity of type. The honour warmed the boy's heart, as it has warmed the heart of many boys before and since.

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY FRIENDSHIPS AND MARRIAGE.

THE Liberal had failed; and Byron at Genoa, in 1823, was restless, his eager eyes turned towards Greece—to the regions about the "blue Olympus." He would do something yet, "the times and fortune permitting." He did not now think that literature was his vocation. No, the field of battle was his natural ground; and thither, in the sacred name of liberty, would he make his way, even from the side of Madame Guiccioli. In May he is already writing to the London Greek Committee that "a park of field artillery, light, and fit for mountain service; secondly, gunpowder; thirdly, hospital or medical stores" are necessary. He is burning to be in action, to wear his new helmet, and ride in the front of battle.

And to London came the echoes of his valiant words—the reports of his courageous purpose. It is a drizzling, cold, and wretched day in the great Babylon. Lumbering hackney coaches and cabs of quaint appearance, rumble along Holborn. Men and women are hurrying, murmuring, like bees, to and fro; and under a certain doorway stand two young men, protected from the weather. One is a darkhaired young man, with most sparkling eyes, a broad white brow, and colour as delicate as any girl's. He is taller than his companion,

who has light, flowing hair, a marked aquiline nose, fiery eyes thatched with massive eyebrows—a mouth that most expressively shapes itself in aid of the meanings expressed by the voice. The companions are two young and dear friends. They met lately by accident, and now are never apart, except to work or sleep. The same fever burns in these two remarkable young heads. Examine each, and you shall, although no magician, read much of the future story of both in their open, glowing faces—the nervous, finely-strung sensibilities of the dark and flushed youth, that shall win him hundreds of tender friends, yet bring to him sorrows thick almost as joys; the fiery fervour and daring strength of the lesser man, with his leonine head, presaging a savage hand-to-hand fight, and the grasp of the enemy's flag in the end.

Laman Blanchard and Douglas Jerrold met by accident before either friend had reached his majority. The latter was pushing his way, by slow degrees, into the tramway of the current journalism; the former was writing graceful poesy, to be presently gathered into a volume of "Lyric Offerings," and published by Harrison Ainsworth. Yet their common subject just now, as they stood under the gateway protected from the rain, was of Byron and liberty. The noble was their idol of the hour. He was a bard, and he was the champion of liberty. Why should they not follow him—join him in Greece? The two friends were roused to frenzy with the idea, and the fair, blue-eyed one, suddenly seeing the ludicrous position of two Greek crusaders sneaking out of a shower of rain, dashed into the wet, saying, "Come, Sam, if we're going to Greece we mustn't be afraid of a shower of rain."

But the rain poured down, and the pair got valorously

wet to the skin. "I fear," said Douglas Jerrold, years afterwards, recalling the incident, "I fear the rain washed all the Greece out of us." When Byron died Douglas Jerrold wrote in a volume of his poems:—

> "God, wanting fire to give a million birth,
> Took Byron's soul to animate their earth."

The rain had not even then washed all the Greek romance out of one, at least, of the enthusiasts.

It is likely that more sentimental reasons might be put on record to explain the defection of the two friends from the popular cause of Greek freedom. They were both in love. Day after day the author of *More Frightened than Hurt*, having completed his duties with Mr. Bigg, would make his way to the house of his betrothed, bearing a scrap of criticism or a contribution to the "Belle Assemblée," or his last article on the "Minor-ies," * published in the "Mirror of the Stage," a bi-monthly issue, put forth by the well-known John Duncombe, proprietor of the "New Acting Drama." Then the pair of lovers would devote Sundays to suburban walks. Be very certain that they were happy, with the lofty thoughts that made a perpetual holiday in the hearts of the gallants. The shallowness of the purse was compensated in the shape of burning sonnets and most pathetic serenades. Very few were the men, of even minor mark, the two bold boys knew yet. Their prospects were not brilliant as the world would have estimated them; but, as they read the future, it brightened and gave them heart. The author of the "Minor-ies" had, however, already produced four pieces, for which the munificent Mr. Egerton,

* These articles were critical descriptions of the popular actors of the minor theatres—Vale, Buckingham, Elliott, for instance.

of Sadler's Wells, had given him £20;* and this dramatic start had probably brought him into connection with the theatrical publisher, John Duncombe, for whom he wrote dramatic descriptions in the intervals allowed for recreation or rest, by Mr. Bigg. A very humble opening to the press was this. His success as a critic on the *Monitor*, indeed, gave him little more than the hope that, in the future, he might make a stand of some account in London journalism.

But at this present period of my father's story I am anxious to dwell on that romantic friendship which remained a bright thing to him, to his latest hour. For Laman Blanchard he felt a most tender devotion, that was certain, long after his friend was dead, to bubble up many times in the running out of every year. He never spoke of this great friendship that his voice did not falter. They quarrelled, and were reconciled, with the vehemence and the enthusiasm of lovers. Each was so profoundly known to the other, that they found it impossible to let their early friendship dwindle to that cool regard, which men generally extend, in later life, to their "circle of acquaintance." A letter from Laman Blanchard, undated, but which must have been written about the year 1826, lies before me. It invites "Dear Doug" to a party at Richmond:—

"I need not say," (writes Blanchard,) "at least, I think not, how much of the pleasure and profit of the ramble will depend upon your joining it. Wednesday is selected as your convenient day, and I hope you will make some little exertion to join us, if it were only to afford me an opportunity of renewing, or rather of terminating, our conversation of Sunday night, and to convince you how little excuse you

* 1. *More Frightened than Hurt.* 2. *The Smoked Miser.* 3. *The Witch of Derncleugh* (a version of Guy Mannering). 4. *Christian and his Comrades.*

have for misinterpreting my conduct, when you, of all persons in the world, are the very one that should most clearly understand it. Such as my nature is, it is not too much to say that it has been almost moulded by you; and certainly, of late years, nothing has been admitted into it that has not received your stamp and sanction. It has been, and is, my pride to think and act with you on all important subjects; and for lesser matters, as they are the mere dirt that adheres to the scales of opinion, let them not turn the balance against me, nor prevent me from retaining that fair and even place in your thoughts which it is one of the best consolations of my life to believe that you have assigned me.

"If you can, independent of any occasional fit of perverse temper, conceive seriously that I do not give you credit for the many, or I should say the numberless, marks of sympathy and kindness towards me during our intercourse; or if you think I can share my mind with others as I have done with you, let me refer you to a passage in 'Childe Harold' commencing,—

'Oh! known the earliest and esteem'd the *most*.'

"If you should wonder why I have taken the pains to write all this dry detail of feelings which we mutually recognized and appreciated long ago, it is because the conversation that occasions it has made a deeper impression than you are aware of, perhaps than you intended, and more particularly as the feeling has displayed itself in two or three less important quarters at the same time. What is only teasing in indifferent persons, is something approaching to torture when conveyed by the hand which has been so long held out in faithful and undoubting friendship, and which has never allowed the pressure of worldly calamity to weaken its grasp.

"I shall be glad to hear from you to-night by some means. Can you call? It will be necessary to start at nine for half-past on Wednesday.

"Believe me ever, dear Jerrold,
"Yours most sincerely,
"S. L. Blanchard."

There is a wondrous tenderness of feeling—to me, at least—in this letter. It is written by a bruised spirit that could be so easily bruised. All that womanly quality which gave so great a charm to the society as well as to

the writings of Laman Blanchard, may be found here in a warm, yet perfectly dignified, appeal to his dearest friend. The disagreement was, it will have been seen, a very trifling one, since, the friends were to meet and row to Richmond on the Wednesday following the commission of this letter to paper; but over the tender chords of Blanchard's heart not even the least ruffling movement could pass,—of pain or of pleasure—without waking there, most thrilling music, mournful or gay. In his own words, however, we shall discover the best key to his nature.

I find, treasured fondly among my father's few letters, two more from his early friend. That dated April 5th, 1842, still makes reference to disagreements, to be covered nobly by the everlasting friendship that could not be successfully assaulted. Blanchard writes:—

"My dearest Friend,

* * * "My soul acquits me of having done any wrong to the sacred feeling that holds us together; but I must convince you of this guiltlessness by something more impressive than a few words, and I will. There has never been any real reason for the cessation of intercourse between us, any more than for the cessation of the imperishable soul of friendship that makes us one; and intercourse only lessened and dropped on my side because there were jarrings when we met in company, and a constraint when we were alone. And I could easier bear our non-meeting than appear to trifle with what was most solemn, or affect an indifference which (whatever may be the case with any such passion as envy, hatred, or jealousy) is, and ever must be, impossible. I could not go on meeting you as I might any one else, with an uneasy consciousness under the easy manner, and the anticipation of reproaches, to which all reply must come in the shape of recrimination.

"But I am now doing what I said was unnecessary. Trust me, I rejoice most deeply, unfeignedly, and with my whole heart, in our meeting on Saturday, and I shall date as from a new day. More you cannot be to me than you have been for twenty years; but as the miser who puts his gold out to use is richer than he who locks the

same up in his strong box, so I, having the same friend as of old, shall be richer by turning that invaluable, that inexpressible blessing to its true account. God bless you and yours always, prays

"Your most affectionate friend,

"LAMAN BLANCHARD."

The quarrel, even in this instance, was quickly healed, and the old, warm friendship resumed, as we may fairly gather from the following lively letter, written only six weeks after the above. I should premise that Douglas Jerrold and family were in Boulogne, whither Blanchard was most warmly and repeatedly invited. Blanchard thus makes reply:—

"UNION PLACE,

May 26th, 1842.

"MY DEAR JERROLD,

"My wife was witness to a vow, now three weeks old, that I couldn't and wouldn't reply to your note until she had made up her mind, yea or nay, upon the proposal it contained; but as, with a consistency marvellous in women, she continues to the close of the month in the same way of speech, saying, 'Ah! it's all very nice talking,' and 'It's easy enough for you,' and 'Nothing I should like so much, *but*'—and 'Suppose Edmund were to get down to the ditch'—and 'What do you think? *that* Miss Mary had the pork butcher down in the kitchen last night'—and five thousand other objections rung upon such changes as the house on fire, the necessary new bonnetings, the inevitable sea-sickness, and the perils of the ocean—to say nothing of a reserved force brought up when all other objections are routed, in the shape of a presentiment that *something* will happen—God knows what, but something—directly her back is turned upon old England (what *can* she mean?)—all this, I say, induces me to break my vow, and communicate the indecision and perplexity that beset us daily. I had forgotten, however, the most solid of the difficulties that stand between us and you—the others are, indeed, but spongy, and might easily be squeezed dry; but here is a bit of rock ahead in the 'warning' of a servant in whom we have trust. She is going away—away to be married, as most of our maids do. This is about the sixth in four years. Better, you will say, than going away not married, but really in the present case a bore, especially if the other (as is probable) follows her. We should be left with two strangers; and my wife's

natural dread, almost a superstitious one, of leaving home—of losing sight of her children—of crossing the water more especially—would be increased to an unsoothable height. At present, however, it is only certain that *one* goes, and so we must wait the issue of another fortnight, and then abandon finally all the exquisite pleasure of procrastination—and *decide*. Never surely did God sanctify the earth with lovelier weather than now. Even Lambeth is a heaven below in such a blessed time as this. But still there is a whisper going on in the paradise all about me to 'be off,' telling me that no opportunity can be fairer, and that no welcome can be half so strong. But to Boulogne without *her* would never do, the hope having been so fondly raised; so if you see one you see both. At the worst, as she says, it is something to have been so warmly wished for, and to have such a letter backing the verbal wish. For myself I am urgently moved towards Gloucester, where I have an acquaintance ('which is very well hoff') relying on an old promise; but it must be older yet ere it be fulfilled. And Hastings also calls upon me from the sea, saying, 'You said you'd come in May;' but Hastings is as impotent as Gloucester. Belfast, moreover, pleads winningly, and still in vain. This to let you know that I am cared for in other quarters, and that I prize your summons before all others, however pleasant and friendly. * * * I send you a little song written since I saw you, and rather relished I find. I have about half a volume of such matters scattered here and there.

TRUTH AND RUMOUR.

As Truth once paused on her pilgrim way
To rest by a hedge-side thorny and sere,
Few travellers there she charm'd to stay,
Though hers were the tidings that all should hear.
She whispering sung, and her deep rich voice
Yet richer, deeper, each moment grew;
And still though it bade the crowd rejoice,
Her strain but a scanty audience drew.

But Rumour close by, as she pluck'd a reed
From a babbling brook, detain'd the throng;
With a hundred tongues that never agreed,
She gave to the winds a mocking song.
The crowd with delight its echoes caught,
And closer around her yet they drew;
So wondrous and wild the lore she taught,
They listen'd, entranced, the long day through.

The sun went down: when he rose again,
And sleep had becalm'd each listener's mind,
The voice of Rumour had rung in vain,
No echo had left a charm behind.
But Truth's pure note, ever whispering clear,
Wand'ring in air, fresh sweetness caught;
Then all unnoticed it touch'd the ear,
And fill'd with music the cells of thought.

. . . . .

"Ever yours affectionately,
"LAMAN BLANCHARD." *

We return to the year 1823, and to the time when, unknown to the world, but eager to be noticed in the lists, the two friends trudged about London every evening, concocting plans, to be set aside with each morrow's sunrise. Yet work *was* done, and that lustily, by "dear Doug." The early summer found audiences laughing at Sadler's Wells over the *Smoked Miser*, or applauding the hits that, even then, the young author had learned to deal at hard masters and the ravenous lawyers. Screw calls to his clerk, "Here! Goliah Spiderlimb! Goliah! Where's the lazy rascal that I keep? Why, you scoundrel, don't I keep you?" To which Spiderlimb replies, "I can't persuade my stomach that you do, sir." And then Spiderlimb, malicious with his hunger, showing his master's

* At this moment Douglas Jerrold was writing *Gertrude's Cherries*. I find the following in Scene II. The reference is to the English habit of cutting names, &c., with diamonds upon window-panes:—

"*Wil.* Humph! one man goes to foolscap, another to a pane of glass; they may be very different people, but, well considered, I doubt if the motive hasn't the same source.

"*Vin.* At least the same effect; for, as my friend Laman Blanchard sings,—

"'——'Tis oft the poet's curse,
To mar his little light with verse.'"

friend out, says, "Don't be afraid; you'll not run against the pantry." Spiderlimb is even a facetious starveling, and describes himself as "the outline of a bone."

The managers of the minor theatres were beginning to turn their eyes towards the impulsive dramatic author who was bravely at his war with the world, and yet who held aloof from the pleasures of his age that were within his reach.

For, although able to do something more than support himself now, with his work on the "Monitor," in the double capacity of compositor and writer, his occasional pittances for pieces, and his contributions to the "Mirror of the Stage," he remained at home with his family. His father was dead. The poor old man had passed away either the day before or the day after the death of George III., leaving his family, happily, in comfortable circumstances. Once, in his sixteenth year, Douglas left his home, with the idea that the freedom of an isolated life would give him a happy sense of independence; but he soon returned to his mother and sisters, and never left them again till he had furnished a nest of his own, and taken unto himself the mate the beloved of his boyhood. With his sternly studious habits at this time of his life, the quiet of a home was welcome. There were temptations to shut the book, and enjoy the charms of interchanging rapid thoughts with others, abroad. Here, in his own little room, with his Shakspeare, his Latin books, and his French grammars, he could, without chance of disturbance, buckle to his appointed triumph over the adverse fate that had clouded his early boyhood. He could snatch here greedily, the lessons that are thrust upon boys born to happier chances. Winter sunrise still found the young student, with benumbed fingers, lighting his own

fire and trimming his own lamp. "No man," said he, long afterwards, "has ever achieved greatness who did not rise at six during some years of his life." Plays were written—trifles as he rightly estimated them afterwards—in the long evenings of the days of hard work. He saw them successful and himself unregarded, and paid not so much as the theatre's master carpenter. Still the world, harsh and cold as it was to him who had no patron, and would, in the worst passage of his war, have scorned the patron who had dangled the patron's living before him—the world should not master and subdue him. He had not many friends in London even now; yet the few he had were destined to be with him almost to the end of his chapter.

It was on a certain day while the snow was on the ground, in the youth of the year 1824, that he was standing with Laman Blanchard in Mr. Duncombe's shop, chatting. An artist, employed by the publisher, stepped in with a portrait of Charles Young, in *King John* under his arm for *The Stage*. The publisher introduced Mr. Kenny Meadows to the two friends. This was the merest accident, of course; yet how full of coming happy hours for the three! Rapidly, as is always the case among men touched by a common fire, the friendship grew. Was it ever ripe, or was it always ripening? Certainly it never passed its perfect ripeness to show its decay. Cornelius Webbe, afterwards known as a graceful lively magazine writer; Mr. Buckstone, the now well-known low comedian; Mr. Ogden, a man utterly unknown to fame, yet, in a circle able to appreciate him, esteemed as a devout Shakspearian and a sound original thinker, drew about the trio, with Elton, the actor, to enjoy many years of graceful friendship. They were

separated often in the hurry of the world. "We touch and go, and sip the foam of many lives;"* but there was a potent link here among these early friends that, even after long wanderings, drew them by a strong gravitation towards each other. The autumn brought change, however, to the friend Douglas Jerrold. Daring in all things, confident in his own white-hot energy, he tempted fortune yet again, and consummated the love of his boyhood in marriage.

Laman Blanchard, already married, turned to his friend, and offered him the tattered paper that lies before me, with the following lines, now pale with age, upon it:—

"And thou art wed! God knows how well
I wish thee—what I may not tell,
Though all may wish, and waft thee, too,
As much, dear rhyme, as thou canst do.
But trust me, none a purer blessing
Shall breathe upon the mystic hour,
When, pledged in fond and full caressing,
You drain the cup for sweet or sour.
Sweet, sweet the dregless draught must prove—
The wine of life distill'd from love;
A shower of summer dews for thee
In passion—pearls from heaven's sea;
God's own delicious vital rain,
Like one small fount o'er many a plain;
The finger's cooling touch, which erst
The rich man ask'd for his tongue of thirst;
Bright drops like those o'er Rhodian forms,
When brain-born Pallas rose, descending
Like molten stars in golden storms,
Young hearts and their idols immortally blending.

"Thy name shall crown the register
Of those that bless and blindly err;

* Emerson.

That follow a promiscuous gleam,
The poet-brain's romantic dream,
And grasp yet miss the glittering bubble,
While hope endears the specious trouble;
Who brave the winds when others droop,
And fall at once, but cannot stoop;
Who own no years, all worn and wounded,
But crack like glass, and so are dead.
And better thus than, bronzed in brow,
To stand amidst this pictured show,
And watch the flight, or plume the feather,
Of some young nursling of warm weather.
Clipp'd be thy wing! thine eye, and will,
And progress, are an eagle's still.
For whether with song thou tend'st thy flock,
Or sling'st smooth pebbles as the giant,
Though deeply thou endur'st the shock,
Nor words nor wounds shall find thee pliant.
Alas! in youth, that best of time,
What do we see but pain and crime?
Whether the early storm is riotous,
Or drifting breezes merely sigh at us,
Or if we stand (impatient trial!)
To watch the sun along life's dial,
What do we see, or you or I,
But tears and mean hypocrisy?

"Now shame upon that weeping line!
Is this a time to vent my whine,
When my light pen should skim the paper,
Unwilder'd by such fretful vapour?
I meant my feathery words should play
Like birds around your smiling way;
And still they sing, sincere and loud,
Although their hues are steep'd in cloud;
While, like Columbus, you explore
The fissures of your new-found shore.
May it, my friend, be hallow'd ground,
Where all shall flourish, nought decay—
Where life may be but beam and sound,
Till it shall pass away;
An isle that lifts its rainbow breast
From out its bed of crystal sea,

Whereon, as soon as foot can rest,
Thou clasp'st an Immalee.
Methinks thy timid, trusting Mary
Would well beseem this land of fairy.
Such time would soon restore the tint,
Half lost in sorrow's withering print,
Which strew'd the cheek with pensive shade
Where sunshine should have always stay'd.
And thou, although thou dream'st it not,
Art fitted for such warless lot;
O'er all that such a realm can bring
To rule, the young congenial king;
O'er subject fruits, and spice-fraught pinions,
And flowers that blush from Venus' vein,
And songs that float from love-dominions,
And sighs that never sprung from pain.

"Now falls in love my foolish thought,
Pygmalion-like, with that it wrought.
Perchance my fancy's fond expansion
Hath shaped its own heart-vision'd mansion;
And, though I wish but sound and sorrow,
I would I might be wed to-morrow,
Since the mad fates have added yours
'To matrimony's list of cures'—
The records of the true belief,
Where men 'turn over a new leaf,'
A book of bliss without a *finis*,
For such, mysterious wedlock, thine is.
And who, in sooth, would still be waiting
At libraries call'd 'circulating,'
To tumble o'er the well-thumb'd pages,
When some M. S.* like thine engages
The souls of bards, the thoughts of sages,
The truth of life, the dream of ages?
And yet, had all seen nature's college,
And shunn'd, like thee, this stall of knowledge,
Many smart volumes ('twixt ourselves)
Would moulder on the public shelves,

* You will, perhaps, be able, from these initials, to illustrate the text with a name (Mary Swann) which you will readily pardon *me* for omitting.

Or lie, as ne'er such books of old did,
In sheets, uncover'd and unfolded.

"A bard, for whom the thinking eye
Fills with the heart's philosophy,
With whom high fancies, feelings mingle,
Says, 'Nothing in the world is single.'
And he is right; even mine is not,
Dear J——, a solitary lot.
But this, perchance, I owe to thee,
Confirmer of my early vision——"

The lines here break off. Their playful tenderness suggests at once the writer of the letter addressed years afterwards to Boulogne. I found the yellow paper upon which they are written in a secret drawer, in my father's library. He had always treasured this relic, not so much, it may be perceived, for its literary value, as for the noble heart he could always see at work behind it. The playful allusion to M. S. (the initials of Mrs. Douglas Jerrold's maiden and Christian name) is very happy. Miss Mary Swann was the daughter of Thomas Swann, Esq., of Wetherby, Yorkshire, a gentleman who held an appointment in the Post-Office.

Happy in friendship as in love, there were yet influences at work to sour the heart of a man of my father's most ardent temperament. His glance was so keen, his sympathies were so warm, that when he looked abroad upon the battle of life, and marked its wide diversities of fortune, its hypocrisies, and vanities—its prizes in the hands of the low foreheads, and its crown of thorns about the high foreheads—when, in his own case, he saw how poor was the reward of money or of honour vouchsafed to the original thinker—he turned into his little home in Holborn, where he and his bride lived with his mother, sister, and good old Mrs. Reid, with a scornful word upon

his lip. I insist upon this early feeling, and I endeavour to explain it, because it is the basis of my father's mind.

To strike at the high oppressing the low—at the golden calf with its cloven hoof upon "the learned pate"—at laws tempered for the rich and sharpened for the lowly—at the wretched social shams comprehended in gig-keeping—this was his mission. To this end should be devoted all the fancy—all the trenchant wit—all the play of humour—all the tender poetry he could call his own. In drama—in theatrical notices—in introductions to burlettas—in farce and comedy—in fairy realms, over the beer of the "Gratis," or in the "Story of a Feather"—in the vulgar Goldthumb, or in that learned sham, Professor Truffles—or, again, in *Retired from Business*, where "pig iron" is shown scornfully turning up its nose "at tenpenny nails"—he would speak for the misrepresented. Nor, as the author in later day acknowledged, much as he hated the ignorance that had called him a bitter man, was he in the habit of attacking his enemies with sugar.

"In New Street, Covent Garden," he wrote, prefacing *Bubbles of the Day*, "there is, or was, a tradesman of great practical benevolence. It was the happiness of his temperament to recommend to the palates of babes and sucklings the homeliest, nay, the foulest shapes, by the lusciousness of their material. The man made semblance of all things *in sugar*. Fieschi's head, bruised and bleeding from "his own petard," frowned like a demon from the shop-window; still the demon was—*in sugar*. The abomination, though appalling to the eye, would yet melt sweetly in the mouth. The thing was called a murderer; yet taste it, and 'twas pure saccharine.

"The author of *Bubbles of the Day* confesses to the charge that in some places has been preferred against

nearly every character in his comedy. He has taken for his theme the absurdities and meannesses of fools and knaves; and he has not—at least, he trusts he has not—exhibited the offenders—in sugar."

This defiance of the critics was made in the bitterness of his knowledge that the world had all along been taught by shallow men to regard him as a cynic—he, who had to the last, a heart, below the rugged surface of him, as tender as a woman's. Mr. Hannay, in an eloquent article that appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly" for November, 1857, touches upon this popular mistake, and corrects it. He writes:—

"Inveterately satirical as Jerrold is, he is even 'spoonily' tender at the same time, and it lay deep in his character; for this wit and *bon vivant*, the merriest and wittiest man of the company, would cry like a child as the night drew on and the talk grew serious. No theory could be more false than that he was a cold-blooded satirist—sharp as steel is sharp from being hard. The basis of his nature was sensitiveness and impulsiveness. His wit is not of the head only, but of the heart—often sentimental, and constantly *fanciful*; that is, dependent on a quality which imperatively requires a sympathetic nature to give it full play. Take those *Punch* papers which soon helped to make *Punch* famous, and Jerrold himself better known. Take the 'Story of a Feather' as a good expression of his more earnest and tender mood. How delicately all the part about the poor actress is worked up! How moral, how stoical the feeling that pervades it! The bitterness is healthy—healthy as bark. We cannot always be

'Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,'

in the presence of such phenomena as are to be seen in London alongside of our civilization. If any feeling of Jerrold's was intense it was his feeling of sympathy with the poor. I shall not soon forget the energy and tenderness with which he would quote these lines of his favourite Hood:—

'Poor Peggy sells flowers from street to street,
And—think of that, ye who find life sweet!—
She hates the smell of roses.'

He was, therefore, to be pardoned when he looked with extreme suspicion and severity on the failings of the rich. *They*, at least, he knew were free from those terrible temptations which beset the unfortunate. They could protect themselves. They needed to be reminded of their duties. Such was his view, though I don't think he ever carried it so far as he was accused of doing. Nay, I think he sometimes had to prick up his zeal before assuming the *flagellum*. For a successful, brilliant man like himself, full of humour and wit, eminently convivial and sensitive to pleasure, the temptation rather was to adopt the easy philosophy that every thing was all right, that the rich were wise to enjoy themselves with as little trouble as possible, and that the poor (good fellows, no doubt,) must help themselves on according as they got a chance. It was to Douglas's credit that he always felt the want of a deeper and holier theory, and that, with all his gayety, he felt it incumbent on him to use his pen as an implement of what he thought reform. Indeed, it was a well-known characteristic of his that he disliked being talked of as 'a wit.' He thought (with justice) that he had something better in him than most wits, and he sacredly cherished high aspirations. To him buffoonery was pollution. He attached to *salt* something of the sacredness which it bears in the East. He was fuller of repartee than any man in England, and yet was about the last man that would have condescended to be what is called a 'diner-out.' It is a fact which illustrates his mind, his character, and biography."

This is just criticism, the fruit of personal knowledge; but the mistake that the world made, and that many of his friends made, arose naturally. It was difficult to understand the volcanic throes of that impulsive nature—a nature that could feel nothing coldly, circumspectly. My father might have pushed more rapidly forward to comfort in his early days had he possessed a more pliant nature; but his road was straight ahead. You might cast barricades in his way, and slyly invite him to walk round the obstruction, and so, but only for a moment, turn from his appointed way; but no, you could not make him step a foot aside. There were barricades before him, bristling far above his head. Still, he kept his eye firmly upon them—cast back the tumbled masses of his

hair; dashed forward—and presently the little figure, with dilated eye and distended nostril, and scorn trembling in the downcast corners of the mouth, was on the barricades' topmost point. Timid friends looked on at the struggle, and offered tender counsel. "God send you more successful days," wrote tender Laman Blanchard to him in 1842; "for, apart from other considerations, there is something in success that is necessary to the softening and sweetening of the best disposed natures; and nothing but that, I do believe, will so quickly convince you of the needless asperity of many of your opinions, and of the pain done to the world when you tell it you despise it."

But he was not to be turned aside. Even his earliest and dearest friend could not understand him—could not see that his fierce utterances came from the depth of his most passionate sympathy. Success came, but it in no way dulled the fire of his ardour. The "high" and rich sought his society; but still a story of wrong done, of authority tyrannically used, smote upon his soul, as now they smite, where he stands, his bride by his side, a desperate warrior, resolved to make his whole life a protest against the wrongs done by man to man.

He shall never be understood, save by a few very near friends, while he lives. As he himself wrote, when dedicating his "Cakes and Ale" to Thomas Hood, it shall be "necessary" for him "still to do one thing ere the wide circle and the profound depth of his genius shall be to the full acknowledged; that one thing is, to die."

Yet out come the tender touches of his nature, even in these early days of savage fighting with the world. Here are some fragments from the "Belle Assemblée" of 1824:—

THE TEAR OF FOND AFFECTION.

The kiss-inviting lip that wooes
The thrilling soft impression;
The glowing blush that would refuse,
But sweetly speaks confession;
Ah! still more dear, more sweet than this
(And what alone's perfection),
The damask cheek, or stolen kiss—
The tear of fond affection.

It glisten'd in her bright blue eye—
Pure gem of magic worth—
Engender'd by young Pity's sigh,
And truth, too, gave it birth;
And as it trembled in its cell,
I gazed, of voice bereft,
Then snatch'd the jewel ere it fell,
And bless'd her for the theft.

D. W. J., *May*, 1824.

BEAUTY.

The painted fly, in colours gay,
By summer zephyrs toss'd,
The being of a sunny day,
The victim of a frost:

So beauty shines a fleeting hour,
But quick the moment flies;
Like painted worm in summer's bower,
It dies—ah! soon it dies.

D. W. J., *May*, 1824.

LOVE'S BONDAGE.

I dreamt that young Cupid to Flora's path stray'd,
And cull'd every beauty that deck'd her domain;
But no flower by lightning or canker betray'd,
Or heartsease decaying, he wore in the chain.
The garland completed, around us he flew—
The cable of joy caught our hearts in the toil.
He shed o'er the blossoms refreshing bright dew—
Their tendrils entwining struck into the soil.

Methought I saw Time—on his lips sat a smile,
And joy lit his face as he sharpen'd his blade;
But Cupid, still watchful, suspecting the wile,
His cruel intention for ever delay'd.
The god in a rage seized the impious steel,
And breathed o'er its surface a clothing of rust,
Crying, "Ne'er shall this garland your keenness reveal,
But ever unite till ye touch them to dust."

D. W. J., *May*, 1824.

I print these verses as evidence of that softer and more tender spirit which, I insist, was the motive power of even the fiercest invective and sarcasm to which the name of Douglas Jerrold is attached.

CHAPTER V.

THE DOMESTIC DRAMA.

The year 1825 found Mr. Wilkinson's protégé of 1821 engaged at a salary of a few pounds weekly to write pieces, dramas, farces, and dramatic squibs for Mr. Davidge, late harlequin, and then manager, of the Coburg Theatre. Mr. Davidge was a hard—a ruthless—task-master. No smile rewarded the author's successes, and no mercy was shown to the failures. And children were coming to the dramatist; already one had been born, and the grist must pour into the mill. Literature had been adopted as a crutch that, we are told, should be accepted only as a staff. There are people living who remember the brave dramatist trudging Surreywards, "Little Shakspeare in a Camlet Cloak," as he was called, from his ambitious fervour and his habit of wearing a cloak. As he speeds onward, he is not thinking so much of his iron-fisted manager as of the patent houses—of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, where, it is his firm belief, nay, his solemn determination, he shall see himself some day. Still his evenings are given to his dramatic writing, for his days are devoted to other work—to the "Weekly Times," and to stray contributions to the minor periodicals of the day—now signed D. W. J., and now "Henry Brownrigg." It is marvellous the work

that is done daily, and the lightness of heart that is left for friends, even after a galling interview with Davidge.

Till June, 1829, shall come, and bring him fortune, or rather the promise of fortune, four years must be got through. He has become, in conjunction with Dr. Crucifix, the part proprietor of a Sunday newspaper—fruit all of that article on *Der Freischütz* dropped into Mr. Bigg's editor's box; so that there is no lack of work. His friend, Laman Blanchard, is also pushing forward to his goal. And here it may be well to speak of the most unhappy mistake made by all men who have dwelt upon the life of Laman Blanchard.

It has been said by Sir Edward Lytton, as by lesser commentators, that Mr. Blanchard passed a life of intense anxiety—of war with the world, that only very slowly consented to exchange the fruits of his graceful genius, for its solid comforts. No statement could be farther from the truth. After a very short struggle in London, it was Mr. Blanchard's good fortune to have one or two powerful friends who were inclined to give a hearing to his tender and eloquent voice. He was for some time Resident Secretary to the Zoological Society in Bruton Street, an institution founded chiefly through the exertions of his brother-in-law, N. Vigors, M. P. for Carlow; and hence he went direct from good appointment to good appointment, to the end of his days. He edited, among other papers, "The Courier," "The True Sun," and "The Court Journal." He was sub-editor of "The Examiner" when he died, and he long enjoyed the ripe fruits of a large popularity as a most gracefully humorous magazine writer. If he had a disappointment it must have been the neglect with which the world received the poetic gum that oozed from him—a neglect that has yet to be made good.

And none of the many friends whom Blanchard left behind him, were more anxious to set his memory right in the esteem of the public, than the companion of his boyhood, Douglas Jerrold. If the bitter grief the survivor suffered when, on that mournful day in the spring of 1845, he was bluntly told that the friend was no more, could be conveyed to the reader, it might suddenly convince him, once and for ever, that the author of *Bubbles of the Day* was a most tender-hearted man. I remember the morning well. I remember finding my father in a room, alone, at the "Punch" office. His face was white as any paper, and his voice had lost all its clear, sharp ring.

"You have heard, I suppose?" he said to me presently.

I nodded an assent. But though he twitched his mouth manfully, tried to look out of the window, and had resolved to bear the blow stoically, the effort was too much for him. He sank upon his chair, and, motioning me from the room, wept, as children weep.

At his friend's grave his grief was so completely beyond control that he was carried from the ground; and for months afterwards, alone in his study, this sarcastic, "bitter" writer—this "cynic," who saw nothing good nor true in the world—was heard by his frightened wife, calling aloud in a voice nearly choked by tears, upon his lost companion to come to him. "I've called him. No, no; he can't come, my boy," he said wildly to a friend, who happened to drop in on one of these sad evenings.

But twenty years lie thickly studded, I insist, with pleasures, between Laman Blanchard and his grave. He has yet thousands of kind things to say—thousands of quaint thoughts to set upon paper—before the curtain of

death shall fall between him and the world. And, amid the rows of faces that shall appear at this Coburg Theatre, to welcome the pieces of "Little Shakspeare in a Camlet Cloak," shall be Laman's bright one very often. At Sadler's Wells—even at Vauxhall—shall this radiant face be seen on its most friendly mission. *The Living Skeleton; The Statue Lover; Wives by Advertisement; Fifteen Years of a Drunkard's Life; Ambrose Gwinett, or a Seaside Story; Law and Lions; Sally in our Alley; John Overy; Mammon; The Chieftain's Oath; London Characters; The Flying Dutchman; Martha Willis*, are among the productions written by Douglas Jerrold, that this bright face shall encourage within the space of three or four years. Some of these pieces shall be greatly successful, bringing gold to the managers; but to the author little profit and little reputation. For the arena of his successes is an unlawful, an unfashionable one. The fight between the patent houses and the minor theatres has yet to be fought.

The pieces of which I have given the titles were, it will be seen, curiously varied in subject. *The Chieftain's Oath*, for instance, produced at Sadler's Wells, was "a grand aquatic spectacle" in two acts (dramatized from Ossian's poems), in which Mr. Keeley played Rundy Ramble.

Fifteen Years of a Drunkard's Life was written, with excellent purpose, for a popular audience; the moral being shown, of course, in the destitution and disgrace which intemperance induces. Here are tender touches that will recall to any reader who may be tempted to the printed copy of the piece, the author of *The Prisoner of War*. Vernon, the drunkard, calls for brandy and water made according to the true Shakspearian precept. He ex-

plains, "As for the brandy, nothing extenuate; and the water, put nought in, in malice." And when Vernon's wife reproaches him with the ruin of their estate, and asks him whether she has not seen his ancestral halls fade away like a vain pageant of ice, the reckless tippler makes answer, "Granted that you have; you have still the satisfaction of your sex—*to talk of it.*" There is strong serious interest in the piece throughout. It was, perhaps, the earliest of that long series of "domestic dramas" which Douglas Jerrold gave to the English stage, producing a new and original class of dramatic entertainment, that brought home the interest put upon the scene, to the hearts of the people. Of domestic drama he was wont to say, "A poor thing—but mine own."

In *Ambrose Gwinett* the domestic dramatist approached the seashore, turning his sailor life, for the moment, to some small account. We have a pressgang painted from the life at Sheerness; where the men took off actors or members of the theatre band, because The Resolution, seventy-four guns, was off the dockyard, and had a stage on board.

Sally in our Alley is a drama in two acts, in which the claims of the poor and friendless are set forth yet again. Here, too, we have Captain Harpoon, and that lively fisherman schoolmaster, Isaac Perch. The great passion of Perch's life has cost him something. Judge him. "Three years since a rich great uncle of mine, a true civic cit, fell ill; but whether his disease was turtle or turkey fever, I cared not to inquire. I was at the time in Hampshire, trout-fishing; and, at the very moment I was about to hook the king of the stream, up came a messenger from my uncle. 'I come,' said I;

'but first let me catch this trout.' The devil was in the fish that day—it was full fifteen minutes ere I hooked my prize. Meanwhile the messenger had the start; he returned before me—my uncle scratched me from his will, and I lost ——'

"*Flags.* A fortune.

"*Isaac.* But I caught a trout."

Further on we come up with Claws, a lawyer, who is pleasantly described as "a legal cuttle-fish, troubling clear waters with pounce and ink"—the "disease of the village."

"There's an odd story about you," pursues malicious Isaac Perch; "it is that, according to Pythagoras, you were bred in the land of Brobdignag—ay, that you were a worm there—and that one of the giants, having used you for bait to catch sharks, you slipped from the hook, were taken aboard ship, brought to this village, and, entering on your second state, became a pettifogging lawyer."

Then follows a scene in which Claws threatens Isaac with the penalties of the law, because his pupils have been stealing feathers from fowls and peacocks, "to construct, or make, or cause to be constructed or made therewith, sundry things called by anglers artificial flies," for their master.

Law and Lions still sparkles with quaint epigram and points of wit. The quarrel of Mr. and Mrs. Mammoth is a good occasion. Mr. Mammoth has a poetic lodger, who wins his heart by addressing monodies and odes to his animals and insects, Mr. Mammoth being an enthusiastic naturalist. Mrs. Mammoth fixes her eyes upon the lodger's unpaid bills; she is a most doggedly practical reasoner. "Ask him for his bill," insists the lady. "He has settled," the husband replies. "How?

when?" "Why," continues the naturalist, "he has given me draughts from the Pierian spring—a monody on the death of my piebald cockchafer—a welcome to a newly-caught mermaid—a congratulatory ode on the birth of my three guinea-pigs—and, the best bit yet, he has thrown in your epitaph as a makeweight."

Presently exasperated, Mammoth declares that "the wives of geniuses live only in the kitchen of imagination." Mrs. Mammoth will hereupon leave him for ever; he is to consider her henceforth as dead. "A leaf from the 'Pleasures of Hope,'" chirps the provoking naturalist. Mr. Epic, the lodger, has promised Mammoth an appointment as keeper in a menagerie, provided always that he will not, with his new dignity, cast off his old friends. Mammoth is elated with the happy time coming. He will "muse upon slumbering elephants and humorous hyenas," and "print his reflections." To prove his urbanity he will allow Epic to come, and bring all the authors with him, "at *feeding* time." The interview closes thus:—

"*Epic.* Though this military dress (he is going to a masquerade) will not be so novel to me as you may imagine. A sad dog, I ran away from the study of the law, threw down an attorney's inkstand, and took up a carbine.

Mam. And it's difficult to say which of the two may do the most mischief.

Epic. Then gaming threw me from my military steed.

Mam. (*aside*). Knocked from his horse by a billiard ball—not an uncommon occurrence in the army.

Epic. And falling into the quagmire of poverty ——

Mam. You were in the fittest situation to turn author.

Epic. But I know my old father will one day forgive me, and then adieu to scribbling. A pen is very well for an amateur author, who has nought to do but spoil gilt-edge paper, and make the nonsense-tracing engine a toothpick; but when poverty transforms it into a fork, it is being fed with iron, indeed.

Mam. But some men continue to tip it with brass.

Epic. Which the vulgar take for gold; and he of base metal, and he of the pure, are in the end the same.—Enough of this; you will get me the dress?

Mam. I will; and you'll not forget me?

Epic. Forget you! I am now going to my friend among the dromedaries and buffaloes, and there it will be impossible to forget you.

[*Exeunt severally.*"

The *London Characters* proved the versatility of the young author's genius. They were presented to the public at the Coburg Theatre on the 21st of November, 1825, and were thus pointedly introduced:—

"For the First Time, a Comic Sketch, (*written by the Author of the "Living Skeleton,"*) in one Act, to be called

LONDON CHARACTERS;

Puff! Puff!! Puff!!!

'Puff in thy teeth.'—SHAKSPEARE.

"Some explanation may be required from the writer to preface this (apparently) hardy undertaking, and he enters on it with all the alacrity which the consciousness of good intentions is so well calculated to inspire. It is a common fault that, in our anxiety to render homage to the memory of men bygone, we treat somewhat too cavalierly the illustrious living, who still pay rent and taxes; it is as though individuals were not to be esteemed until they had given employment to an undertaker. Now, the present object of the writer is, to awaken the public to a proper knowledge of the talents scattered through the town, to pull its million buttons, and tweak its thousand noses, until the said lethargic public shall open its two thousand eyes, (that is, allowing a pair for every person,) and become fully assured of the greatness it has snored over. To this end, and without any fear or trembling, the writer creates the important letters that form the mystic name of *Francis Moore*, physician, almanac-maker, the awful wizard that warns the ungrateful world of the season for umbrellas and worsted hose; he apostrophizes those venerable sages *Day and Martin*, who, like the wise men of yore, write their immortality on imperishable leather. *Burgess*, who, with Jonah, has found a lasting fame in the bowels of a fish; *Mr. Money*, of Fleet Street, who, like Captain Parry, roves from 'pole to pole' for mutual benefit; *Charles Wright*, of the Opera Colonnade, who makes us forget our troubles at the cheapest rate; *Rowland*, who drops the compassion-

ating 'dye' on the afflictions of red hair, and puts whiskers into half mourning; *Atkinson*, who trains English beauty as the Greenlanders feed their children, upon bear's grease; *Henry Hunt, Esq.*, the reformer of vitiated tastes for Turkey coffee; *Charles Wright*, whose spirits, like that of the Spanish goblin, dwell in a bottle; *Doctor* —— but no, some kind of excellence must, like the poet's flower, (and, indeed, like much genius of the present day,) 'blush unseen.' *Mrs. Johnson*, whose Soothing Syrup speedily fills our mouths with bones, that we may better tear flesh, shall she be forgotten? Gratitude forbid! Why are the achievements of the foregoing persons left unsung? Do they not contribute more to human comfort than all the feats of conquerors and kings? The philosopher, who said the sun was red-hot metal, was a fool to *Dr. Moore*, who has thoroughly solved the doubts of mankind, showing that the moon is not green cheese, but, in fact, a moon. The brilliancy of *Day and Martin*, *Warren and Larnder*, will remain as long as Homer's. The Elements of Euclid are not so relishing to a fried sole as *Burgess's* Essence of Anchovies. The labours of *Money* are greater than those of Hercules, for the ancient did at length slay the hydra; but the bear of *Mr. Money* has been killed a thousand times, and stripped of its wealth of fat, and yet survives. *Charles Wright* makes us abhor the creed of Mahomet; and many a Cherokee chief, who has scalped his neighbour, has been immortalized in pantomime; while *Rowland and Atkinson*, who have fresh haired many a naked pate, have remained in obscurity. The epicure, who fed off peacocks' brains, (it is lucky he did not choose men's; at least, it would be, were he now living in some countries,) is less valuable than *Henry Hunt*, who makes us full as grateful with a little corn well singed. What was Semiramis, who struck off heads, to the present *Mrs. Johnson*, who softens our infant mouths? Are the ancients to be for ever apostrophized, and the great living to be unhonoured and unsung? No; the writer, fired with honourable zeal, has plucked a quill from the largest goose in Lincolnshire, has spread open a fool's-cap sheet, has soused into the ink bottle his newly-made pen, and thus registers—THE SPIRITS OF THE AGE."

But the sailor had brought something from the deck of The Namur that should stand him in good stead shortly. He would pass not long hence from under the thumb of managers—a position to be presently avenged, moreover, in *Bajazet Gag ; or, The Manager in Search of a Star.* His writings in the weekly papers, in Mr. Wakley's

Ballot, &c., were beginning to bear him goodly fruit. His way was clearing to the higher places—to the "New Monthly" and to "Blackwood." Already he had housed his family in a cottage near Regent's Park—already he began to feel his feet upon something like solid vantage ground, although the "Sunday Monitor" had led him into grave difficulties through the treachery of others. The world was beginning to spell his name, with difficulty and carelessly yet; but the syllables would flow easily from the public lip, not long hence. He had weighty dreams —was possessed with great ideas, to be ripened when the sun should shine a little.

In a most fortunate hour he quarrelled finally with Mr. Davidge—with Davidge, who, could he have seen the story of that little manuscript under the author's arm, would have fallen upon his knees, and prayed for it at any price. But manager and author parted in anger, and away went the latter direct to Mr. Elliston's room at the Surrey Theatre. This manager's fortunes were at a low ebb, and he was not ready to adventure much; but a bargain was struck; an engagement as dramatic writer to the establishment, at £5 per week, was concluded; and the author deposited upon the manager's table, by way of beginning, the "nautical and domestic" drama of *Black-Eyed Susan; or, All in the Downs.*

This renowned piece, brought from the deck of The Ernest gun-brig, with the sea breeze in it, and all the rough, hearty manliness to be found on his Majesty's ships in those days, was first produced on Whit-Monday, June 8, 1829, in the author's twenty-sixth year. The noisy holiday-makers of the Borough and of the London Road were the first critics of a piece destined to be played in every quarter of the world, and to bring

back fortune to graceless Mr. Elliston. Mr. T. P. Cooke, who had not played at the Surrey Theatre for ten years, made his reappearance as William, and was the Long Tom Coffin of the after-piece, *The Pilot*. It is reported that "the audience were hot and noisy almost throughout the evening. Now and then, in a lull, the seeds of wit, intrusted by the author to the gardener (Mr. Buckstone), were loudly appreciated; but the early scenes of Susan's 'heart-rending woe' could not appease the clamour. By and by came the clever *dénouement* when, just previously to the execution, the captain enters with a document proving William to have been discharged when he committed the offence. The attentive few applauded so loudly as to silence the noisy audience. They listened, and caught up the capitally-managed incident. The effect was startling and electrical. The whole audience leaped with joy, and rushed into frantic enthusiasm. Such was the commencement of the career of a drama which, in theatrical phrase, has brought more money to manager and actor than any piece of its class; but to its author a sort of *sic vos non vobis* result."

But the piece was not greatly successful from the first night. Its popularity grew by degrees to the prodigious height it reached. By degrees people began to flock to Mr. Elliston's deserted theatre. The pit and gallery filled, and then the boxes presently showed, every night, packed seats of goodly company. There were points to touch all; the poor, in the sorrow suffered by Susan, dunned by the hard landlord, Doggrass, and in the error against authority of William, who struck his commander to shield his wife from wrong; the respectable and the representatives of authority, in the frank forgiveness and noble

alacrity to save the sailor on the part of the offended officer. More—there was, in 1829, an enthusiastic love for the navy, which is in no way represented to us in that sentimental regard with which we look upon this noble service of ours now-a-days. The spirit of Nelson was yet abroad. His name thrilled the national heart. "All London," wrote Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in his tender farewell to my father, printed in "The Athenæum," "all London went over the water, and Cooke became a personage in society, as Garrick had been in the days of Goodman's Fields. Covent Garden borrowed the play, and engaged the actor for an afterpiece. A hackney cab carried the triumphant William, in his blue jacket and white trousers, from the Obelisk to Bow Street; and Mayfair maidens wept over the stirring situations, and laughed over the searching dialogue, which had moved, an hour before, the tears and merriment of the Borough. On the three hundredth night of representation, the walls of the theatre were illuminated, and vast multitudes filled the thoroughfares. When subsequently reproduced at Drury Lane, it kept off ruin for a time even from that magnificent misfortune. Actors and managers throughout the country reaped a golden harvest. Testimonials were got up for Elliston and for Cooke on the glory of its success, but Jerrold's share of the gain was slight—about £70 of the many thousands which it realized for the management. With unapproachable meanness Elliston abstained from presenting the youthful writer with the value of a toothpick; and Elliston's biographer, with a kindred sense of poetic justice, while chanting the praises of Elliston for producing *Black-Eyed Susan*, forgets to say who wrote the play! When the drama had run three hundred nights, Elliston said to Jerrold, with amusing coolness, "My dear

boy, why don't you get your friends to present you with a bit of plate?"

The success of *Black-Eyed Susan*, although it directly brought but poor pecuniary profit to the author, could not fail to be of great service to him. Of Douglas Jerrold's popularity as a dramatist, neither manager nor actor could rob him. He now set to work more resolutely than ever. Before the close of the year, he had written the *Flying Dutchman*, *John Overy*, and *Vidocq*. He next took an ambitious theme—*Thomas à Becket*. But he was still on the Surrey side of London—still in unlicensed theatres. He saw his way to the patent houses, however, opening fair before him, and he was not the man to be discouraged now. The ingratitude of his rapacious managers he paid back in epigrams that stuck to them. Four hundred times had his piece been played at different theatres during the year of its birth, and he had received about the sum Mr. Cooke obtained for acting William six nights at Covent Garden! Here was a contrast to sour any man, more especially a man who depended wholly upon his brain for his bread. Empty compliments were showered upon him, but they found him still looking steadfastly, in his own way, at the injustice of his position, and resolved to right himself.

"You'll be the Surrey Shakspeare," said a friend to him on the success of *Thomas à Becket*.

"The sorry Shakspeare, you mean," was the quick retort.

Of Davidge, who had ground him to the utmost, he could never speak patiently. And he twisted his anger into biting sayings that left no mere flesh wounds. "May he," said the ill-used author, "live to keep his carriage, and yet not be able to ride in it!"—a wish, spoken in

anger, that was curiously enough fulfilled to the letter. Davidge died early one evening, and the scorn of his meanness was still strong in the writer's soul. "Humph!" he said, "I didn't think he'd die before the half-price had come in." But here and there sweet consolations came to him—sweet, as he would have said himself, as new-mown hay. He received these with a gratitude almost childish. A favour conferred upon him made the bestower sacred for ever in his esteem. And when he measured his own chivalrous regard for the lightest service, with the ingratitude he daily experienced on the part of many men whom he himself had served, he would say, when told that somebody had spoken something against him, "Ah! I suppose I have done him a good turn." One writer I can recall, but will not name, to whom he had given almost his first appearance in print, was among the most persevering and unscrupulous of his enemies afterwards. Some friend—as friends will—mentioned the ingratitude. "Never mind," Douglas Jerrold retorted; "the boy is sick to windward. It 'll all fly back in his face."

But let us turn to one of his more gratifying experiences. On the success of *Black-Eyed Susan* and *Thomas à Becket*, Miss Mitford wrote from her retirement this kind letter to the author, with whose Christian name she was not yet familiar:—

"*December* 14, 1829.

"THREE-MILE CROSS, NEAR READING.

"*Saturday evening.*

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have just received from Mr. Willey your very kind and gratifying note. The plays which you have been so good as to send me are not yet arrived; but, fearing from Mr. Willey's letter that it may

be some days before I receive them, I do not delay writing to acknowledge your polite attention. I have as yet read neither of them, but I *know* them, and shall be greatly delighted by the merits which I shall find in both—in the first, by that truth of the touch which has commanded a popularity quite unrivalled in our day; in the second, by the higher and prouder qualities of the tragic poet. The subject of Thomas à Becket interests me particularly, as I had at one time a design to write a tragedy called *Henry the Second*, in which his saintship would have played a principal part. My scheme was full of license and anachronism, embracing the apocryphal story of Rosamond and Eleanor, the rebellious sons—not the hackneyed John and Richard, but the best and worst of the four—Henry and Geoffrey, linking the scenes together as best I might, and ending with the really dramatic catastrophe of Prince Henry. I do not at all know how the public would have tolerated a play so full of faults, and it is well replaced by your more classical and regular drama. I was greatly interested by the account of the enthusiastic reception given by the audiences of *Black-Eyed Susan* to a successor rather above their sphere. It was hearty, genial English—much like the cheering which an election mob might have bestowed on some speech of Pitt, or Burke, or Sheridan, which they were sure was fine, although they hardly understood it.

"If I had a single copy of 'Rienzi' at hand this should not go unaccompanied. I have written to ask Mr. Willey to procure me some, and I hope soon to have the pleasure of requesting your acceptance of one. In the mean time I pray you to pardon this interlined and blotted note, so very untidy and unladylike, but which I never can help, and to excuse the wafer, and the absence of the Christian name. . . . . .

"Very sincerely yours,

"M. R. Mitford.

"*To — Jerrold, Esq.*,

"4, *Augustus Square, Regent's Park.*"

The success of *Black-Eyed Susan* suggested to the dramatist a drama to be founded on the *Mutiny at the Nore*. It is a stirring story of sailor life. We may see in this, the observation of the little boy who, from his grandmother's window in the Blue Town, looked over the dancing waters at the Medway's mouth. This second naval

piece must have had no small success, since it was played at the Pavilion, the Coburg, and the Queen's Theatres in 1830. But the author's way lies to higher ground now. He is about to command his terms, and to give parts to better actors. He is dreaming of a national drama, and of a proud place in it, naturally, for himself. George Colman received £1000 for *John Bull;* Morton pocketed a sum of equal amount for *Town and Country;* Mrs. Inchbald was paid £800 for *Wives as They Are;* but then this was in play-going days. Well, why should the theatres be deserted? Very noble academies for the people might they be made. And it was the dream of the author of *Black-Eyed Susan*—a dream from which he awoke somewhat late in life—that in his day the national drama might once more be made worthy of the nation. On this head—one to which he again and again returned, savage to see how little progress the drama made—as well as on the shameful monopolies enjoyed by the patent theatres, he wrote to Mr. T. J. Serle in a dedicatory letter accompanying the comedy entitled *The Schoolfellows*:—

"My dear Serle,

"Would the accompanying little comedy were more worthy of your acceptance! It was my wish to make it so; but the evil crisis upon which we have fallen, rendering the exercise of our art almost hopeless—the *system* which has flung the dramatic muse under horses' hoofs, turning every well-considered and elaborate attempt at stage literature to the confusion of its projectors—compelled me, in the present instance, to forego my first plan of five acts, and to adopt that of two. In shortening my labour I, no doubt, lessened my disappointment. This may, in some measure, account for, if it do not wholly excuse, a want of minute development of character, a hurry of incidents, and a suddenness of catastrophe. The subject, to be duly illustrated, required no less than five acts; but five acts in these days!

"In inscribing to you *The Schoolfellows*, you will not, I am convinced, give the drama a less cordial welcome because refused by the professionally retained reader (Mr. Reynolds)—the *one* reader appointed to the *two* theatres, Drury Lane and Covent Garden. That gentleman was, doubtless, correct in his opinion that, for the two patent stages, the piece was altogether ineffective. But tell me, in passing such sentence, did not the one janitor to the twin temples of fame, somehow question their right to a privilege which the legislature makes almost wholly its own? However, such was the answer; and though, in our boyhood, we may have enjoyed a scene in which Grimaldi fulfilled at the same moment the office of porter to two mansions, yet, with the present exclusive market, a negative from the one porter at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, though the said porter has himself been half a century a comic writer, is certainly not one of his best jokes. Nay, there are better even in *Laugh When You Can*.

"*The Schoolfellows* was not, we have it on authority, calculated to attract sufficient money to either of the two large houses. I now conscientiously believe it. Subsequent events have confirmed me in the melancholy conviction that a writer who, unassisted by a troop of horse, an earthquake, a conflagration, or a cataract, trusts merely to the conduct of his fable, his words, and his characters must fail, at least in the treasury sense, at either Drury Lane or Covent Garden. This is one of the sternest truths that men admit, for it is a truth of the pocket. When the prices at the patent houses are nearly double those of what are called the minor theatres, who, unless it be to see some extraordinary raree-show, wide away from the real purpose of the drama, will pay the heavier charge?

"At the time I write, *The Schoolfellows* has been acted twenty-seven times, and is still announced for further repetition. 'Yes,' it may be answered, 'but acted at a minor theatre, where the audience is less cultivated, and, consequently, less critical—where, with an undistinguishing appetite, they may thankfully devour the refuse of Covent Garden.' Though little disposed to make the Court Guide the only test of judgment, I might have crowded into the page a long list of lords and ladies of every degree of nobility, who—for their names have gemmed the paragraphs of newspapers—have assisted, to use a French phrase, at the unlawful representation of *The Schoolfellows* at an unlicensed theatre. This is no extravagance; the tyro in heraldry might gain most discursive knowledge from the coach panels that are nightly wedged in Tottenham Street.

"This point brings me to the question on which you, my dear Serle, have long laboured, distinguishing yourself no less by a singleness of purpose in the advocacy of common sense, and of the rights of every

man whose hard destiny it is to live by the sweat of his *pen*, than by fervid eloquence and the soundest judgment. Surely, excluded by a system (for I make no charge against individuals; I believe they are fully aware of the hopelessness of the present state of things) from what the legislature, in its former wisdom, intended to be the highest reward of the dramatist, when told that the only prizes to be won at the two theatres are, as in some of the olden games, to be carried away upon horseback—when the only Pegasus of the patent theatres is to be found in the mews of Mr. Ducrow—it is not too much to ask from the government an assured retreat, where the writer and the actor may pursue their calling, safe from 'the armed heels' of bays and piebalds. It is no answer for our opponents to tell us there are, for the exercise of the art of the dramatist and the player, the minor theatres. Those establishments, with only two exceptions, are at the mercy of the common informer every night. Though the patricians of the land, by their patronage, countenance the illegality, their licenses are forfeited. Thus they are insecure in their tenure, and even when licensed by the lord chamberlain are trammelled by absurd fallacies, though, in sorrow I say it, there is no public functionary whose orders are so constantly evaded as are the mandates of the royal key-bearer. His lordship says there shall be six songs in each act of every burletta, and the due number are constantly sent to the deputy licenser (nay, I know a recent instance in which the verses were selected from the works of the deputy himself), who pockets the fee with a full conviction that, in five out of six instances, not one of the songs will be retained, but were merely sent to cheat the unsuspecting chamberlain!

"In the appeal which must again be made to the legislature, we have surely a claim to the advocacy of those noblemen who visit minor theatres. Surely they will not refuse their voices when they have before given their names. They can hardly take boxes at a playhouse, and then, by their vote, declare it, if not mischievous, unnecessary.

"In the hope that the question of the existence of a national drama will meet with that speedy consideration which it now so strongly demands, and in the conviction that with its purity and elevation your efforts must meet with a proportionate reward, believe me, dear Serle,

"Your sincere friend,

"Douglas Jerrold.

"*Little Chelsea, March* 20, 1835."

The bitter allusions to animals in the patent theatres—

to the advent of Ducrow *vice* Shakspeare—came from the playwright's heart; and he treasured, as an illustration of the state of the stage in his time, as well as illustrative of the old manager of Astley's, the following remarkable letter addressed to "Mr. Bunn, or Mr. Russell, or Mr. Peake—immediate."

"Royal Amphitheatre,

"*October* 23, 1838.

"My dear Sir,

"I suppose Mr. Bunn, nor any of the authorities, will be at the theatre till late to-day, as there is nobody called till twelve or one, which is not a fit call for such requisites required for to-night's performance, as it is not the performers, but the scenery, gas, arrangement of the animals' cages, and such scandalous inattention to the above matters that caused the disapprobation of the audience at all times at such disgraceful bungling. I must request for my own reputation, as well as that of the theatre, that those departments may be called and looked to, viz: the Cataract Scene set immediately, to have it simplified, to be enabled to have it set and worked. The wood decorations on the top of the lions' cages requires cutting away, and merely sufficient to hide lights. It is a disgrace to Drury Lane, after the first act receiving three rounds of applause, at the drop descending and being the heaviest; that the second part should be spoilt by bungling in placing the cages, &c. which I informed them in the first instance would be the case. The Fire Scene was scandalously attended to, lit with pitch torches, and smothered the audience with all kinds of nuisances of lime and smoke. As the piece is short, I suggest that it be put in three acts; the second act finishing with the Fire Scene, and thus allowing the time for setting cages in third act. The dresses were not fit for Richardson's; and, if I had not had some few of my own to furnish the piece, it would have been obliged to have been stopped; and, as you have no act-drop, and the audience not knowing when the performances are over, it will be necessary to state in the bills that the whole of the entertainments of Monday and the new spectacle having concluded before eleven, it has been found essential, to facilitate the extensive arrangements, to present it in three acts, or divisions, thus each bearing distinctive points of attraction. I shall expect the contents of this attended to, as I will not be liable for the neglect and fault of others. I will thank you to call

some one to attend to the alteration and setting of the scenery of second act, as great *alterations* must take place, as well as that of the band. If Mr. Bunn should not be there, desire the carpenters to set the Cataract Scene directly, and make the front flats work. I shall be there at twelve to give any instructions necessary.

"Yours truly, with respect,

"DUCROW.

"*Mr. S. Russell, &c.*

"N.B.—The gentlemen who play the Arabs in the second act are to be informed that their faces must be coloured to-night to a certain degree."

The manager of the beasts was evidently a much more important person, in those days, at Drury Lane, than the manager of the actors.

Let me close this chapter with one of those hits which the author of *Black-Eyed Susan* often aimed at managers who degraded, in his eyes the national drama. When *Black-Eyed Susan* was in rehearsal at the Surrey Theatre, an important person—in his own estimation—strutted upon the stage, and, speaking of Elliston, the bacchanalian manager, exclaimed in an angry voice,—

"How is this? I can see a duke or a prime minister any time in the morning, but I can never see Mr. Elliston."

"There's one comfort," my father replied, "if Elliston is invisible in the morning, he'll do the handsome thing any afternoon by seeing you twice, for at that time of day he invariably sees double."

CHAPTER VI.

THE DOMESTIC DRAMA CONCLUDED.

THE humorous story of "The Manager's Pig," originally published by Douglas Jerrold as magazine papers, is founded on fact, the manager being Davidge, who determined, "in a golden moment, upon the introduction of a pig in a drama to be expressly written for the animal's capacities. In the slang of the craft, the pig was to be measured for his part." The "household author" of the time was summoned, and requested to write a part for the porker. After many ineffectual expostulations on the part of the writer, the pig's drama was written. The pig commanded a run of forty nights, and then it was suggested to the manager that he should eat him. Tears fell fast from the managerial eyes at the bare idea. Eat his benefactor! Impossible! A few weeks had rolled on, when the household author was summoned once more into the managerial presence. The manager was at dinner—pickled pork the dish. The author started.

"What! not *the* pig? Why, you said that nothing on earth would tempt you to eat that pig."

"No more it could, sir," cried the assured manager. "No, sir, no more it could—*unless salted!*"

Here follows the moral. "How often is it with men's principles as with the manager's pig—things inviolable, immutable—*unless salted!*"

But Douglas Jerrold had done with Messrs. Davidge and Elliston in 1830. The shower of gold, provoked by *Black-Eyed Susan*, had fallen into the pocket of Mr. T. P. Cooke, and into the treasuries of Elliston and others; but the laurels, lightly as the wearer estimated them, were his.

In "Punch's Complete Letter-Writer" the actor, applying to a manager for an engagement, writes: "My sailors, too, have been accounted remarkably good, especially at the seaports. I have played William in the Surrey trash of *Black-Eyed Susan*, in a way to make T. P. Cooke shake in his shoebuckles." As something in no way to be proud of at any rate—as something upon which he did not wish to have his name chiefly based—did my father regard this, the great dramatic success—so far as profit and popularity are represented by the number of times the curtain has risen upon it—of this century, in England. He was now on the right side of the bridges—in the neighbourhood sacred to classic names. Drury Lane was quite ready to receive him. Would he begin by translating and adapting a piece from the French? Peake (a most genial gentleman, for whom Douglas Jerrold had always a warm regard), and Mr. Planché, were both borrowing from the French stage. The pecuniary offer was tempting, or rather would have been tempting to any less fiery or rigidly honourable man than the author of *Black-Eyed Susan*. To him it was an insult, and he turned on his heel contemptuously. He translate from the French! from the French whom he had not yet learned to regard even calmly! He, who had been nursed on board his Majesty's ships in that violent hatred of "*Mounseer*" which possessed the navy when Napoleon was in Paris! Why, his last service was to bring Englishmen, hacked by French steel, to the comforts of a

hospital at home. No, he said to Drury Lane's manager; "I will come into this theatre as an original dramatist, or not at all."

He never learned to talk with common patience of the translator's office; and he regarded the adaptor as somebody who managed to cozen a reputation for originality from the foreigner. Discussing one day with Mr. Planché this vexed question, this gentleman insisted upon claiming some of his characters as strictly original creations.

"Do you remember my baroness in *Ask no Questions?*" said Mr. Planché.

"Yes. Indeed, I don't think I ever saw a piece of yours without being struck by your barrenness," was the retort.

This closed the discussion with a hearty laugh.

With the first fruits of fame from the Surrey side of the water came friends—friends, too, of importance. It is impossible, however, for a writer to be always in and about theatres, in the offices of newspapers, writing dramatic criticisms in three or four newspapers, without by degrees becoming associated with the more prominent *littérateurs* of the time. But a critic and successful playwright who, in addition to his power over brother authors and actors, could bring to any social board in this great metropolis, a wondrous fund of wit, a hearty nature, and a happy song, had an assured place in many notable gatherings of men. But of this presently. It is my purpose to devote a separate chapter to those social clubs with which the name of Douglas Jerrold is associated. Let us follow the triumphant dramatist to the Adelphi Theatre. Here, on the 16th of December, 1830, was produced *The Devil's Ducat; or, The Gift of Mammon: a Romantic Drama in Two Acts.*

In the "acting edition," published by John Cumberland, we find even "D. G.," the great writer of dramatic prefaces, launching forth at the translators and adaptors. He writes: "Of all rogues the dramatic depredator is the least scrupulous and abashed. See where he *steals!* steals in his different capacities of *translator*, *adaptor*, and *poacher*. A merchant, who trades beyond his capital, must, of necessity, borrow from *somebody;* and an author, whose dramatic lumber exceeds the natural product of his brains, must draw pretty freely upon those of others. To hold up for public sport the mere *kite-fliers* of the theatrical world, would produce more entertainments than all their pieces put together. Men of straw, who never raised a laugh but on borrowed jokes, would *then* be *good* for hundreds of broad grins. Had the 'Dunciad' never been written, how dull had been the scribblers of that day! *Tom Osborne* would have been tolerated *only* from having received the singular honour of a blow from the literary Hercules, Dr. Johnson; and the caitiff *Curl*, 'so famed for turbulence and horns,' from the classical distinction of having been tossed in a blanket by the Westminster scholars. . . . Mr. Jerrold does not *borrow* from the French; neither does he poach in the unfrequented fields of the drama, and realize the fable of the ass in the lion's skin. A hint from an old ballad or book is sufficient; he is content with an apple, without stripping the whole tree. . . . This *Ducat* 'smells woundily of brimstone.' The idea is taken from a goblin story related in 'Le Clerk's Dictionary.'" The story is one of a famous magician and his "flying pistole"—a convenient coin that returned to his purse whenever he spent it.

The plot of the piece is the story of two brothers, Astolfo and Leandro, who, having been deprived of their

estate, are thrown upon the world. Astolfo bears his loss surlily. Leandro is a philosopher, and is still content. In his prosperity Astolfo had been the accepted suitor of Sabina, the daughter of Signor Botta, a rich miser. To Astolfo, poor, the father is false, but the lady remains true. To sharpen his misfortune, Nibbio, the despoiler of his fortune, becomes his rival, and Sabina is about to be sacrificed to the avaricious dotard. In his despair Astolfo strolls to the *Lake of Tartarus*, where, being sleepy, he reposes on its banks. Suddenly the halls of Mammon appear, with all their golden appurtenances, and goblins (damned) descend and chant an incantation. These 'come like shadows, so depart;' and Astolfo, after rising from his sleep, finds himself in an open country near Naples. He is not long without a companion—'to whisper solitude is sweet'—for, the earth opening a few paces before him, Mammon emerges from the chasm, his countenance careworn and cadaverous, his garments torn, and his purse as long as his beard. Astolfo recoils with horror. A sudden change takes places in the Fiend: his rags and mask disappear, and his form becomes invested with a gorgeous and glittering garment of gold; a crown caps his head, and a sceptre starts into his hand. He offers Astolfo unbounded wealth if he will become his worshipper. The tempter prevails. Astolfo is presented with the enchanted ducat, and soon has proof of its magic qualities in a payment he makes to Signor Nibbio for the ransom of his mistress, Sabina. Though counted two thousand times into the box of Nibbio, the ducat returns to Astolfo's hand. Astolfo is accused of sorcery—the marriage rites are suspended—the priest crosses the charmed coin—it flies in pieces—the bridegroom is about to be seized as a wizard, but is

rescued by his old tempter, the Fiend. The ducat is subsequently secured, and stamped by the council with a flaming brand; though not without some difficulty is it held with a pair of tongs. No sooner is the ceremony over than the ducat rises to the sky, to shine, round and clear, as a harvest moon.

Astolfo escapes, accompanied by his mistress. He offers the ducat to a mariner to convey him over sea, who, recognizing the flaming brand, rejects it with horror. Astolfo hungers, and again tenders the accursed ducat—it is of no avail. In the end Astolfo dies, and is borne down to the infernal regions by the great Mammon.

We have here the story of *The Devil's Ducat.* The drama is written with all the stately measure of blank verse; it is written ambitiously too. I venture to offer the reader a few passages from this—the production, he should remember, of a young author in his twenty-seventh year. It is not the result of long and solitary reflection. It is an effort thrown off in the midst of daily writing for the press—in the hurry which always tells against the author who is writing—not only to utter his inmost thoughts, but also to provide for the material necessities of the passing hour.

In the dialogues between Astolfo and Leandro we shall find the gatherings of that bitter fruit which hard experience brings, in abundant crops, to sensitive men.

Leandro calls contentment "the poor man's bank." But Astolfo says of gold,—

> "Look abroad—
> Doth it not give honour to the worthless,
> Strength to the weak, beauty to wither'd age,
> And wisdom to the fool? As the world runs,
> A devil with a purse, wins more regard
> Than angels empty-handed."

Again:—

"Proclaim the wealthy knave, cut-throat, and cheat:
Still crowds, as deaf as adders, crawl and bow
To him. Denounce him poor; as though the plague
Were at his bones, he stands alone."

Grillo, the notary's servant, says, "Ha! when rich rogues are merry, honest folk may go into mourning."

Astolfo waking from a vision of wealth:—

"These these, are mine! all mine!
Ha! I am mock'd! I wake to agony.
The sweets of slumber, the beggar's solace,
Are denied me! Oh, gold, gold! I would seek
The centre, so that I might welcome thee!
If there be fiends who wait on mis'ry's wish,
The ready ministers of reckless men,
Giving for future hopes a present good,
Show'ring on desp'rate creatures wealth and state,
I call upon ye, come! behold a man
Who dares be villain, but dares not be poor!"

Mammon speaks:—

"Religion's in the heart, not in the knee!
. . . . . .
I am earth's harlequin;
I build up palaces, put slaves on thrones,
Erase the spots from treason's stainèd coat,
Manacle warm youth to shivering age,
Rechristen fools most wise and learned men,
And trumpet villains honest."

The ducat is crossed, and no one will have it. Astolfo and Sabina are alone—deserted.

"*Astolfo.* Have I not said enough?
Seest not that all despise and turn from me?
Sabina. Yes; and therefore must not I.
Astolfo. Away! I cannot love thee now.
Another hath my heart.

Sabina. It cannot be! Her name?
Astolfo. Avarice!
That mole-eyed, earless hag, who rules the souls
Of sturdy knaves and impotent old age;
Whose yellow cheek outglows the blush of youth;
Whose tinkling voice out-choirs the angels!
Sabina. Thou dost mistake thy noble nature:
Thou canst not be so changed.
Astolfo. Thou dost not comprehend her miracles.
'Tis avarice who casts a blight and shade
Upon the world—who steeps the heart in gall,
Though lips be ripe with smiles. 'Tis avarice
Who doth debase, degrade, the soul of man,
Casting him down to lick the dust before
His fellow dust. 'Tis avarice
Whose bony fingers rend apart the ties
Of holy nature; who sets on brothers
As we goad on dogs; who turns the weapon
Of an impious child against the sacred bosom
Of a father."

Astolfo reproaches Mammon with treachery :—

"*Astolfo.* Pleasures!
Thy gifts are false as are thy words. Pleasures!
Mammon. Thou hadst—all have—the means of purer joys.
Astolfo. Whence?
Mammon. Whence?
E'en here, beneath our feet, a captive lies,
With threescore years upon his whiten'd head;
Half his life he hath worn a tyrant's chain;
He hath tamed and made companions of the mouse
And spider, lavishing on noisome things
Affections meant for men. To his ears nought
Is stranger than his own voice. His jailer,
In sullen dumbness, leaves his daily crust.
He hath worn a couch in the sharp pavement
With his bones. Yet hath this wretched being
Something in his soul which robs his dungeon
Of its terrors; which hangs its reeking walls
With budding flowers; spreads out a bed of moss;
Brings, with his sleep, an angel to his side,

Giving him glimpses of the far-off heaven.
Whence is this power? 'Tis in the captive's heart.
The tyrant festers in his bed of state—
His virtuous victim sweetly slumbers
On a dungeon's flint."

The success that attended the performance of *The Devil's Ducat* at the Adelphi Theatre, ushered the author triumphantly into Drury Lane, in the following year.

On the 8th of December, 1831, his Majesty's servants presented, for the first time, *The Bride of Ludgate; a Comic Drama in Two Acts, by Douglas Jerrold.* It was not produced without difficulties. An actor, who had grown powerful as a star, and who showed it by unfriendliness to the new author, threw up his part at the last moment. Shekel, originally given to Mr. Farren, was assumed suddenly, and with marked success, by Mr. James Russell. Mr. Wallack was a dashing, graceful Charles II.; Mr. Harley played Doeskin; Mr. Cooper blustered as Captain Mouth; Miss Phillips was the Bride Melissa; and Mrs. Orger played Ruth Corbet. The plot discovers Andrew Shekel, the rich money-lender of Ludgate, on the eve of marriage with Melissa, the daughter of a deceased friend, and partisan of the Protector Cromwell. But between May and December there is little sympathy. Melissa has already given her heart to Mr. Mapleton, a young republican, who has fought against the king. Their trysting-place is the exterior of Shekel's house in Ludgate. Melissa, the day before her marriage, has been discovered, by Ruth Corbet, old Shekel's domestic, weeping over the picture of a gallant. The Abigail steals the portrait. The money-lender slyly enters, and is told that the handsome original is Ruth's lover. The deceit is carried on in the presence of Melissa, and produces a fit of jealousy—mistress

and maid become rival queens, and the former resolves to make Mr. Mapleton smart for his inconstancy.

In the house of Must, a vintner, King Charles, Sedley, and Captain Mouth are carousing; the King has assumed the character of Vincent Hokenbrock, the son of a Dutch burgomaster, who has come to open an account for wine; but his real mission is to scrape acquaintance with the vintner's fair wife. The captain is a Bobadil, and had been entertaining the vintner with some bombastical stories of being one of the party in the Royal Oak, and of having cudgelled the Defender of the Faith, which Master Must, little knowing the quality of his guest, repeats, as a good joke, to the no small amusement of the King and confusion of the Alsatian bully. Doeskin, Shekel's serving-man, enters with Must's silver tankard; he is on his way to Dr. Blacktype, the notary, to complete arrangements for the marriage between the money-lender and Melissa. A hoax is arranged. His Majesty agrees to repair to the house of Shekel, disguised as the representative of Dr. Blacktype, who is made to fall sick; and Sedley is to take a part in the masquerade.

True to his appointment, Mapleton approaches the door of Shekel's house, and unexpectedly encounters his old rival. Shekel instantly discovers the likeness between the stranger and the miniature, and that he has stumbled on Ruth's lover. Shekel gives him the maiden heartily; opens his door, desires him to walk in, and, in case the lady should prove coy, to extort a capitulation.

The lovers quarrel; the King and Sedley enter disguised as notary and clerk; Shekel insists on the immediate marriage of Mapleton and Ruth, and a mock contract takes place between the parties. The adventures that follow must be sought for in the drama; but

the end is that Mapleton is pardoned and married to Melissa.

Let us take some bits from the dialogue.

Doeskin, of *Must*, the vintner: "He, too, has brought home a young wife; and what follows? Why, his house swarms like a camp, and smells like a perfumer's. Half the court are there. You might, any hour in the day, pick a new ministry from his back parlour."

King Charles of *Captain Mouth*: "That fellow looks as warlike, yet withal's as harmless as an unloaded field-piece."

Captain Mouth declares that "the whole map of the world is marked in scars" upon his body. Whereto Doeskin replies,—

"Any one may see that. Only to begin; there's Vesuvius in your throat, and the wine countries in your nose. As for your eyes, they are England and France, for they stare butt at one another."

Shekel orders music for his wedding:—

"Go to Sackbutt's, in Harp Alley, and tell him to bring his band. Stay, I'll have a double number. Now listen: six fiddles, four flutes, two bassoons, one clarionet, and three hautboys. Do you mark?

"*Doeskin.* Yes; fiddles, flutes, bassoons, clarionet, and hautboys. Any horns?

"*Shekel.* No, no.

"*Doeskin* (*aside*). He doesn't encourage superfluities!"

Melissa bids her maid, Ruth, still pass as Mapleton's wife.

"*Ruth.* Pass! Really, this pretence is very tantalizing to one who wishes for plain dealing."

"Can you so love an outcast and a beggar?" Mapleton asks Melissa.

Melissa. "Yes; for, nobly suffered, injuries undeserved do sit as graces."

When Mapleton's suspicion, finding Charles in Melis-

sa's room, is cleared up, and Melissa throws herself into her lover's arms, Charles speaks :—

"Now, sir, are you satisfied? Doth not such fond breath disperse your foolish doubts? Ay, hug her close, for, by my faith, King Charles, with all his stars, could not hang so rich a jewel at your neck."

Ruth rushes in: "Oh, madam! oh, sir! oh, doctor! . . . There's nothing but men outside."

Charles. "Then there's the greater hope for the women."

Captain Mouth comes blustering in to seize Mapleton. *Charles* speaks :—

"And here he stalks, as though Colossus had quitted Rhodes to head a company."

Charles, disguised, is seized by Mouth. Mouth swears that he will not be bribed—that his "loyalty is clear as crystal."

Charles (*aside*). "Is it so? I'll try my diamonds on it."

The success of *The Bride of Ludgate* was complete. It is clear that it satisfied the management, and that the author was requested to write again. In the midst of other schemes which were now crowding upon him; in the midst of studies and of reading, never for a day put aside, *The Rent Day*, founded upon Sir David Wilkie's two celebrated pictures, was written. It is a piece that belongs essentially to the "domestic drama." The interest is fireside interest throughout. The story of a farmer's misfortune, simply told, took the town by storm, and has held the stage to this hour; for there is strong human emotion in the scenes, and emotion of that universal kind which the untaught pauper understands as well as the most cultivated gentleman. The characters are taken from what is called "humble life," and the

audience is asked to show some interest in a sad but simple farm-yard story. There are bright things said; for, with the author, bright things must be said. They sparkle at the tip of the pen, and he cannot but write them down. Suggest to him that some of these points should be omitted, and he assents at once. He does not value them highly. I am reminded that in "one of his plays an old sailor, trying to snatch a kiss from a pretty girl—as old sailors will—received a box on the ear. 'There,' exclaimed Blue-jacket, 'like my luck; always wrecked on the coral reefs.'" The manager, when the play was read in the green-room, could not see the fun, and the author struck it out.

The dramatist had to encounter, however, in addition to the trials that proceed from the dulness of managers and the vanity of actors, the stupidity of the lord chamberlain's deputy. These stupidities were of a remarkable kind in the time of George Colman. Now-a-days the stage censor, although a gentleman well versed in our dramatic literature, an accomplished critic, and a man who appears to have an affection for the drama, cannot be said to make any omissions in the pieces submitted to him, that are not almost childishly unimportant. The reigning house would, I conceive, incur no risk, nor suffer any slight, if a punning allusion to a Prince of Wales * were allowed in a burlesque; the truth being that the audience, consisting of all classes of society, is the best, the soundest censor, and that no chamberlain's deputy is wanted. As a sample, however, of the censor's duties, I hereby present to the reader a copy of Mr.

* An allusion lately erased, by order of the lord chamberlain, from a burlesque.

George Colman's (late censor) reflections on the dangerous passages in *The Rent Day*:—

"23*d January*, 1832.

"Please to omit the following underlined words in the representation of the drama called

THE RENT DAY.

ACT I.

Scene I. 'The blessed little babes, *God* bless'em!'

Scene III. 'Heaven be kind to us, for I've almost lost all *other* hope.'

Ditto. '*Damn him.*'

Scene IV. '*Damn business.*' No, don't *damn* business. I'm very drunk, but I can't *damn* business—*it's profane.*'

Ditto. 'Isn't that an *angel?*' '*I can't tell; I've not been used to such company.*'

Scene V. 'Oh, Martin, husband, *for the love of Heaven!*'

Ditto. '*Heaven help us, heaven help us!*

ACT II.

Scene III. '*Heaven forgive you*, can you speak it?' 'I *leave you, and may Heaven pardon and protect you*!'

Scene last. 'Farmer, neighbours, *Heaven* bless you—let the landlord take all the rest.'

Ditto. 'They have now the money, and *Heaven* prosper it with them.

"G. COLMAN.

"*To the Manager, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.*"

The sensitiveness of Mr. George Colman on the use of the word "heaven," is wondrously amusing, especially when it may be safely asserted that ninety-nine in every hundred pieces put upon the stage, in his time, included these objectionable syllables. The word was not used, perhaps, so often as it might have been had Mr. Colman not been lord chamberlain's deputy; just as, when the lord chamberlain ruled that there should be six songs (neither more nor less, in any burletta), the managers sent in the first six songs that came to hand (on one

occasion three or four were by the censor himself,) but seldom thought of having them sung upon the stage.

The Rent Day was in active preparation in the first days of January, 1832. Rehearsals were going forward on the dingy stage; and behind, there was an artist at work for his old shipmate. That Namur man, who was so useful in the officers' theatricals, has turned his nautical life to account also. Clarkson Stanfield and Douglas Jerrold, who parted last on board the Nore guardship, shake hands at one of these dingy rehearsals—shake hands to become fast friends, as they shall still, in their respective paths, push forward to their ultimate place in the art and literature of their common country. Some years hence they shall be sauntering in Richmond Park, eagerly drinking in a little fresh air, after sooty days spent in London. There shall be other friends with them. Matters theatrical shall bubble up in the careless ebb and flow of the conversation; and suddenly the Namur middy—still the middy, though silver is stealing along his hair—shall cry:—

"Let's have a play, Stanfield, like we had on board the Namur."

Hence those many merry evenings passed among cordial friends; those hearty laughs over gross stage blunders; those genial suppers after rehearsals; those curious evenings spent upon the stage of Miss Kelly's little theatre, when the little figure of the Namur midshipman might be dimly seen in the centre of the dark pit, all alone; but the presence of which was most authoritatively proved, very often, when a clear voice chirped to the bungling actors some pungent witticism, or queer turn of thought, provoking, "What, are you *there*, Jerrold!" as a good-natured reply from the vic-

tim. Days, these, long since past! Master Stephen is no more. The hearty laugh that was not the least cheerful part of that supper which wound up, under the most genial presidency of the illustrious Talfourd, the first performance of *Every Man in his Humour* by the great amateurs who have since earned splendid histrionic laurels—the hearty laugh of that evening, I repeat, has died away, and will be heard no more. But they were golden hours that were ushered in during that ramble in Richmond Park, by the two shipmates.

The Rent Day was a great success, and brought good fortune to the management. Its author now felt that his footing was firm in the principal theatre of England. He was in his twenty-ninth year; and, looking back upon the sands that had already run from his life's hour-glass, he might reasonably sit, content, in his little study in Seymour Terrace, Chelsea. He had worked his hard way in these few years, from the compositor's desk to the position of a most successful dramatist; nor had he made his mark in the drama alone, as I shall presently endeavour to show. Among his friends now, were men as eminent as William Godwin—the great author who lived long, as Hazlitt expressed it, "in the serene twilight of a doubtful immortality"—the author of "Caleb Williams" and of "Political Justice." Shelley's Political Bible was no longer talked about—no longer noticed. Even in 1825, according to Hazlitt, Godwin was thought of "like any eminent writer of a hundred and fifty years ago." Yet he was still a thinking, breathing man; taking some interest, at any rate, in the world; watching somewhat anxiously, as became him, the progress of his son. But the cholera carried off his only hope in that fatal year when it counted so many victims. It was after

this event that the poor old father turned to the author of *The Rent Day*, and asked his help, in these friendly words, to have the dead son's drama produced:—

"*No.* 13, *New Palace Yard*,
"*Saturday*, *June* 1.

"My dear Sir,

"I was in great hope, after having broken the ice in Gower Place, that we should be favoured with a visit from you without ceremony.

"You have, doubtless, heard of the revolution (whether to call it for good or for ill I scarcely know) which has taken place in my fortune, and has brought me to this spot. At any rate, we are considerably nearer to each other.

"I am sure you have not forgotten what passed between us respecting my poor son's drama of *The Sleeping Philosopher*. You conceived you had provided a reception for it at the Olympic next season, and were so good as to offer to make a certain alteration in it.

"I and his mother are both anxious about its fate, and to see something done respecting it. Could you spare an idle hour to consult on the subject? And for that purpose would you have the goodness early to take a chop with us here? Say Tuesday next, if convenient to you, at four o'clock. Meanwhile believe me, dear Sir,

"Very sincerely yours,
"William Godwin."

I remember vividly accompanying my father to the dark rooms in the New Palace Yard, where I saw an old vivacious lady and an old gentleman. My father was most anxious that I should remember them; and I do remember well that he appeared to bear a strong regard for them, and to talk of them more warmly than he spoke of ordinary men and women. One anecdote connected with them he used to relate again and again with great unction. I should first observe that my father was a remarkably skilled whistler—a skill which he would practise frequently. He had always some ballad

fresh in his memory; and you might know when he was stirring on summer mornings, by hearing his dressing-room window drawn sharply up (he did every thing sharply), and a tender, small voice now pour forth, evidently in the fulness of enjoyment,—

> "Sweet is the ship that under sail
> Spreads her white bosom to the gale;"

and now break into a note as clear as a lark's; luxuriate in rapid twists and turns of melody; then suddenly stop, as the door was cast open, to cry aloud, "Now boys, boys! not up yet?" Well, one morning he called on the Godwins, and was kept for some minutes waiting in their drawing-room. It was irresistible—he could never think of these things. Whistle in a lady's drawing-room! The languid eyes of Belgravia turn upward. Still he did whistle—not only *pianissimo* but *fortissimo*, with variations enough to satisfy the most ambitious of thrushes. Suddenly good little Mrs. Godwin gently opened the door, paused still—not seen by the performer—to catch the dying notes of the air, and then, coming up to her visitor, startled him with the request, made in all seriousness, "You *couldn't whistle* that again, could you?"

The successes of Drury Lane in 1831–2 were rapidly followed up. It is unnecessary for me, in this place, to offer the reader the stories of pieces so well known as *Nell Gwynne*, produced at Covent Garden Theatre in January, 1833—in which Mr. Keeley, as Orange Moll, and Miss Taylor (now Mrs. Walter Lacy), as the heroine, made great hits; as *The Housekeeper*, first produced at the Haymarket, also in 1833; as *The Wedding Gown*, produced on the 2d of January, 1834, and in the following month represented before his Majesty by special

desire; as *Beau Nash*,* also produced in 1834, at the Haymarket, on the 16th of July. These pieces, save the

* Mr. John Forster, the English essayist, wrote the following criticism of *Beau Nash* in the "New Monthly Magazine" for August, 1834, the kindness of which touched the perplexed dramatist deeply:—

"The days of *Beau Nash* have been revived at this pleasant little theatre. Gentlemen with toupees and powder, and coats stuck out with buckram, and legs with stockings above the knees; ladies with hoops and 'slippered stilts,' and heads built up with enormous piles of hair and ribbon; swindlers who are gentlemen, and gentlemen who are swindlers, compounding with a quiet and liberal ease all pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum;* with the immortal Nash himself presiding over all, the *decus et solamen* of the pump-room, the watchful lynx of the gaming-table, the darling of fashionable and conventional absurdity, yet withal no unkindly pattern of our better human species. For this we are obliged to Mr. Jerrold. We differ very widely from the writers who have blamed him for selecting such a subject in the first place; in the next for treating it unsqueamishly (in other words, for ransacking and exposing its foibles, its weaknesses, and its follies); and, in the last, for an entire and most uncharitable absence of a few 'startling situations,' that might have made all these odds more even. Such objections may be fairly termed high praise. Surely, if any object could propose itself to a writer of Mr. Jerrold's peculiar faculty of observation and wit, worthy of all success and of all the rewards, present and future, that should attend it, here it is. He strives to fix, in permanent colours, some of the fleeting bygone follies of mankind. Long ago, from the groves and glories of Bath, its assembly, its pump-room, and its wells, a 'parting genius was with sighing sent,' which now the dramatist restores to us in his habit as he lived, with his tawdry dress and his white hat, putting him on the real scene, with the real associates of his life around him, fearing not to make them occupy what is now rare and dangerous ground (for the stage, now-a-days, must reduce every thing either to strict morality or to 'open manslaughter and bold bawdry')—that neutral ground of character which stands between vice and virtue, which is, in fact, indifferent to neither, the 'happy breathing-place from the burden of a perpetual moral questioning,' and scorning to mar the truth of his picture by any merely trading convulsions or startling situations. This it is, as Mr. Jerrold delicately, but proudly intimates in his preface to the published drama, to write a 'comedy of

last, were rapidly written, and were all very successful. 1835, however, was the most remarkable dramatic year

manners.' 'The writer can truly affirm,' Mr. Jerrold continues, 'that much less labour of thought, much less vain research, than was exercised to give a dramatic existence to *Beau Nash* sufficed to produce any two of the most successful dramas named in the preceding title-page.' We do not doubt it.

"The principal hints, however, of the drama (historical) have been derived from a 'Life of Richard Nash, Esq.,' now extant, and written in such choice English, as to have the honour of being attributed to Goldsmith. The eccentricities which figure throughout the memoir are woven with great skill and acuteness into the conduct of the comedy. Nash is equally familiar with lords and pickpockets; is a desperate slave to gaming, yet the active preserver of many of its victims; encourages play as a useful vice, while he makes charity a fashionable virtue; strips sword-wearers and apron-wearers of their swords and aprons; and condescends to write for the puppets of the celebrated Mr. Powell a satire against the slatternly boot-wearers of Bath, wherein Punch, 'having thrown his wife out of window, goeth tranquilly to bed in his boots.' This Mr. Powell, whose peculiarities are pleasantly hit off by Mr. Jerrold in a sketch of his chief assistant, Thespis Claptrap, is he of the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator,' whose 'skill in motions' has been immortalized by the genius of Sir Richard Steele. Who can ever forget the exquisite letter of the under-sexton of the parish of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, complaining of his congregation taking the warning of his bell, morning and evening, to go to a puppet show set forth by 'one Powell,' under the Piazzas? by which he had not only lost his two customers, whom he used to place for sixpence apiece over against Mrs. Rachael Eyebright, but Mrs. Rachael herself had gone thither also. 'I have placed my son at the Piazzas,' says the despairing sexton, 'to acquaint the ladies that the bell rings for church, and that it stands on the other side of the Garden; but they only laugh at the child. As things now are, Mr. Powell has a full congregation, while we have a very thin house.' This rage for puppets is pleasantly transferred to Bath. It adds to the characteristic picture of life and manners on the scene. Another purely historical personage in the comedy is the famous reclaimed rogue, Jack Baxter. Speaking of the two, Nash and Jack, the lauded potentate and the laudatory pickpocket, Mr. Jerrold remarks, that 'two or three stern thinkers, who have objected to the want of a *moral tendency* in the comedy, may say of the king and the sharper,

in the life of Douglas Jerrold. For the 17th of February is the date of the production of *The Hazard of the Die*, in two acts, at Drury Lane; *The Schoolfellows*, at the

Arcades ambo! All the author has to reply to this, is, he disputes not such classification.' Why should he!

"This brings us to what we commenced with. He has done right and boldly in leaving these characters as they were. He has effected the purpose of perpetuating manners and society in a certain conventional aspect, and the picture will live. It is not his fault if some of his personages are mere puppets—moral or immoral as the strings are pulled. Such is artificial society ever. We leave the moral Quixotes to fight against them as they may; or we leave them, 'in their anxiety that their morality should not take cold, to wrap it up in a great blanket surtout of precaution against the breeze and sunshine.'

"Meanwhile we beg of our wiser readers to enjoy with us the 'breeze and sunshine' of Mr. Jerrold's dialogue in this little theatre. It is sharp as well as smiling, full of wit and sprightliness. Of one thing, however, we would remind Mr. Jerrold—that in a comedy of manners it is of infinitely greater importance to sustain constantly before us the given picture of life and character, than to expose in good set satire its errors or false pretensions. We must make a charge here, too, against our accomplished author, which we have elsewhere made more than once. He is too fond of repartee. He can bear to be told this, for he shares the fault in very illustrious company. Congreve always made wit too much the business, instead of the ornament of his comedies. In Mr. Jerrold's dialogue passages are every now and then peeping out, which seem to have been prepared, 'cut and dry,' for the scene. The speaker has evidently brought them with him; he has not caught them on the scene by the help of some light of dialogue or suggestion of present circumstances. We beg of Mr. Jerrold to consider this more curiously in his next production, and we beg of him to lose no time in favouring us again. We ought to say one word of the acting. It is good, though not of the highest order. Mr. Farren has set up too high a standard in many of his own achievements, to leave us always satisfied with what he does; but he is great in *Nash*—now and then. Mr. Brindal plays Lavender Tom in a way that is quite worthy of that delicate and admirable sketch, and more we cannot say. Buckstone and Webster are also good, and Mrs. Nisbett looks charmingly with her hoop and powder, and black sparkling eyes."

Queen's Theatre; and *The Man's an Ass*, at the Olympic, under Madame Vestris's management. More—on the following night, at Drury Lane, *Black-Eyed Susan* was the afterpiece to the new drama. At Drury Lane a complete triumph was achieved, aided by the acting of Wallack and Webster. *The Schoolfellows* had a long run at the Queen's, supported by Elton and Mrs. Nisbett; but the Olympic piece failed, although Liston and Frank Matthews supported it. It appears that there was "a ticklish turn"—possibly some distasteful allusion in it—which displeased the audience, and moved them to condemn it. But the papers praised it, and regretted the accident that deprived the stage of "some good material." This fruitful dramatic year was closed by the appearance of *Doves in a Cage*, at the Adelphi, on the 21st of December. The variety of subject in these pieces—the produce of a single year, written in long evenings after days given to magazines and papers—will strike any reader who shall read them, bearing in mind the time and circumstance of their birth. Here are touches of infinite tenderness, and there again a whole bouquet of intellectual fireworks. Take this portrait of a runaway school-girl from *The Schoolfellows*. "Talk of Venus rising from the sea! Were I to paint a Venus she should be escaping from a cottage window, with a face now white, now red, as the roses nodding about it; an eye like her own star; lips sweetening the jasmine, as it clings to hold them; a face and form in which harmonious thoughts seem as vital breath! Nothing but should speak; her little hand should tell a love-tale; nay, her very foot, planted on the ladder, should utter eloquence enough to stop a hermit at his beads, and make him watchman whilst the lady fled."

Beau Nash described: "He is in Bath the despot of the mode, the Nero of the realm of skirts, the Tiberius of a silk stocking. 'Tis said his father was a blower of glass, and they who best know Nash see in the son confirmation of the legend. 'Tis certain our monarch started in life in a red coat; changed it for a Templar's suit of black; played and elbowed his way up the backstairs of fashion; came to our city; championed the virtue of the wells against the malice of a physician; drove the doctor from his post; founded the pump-room and assembly-house; mounted the throne of etiquette; put on her crown of peacock plumes; and here he sits, Richard Nash, by the grace of impudence, king of Bath!"

The rapid and remarkable dramatic successes of this year turned the thoughts of their author—and very naturally—most passionately towards the stage. In 1836 he was tempted into the joint management of the Strand Theatre with his brother-in-law, Mr. W. J. Hammond. The speculation prospered little while the partnership lasted. Mr. W. J. Hammond spoke an address, evidently written by his seceding partner, in which he said, "We began with a tragic drama, *The Painter of Ghent;* but, as the aspect of the boxes and pit was much more tragic than we could wish, we in sailors' phrase 'let go the painter.' We tried something like a ballet, which, after a few nights, (but purely out of mercy to the reputation of Taglioni and Perrot,) we withdrew. We found that our legs were not very good, and so we resolved to produce comedy of words and character; in other phrase, mistrusting our legs, we resolved henceforth to stand only upon our—head." The dramatist wrote, under the old *nom de plume* of Henry Brownrigg, many short pieces

for his little stage within a few months, viz:—*The Bill-Sticker; Hercules King of Clubs; The Perils of Pippins; or, An Old House in the City;* and lastly, the one-act tragedy entitled *The Painter of Ghent.* In this tragedy the author appeared on the stage, acting Roderick. His success was not marked; and after playing during a fortnight, he most wisely abandoned an idea, very hastily taken, of realizing upon the stage some of his own creations. His subsequent successes as an amateur, prove that he had a fine—indeed, an exquisite—sense of the more delicate touches by which character is perfectly rendered on the mimic scene. As Master Stephen, in *Every Man in his Humour*, he contrasted in no sense unfavourably, even with the masterly Bobadil presented by Mr. Charles Dickens. But to his free spirit, his studious habit, the claims upon an actor were repulsive—so repulsive that in after-life he always avoided any mention of this his folly, as he would call it, of 1836. Edmund Kean was as fitted for a soldier in a New South Wales regiment, (his ambition for a moment,) as Douglas Jerrold was for a life upon the boards. Indeed, as I have remarked in the opening pages of this volume, my father disliked the theatre behind the scenes, and seldom went there save to witness a rehearsal. He would generally attend on the first night of the performance of his piece; but he seldom saw the same piece twice. His idea, as realized, generally disgusted him. He saw it with all the delicate touches rubbed away—a shadow, or a vulgar caricature. His quarrels with actors were incessant, because they would take *their* idea and not *his* idea of a part. He allowed largely, however, for the intoxication of applause, brought home hot and hot to the actor's ears. He saw that the stage, to the man who trod

it daily, must be a forcing pit for his vanity. "How, indeed, is it possible he should escape the sweet malady?" he wrote in the "Story of a Feather." "You take a man of average clay; you breathe in him a divine *afflatus;* you fill him with the words of a poet, a wit, a humorist; he is, even when he knows it not, raised, sublimated by the foreign nature within him. Garrick enters as *Macbeth.* What a storm of shouts! what odoriferous breath in 'bravos,' seething and melting the actor's heart! Is it possible that this man, so fondled, so shouted to, so dandled by the world, can at bedtime take off the *whole* of *Macbeth* with his stockings? He is always something more than David Garrick, householder in the Adelphi. He continually carries about him pieces of greatness not his own; his moral self is encased in a harlequin's jacket —the patches from Parnassus. The being of the actor is multiplied; it is cast, for a time, in a hundred different moulds. Hence what a puzzle and a difficulty for David to pick David, and nothing more than David, from the many runnings! And then an actor, by his position, takes his draughts of glory so hot and so spiced—(see, there are hundreds of hands holding to him smoking goblets!) —that he must, much of his time, live in a sweet intoxication, which, forsooth, hard-thinking people call conceit. To other folks reputation comes with a more gentle, more divine approach. You, sir, have carved a Venus, whose marble mouth would smile paralysis from Nestor; you have painted a picture, and, with Promethean trick, have fixed a fire from heaven on the canvas; you have penned a book, and made tens of thousands of brains musical with divinest humanity—kings have no such music from cymbals, sackbut, and psaltery, and to each of you reputation comes silently, like a fairy, through your study keyhole;

you quaff renown refined, cold-drawn—cold as castor-oil; and, sir, if you be a true philosopher, you will swallow it as a thing no less medicinal."

The stage, then, was rapidly abandoned, and back went the author to his study, never more to leave it. He was so disgusted with his brief experience as actor and manager, that he could never afterwards bear the least allusion to it. Indeed, it was matter of serious debate with him whether he would again commit his thoughts to the interpretation of actors—whether henceforth he should not confine himself to the care of the printer exclusively. He turned resolutely, this is certain, at this time, to writing not meant for the stage; and I part at this point from his dramatic successes, to dwell upon the activity he exhibited in his mid-career in other branches of literature.

His introduction to *Nell Gwynne*, however, should have place in this chapter. He writes, in explanation of his theme:—

"Whilst we may safely reject as unfounded gossip many of the stories associated with the name of Nell Gwynne, we cannot refuse belief to the various proofs of kind-heartedness, liberality, and—taking into consideration her subsequent power to do harm—absolute goodness, of a woman mingling, if we may believe a passage in Pepys, from her earliest years in the most depraved scenes of a most dissolute age. The life of Nell Gwynne, from the time of her connection with Charles II. to that of her death, proved that error had been forced upon her by circumstances, rather than indulged by choice. It was under this impression that the present little comedy was undertaken. Under this conviction an attempt has been made to show some glimpses of the 'silver lining' of a character, to whose influence over an unprincipled voluptuary we owe a national asylum for veteran soldiers; and whose brightness shines with the most amiable lustre in many actions of her life, and in the last disposal of her worldly effects.

"Nell Gwynne first attended the theatre as an orange-girl. Whether she assumed the calling in order to attract the notice of Betterton, who, it is said, on having heard her recite and sing, discouraged her

hopes of theatrical eminence; or whether her love of the stage grew from her original trade of playhouse fruit-girl, has not yet been clearly shown. Indeed, nothing certain can be gathered of her parentage or place of birth. Even her name has lately been disputed. That from 'the pit she mounted to the stage' is, however, on the poetic testimony of Rochester, indisputable:—

'The orange-basket her fair arm did suit,
Laden with pippins and Hesperian fruit;
This first step raised, to the wond'ring pit she sold
The lovely fruit, smiling with streaks of gold.
Fate now for her did its whole force engage,
And from the pit she mounted to the stage;
There in full lustre did her glories shine,
And, long eclipsed, spread forth their light divine;
There Hart and Rowley's soul she did ensnare,
And made a king a rival to a player.'

"She spoke a new prologue to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*; she afterwards played Queen Almahide in Dryden's *Conquest of Granada*, besides speaking the prologue 'in a broad-brimmed hat and waist belt.' The history of this hat is given by old Downes, the prompter, in his valuable *Roscius Anglicanus*, a chance perusal of which first suggested the idea of this drama.

"All the characters in the comedy, with but two exceptions, and allowing the story that the first love of Nell was really an old lawyer, figured in the time of Charles II. For the introduction of Orange Moll (so inimitably acted by Mr. Keeley) the author pleads the authority of Pepys, who, in the following passage, proves the existence and notoriety of some such personage: 'It was observable how a gentleman of good habit sitting just before us, eating of some fruit in the midst of the play, did drop down as dead, being choked; but with much art Orange Mal did thrust her finger down his throat, and brought him to life again.' In another place Pepys speaks of Sir W. Penn and himself having a long talk with 'Orange Mal.' A dramatic liberty has been taken with the lady's name, Moll being thought more euphonic than 'Mal' or 'Matilda.' The incident of a king supping at a tavern with Nell, and finding himself without money to defray the bill, is variously related in the *Chroniques Scandaleuses* of his 'merry' selfish days."

This explanation was dated from Little Chelsea.

CHAPTER VII.

EARLY CONTRIBUTIONS TO PERIODICALS.

Douglas Jerrold had sympathies in no degree connected with the theatre. Indeed, his most passionate love was wide away from the footlights, especially from the footlights that shone upon lions in Drury Lane—upon pig-dramas over the water. The most diligent reader of Shakspeare, of Beaumont and Fletcher, of Ben Jonson, and Farquhar, of Marlowe—his mind full of the glorious time for the stage when David Garrick was at Drury Lane, and Kitty Clive's clear laugh rang through the house; when "fair Abington, with her sweet, liquid voice and dovelike looks; and charming Mrs. Barry; and kind, womanly Pritchard" were there—could not but curl his lip as he saw Ducrow drill his Majesty's servants. In his dramas he had endeavoured often to set before the world the heroism of the poor—to show that, as he expressed it, "there is goodness, like wild honey, hived in strange nooks and corners of the earth"—a sentiment, by the way, which Mr. Henry Mayhew adopted upon the title-page of his "London Labour and the London Poor." He sought, also, other media than the boards, by which he might express his strong sympathies to the world. And they were opened to him, as to all young men, very

carefully, very slowly. Chiefly, for many years—certainly until 1830—his contributions to the periodicals of the time were confined to those of minor importance. No brilliant staff had literature been to him up to this time. It required still long, long days and nights of solitary thinking and working; of incessant reading and incessant study—mornings given to Italian—and even some few leisure hours to German, that Jean Paul might be read in his native language—to make way still against the adverse circumstances of boyhood. But in 1831 came better fortune and a wider publicity. My father was already a writer in the "Monthly Magazine." In November of this year he figured as a contributor of BREVITIES, of which the reader may judge for himself:—

"Fortune is painted blind, that she may not blush to behold the fools who belong to her.

"Fine ladies, who use excess of perfumes, must think men like seals—most assailable at the nose.

"Some men get on in the world on the same principle that a sweep passes uninterruptedly through a crowd.

"People who affect a shortness of sight must think it the height of good fortune to be born blind.

"He who loses, in the search of fame, that dignity which should adorn human nature, is like the victim opera-singer who has exchanged manhood for sound.

"Lounging, unemployed people may be called of the tribe of Joshua, for with them the sun stands still.

"Fanatics think men like bulls—they must be baited to madness ere they are in a fit condition to die.

"There is an ancient saying, 'Truth lies in a well.' May not the modern adage run, 'The most certain charity is at a pump'?

"Some connoisseurs would give a hundred pounds for the painted head of a beggar, that would threaten the living mendicant with the stocks.

"If you boast of a contempt for the world, avoid getting into debt. It is giving to gnats the fangs of vipers.

"The heart of the great man, surrounded by poverty and trammelled by dependence, is like an egg in a nest built among briers. It

must either curdle into bitterness, or, if it take life and mount, struggle through thorns for the ascent.

"Fame is represented bearing a trumpet. Would not the picture be truer were she to hold a handful of dust?

"Fishermen, in order to handle eels securely, first cover them with dirt. In like manner does detraction strive to grasp excellence.

"The friendship of some men is quite Briarean—they have a hundred hands.

"The easy and temperate man is not he who is most valued by the world; the virtue of his abstemiousness makes him an object of indifference. One of the gravest charges against the ass is—he can live on thistles.

"The wounds of the dead are the furrows in which living heroes grow their laurels.

"Were we determined resolutely to avoid vices, the world would foist them on us—as thieves put off their plunder on the guiltless.

"When we look at the hide of a tiger in a furrier's shop, exposed to the gaze of every malapert, and then think of the ferocity of the living beast in his native jungle, we see a beadle before a magistrate—a magistrate before a minister. There is the *skin* of office—the sleekness without its claws.

"With some people political vacillation heightens a man's celebrity—just as the galleries applaud when an actor enters in a new dress.

"If we judge from history, of what is the book of glory composed? Are not its leaves dead men's skin—its letters stamped in human blood—its golden clasps the pillage of nations? It is illuminated with tears and broken hearts."

Mr. Wakley established the "Ballot" newspaper, and gave the sub-editorship thereof, with the reviews and dramatic criticisms, to the young playwright. For the dramatist was enthusiastically on the Liberal side. Back to the early days when, with Laman Blanchard, he was ready to embark as a volunteer under Lord Byron, he could look, and see that he had, so far as he had been able, spoken ever vehemently for the people, and for the people's rights, at a time when the Liberal cause was the low, and vulgar, and unpopular cause; when the flunkey Gifford hurled his poor thunder at Keats, because Keats had been praised in the liberal "Examiner;" and when

writers with any power were sorely tempted to take the more lucrative side of Toryism. The "Quarterly" editor might "fly-blow an author's style," as Hazlitt felicitously expressed it; but there were men abroad then who would not have been moved one inch from their settled purpose, had the lord chamberlain offered them Gifford's court livery, and ten times Gifford's wage. It is fortunate for the country that it was so. These men were bound to Reform—to a large and sweeping measure that should purge the House of Commons of its rottenness, and reflect, with a nearer approach to truth, the wants and wishes of his Majesty's subjects. The time for wholesale press prosecutions—for protecting the obesity of royalty from observation by the threat of Newgate—was passing away. Even Cobbett's violent tirades could not provoke a jury to convict.

With the advent of William IV. to the throne came new and bright hopes to the Liberal party. Nor in England alone did Liberty wear, in these days, her holiday colours. Leopold entered Brussels, sworn to defend the freedom of his little kingdom; and here was established a new constitutional monarchy, based on principles as liberal as those which then governed the councils of France. But there were dark clouds in the East. The Russians fell upon Warsaw, and we looked on with a base calmness. General Torrijos' expedition to Spain was fruitless, save in the blood of the noble fellows who joined it; and Sterling, who watched the scheme with strained eyes from England, on that 4th of December, 1831, saw a cloud come upon him that never after had a silver lining for his unhappy sight.

But in England, under Grey and Russell, the battle of Reform speeds hopefully. Anarchy, ruin, toppled thrones,

and triumphant rabbles make up the ghastly visions with which the supporters of Lord Wharncliffe and his party endeavour to frighten timid people. But the Reform must come, clearly enough—must, as the tide must rise and ebb daily at London Bridge.

It was in the very heat of this struggle, while riots were the answers of the great towns to the obstinacy of the House of Lords, that Douglas Jerrold's name appeared among the contributors to the Liberal "Ballot." His contributions were confined chiefly to reviews of books, and to criticisms on the theatres; but here and there his passionate political creed burst out in words of fire. He wrote also a violent political pamphlet that was suppressed, and of which I have not been able to obtain a copy. He must speak in this time of battle, and that fiercely.

Not only in the "Ballot" did he find vent for his opinions. A vehicle that for the moment seemed suited to his genius, to some extent, suddenly presented itself to him. On the 14th of January, 1832, "Punch in London," price one penny, was started; and in the first number may be most legibly traced the pen that afterwards indited, in the great *Punch* of the present time, "The Q. Letters" and the "Story of a Feather."

"Has any one seen more of the world than *Punch?*" asks the "Punch in London" of 1832, in his address to his readers. "Has any one mixed in better society, or had more admirers? Is it not upon record that my trumpet, sounded in the streets of Rotterdam, was a signal for the great Bayle to leave his labours, and to come and smooth the wrinkles of study with laughter at my merriment?" Then again:—

"Is it not evident that *Punch* possesses, above all personages, the

amplest means of becoming 'the best public instructor?' Think of his ability, his universality! The Gascon boasted that in his castle there were so many generals' *bâtons* that they were used for common firewood. Now, I may say truly, and without boasting, I have sufficiency of unpublished royal correspondence to paper the walls of one half the dwelling-houses of this metropolis. This, on a moment's consideration, will not be marvelled at. It is evident that nearly every monarch has large dealings with "*Punch*." I shall, in a future number, publish some letters of my brother Miguel—they are written in the prepared skins of Liberals with their own blood (Mig. has always a fresh supply), and will be found of the deepest interest. Besides these, I have some curious papers relative to the Polish campaign, as I, *Punch*, under the name of *Glory*, (with what fine names I have tricked mankind to be sure!) led on the Russians to cut the first throat they could reach. It was *Punch* who, a few days since, joined with Nicholas in the *Te Deum* celebrated at St. Petersburg in favour of murder!"

Then *Punch* wanders off to the impending creation of peers, and waggishly suggests a few to the government. Mr. Ducrow should be raised to the dignity of Baron Mazeppa; the Rev. Edward Irving should be a baron, inasmuch as he might address the Woolsack in the Unknown Tongue, and thereby bother the reporters. This would be an indirect triumph over the Press. Messrs. Day and Martin might figure as the Princes of Light and Darkness; Mr. Grimaldi as the Earl of Tippetywitchett.

Then follows a facetious paper on "Arm-chairs and Thrones," provoked by M. Montalivet's recent assertion, in the French Chamber, that a republican Civil List was no more to be desired than republican institutions. He reprobated, moreover, those republican ideas which would convert "the king into a president, the throne into a mere arm-chair!" *Punch* settles upon M. Montalivet's words greedily:—

"A throne changed into an arm-chair! Why, no one, save a Hamp-

den or a harlequin, would think of such a trick. Besides, if a throne were once turned into a chair—if transformation were once begun, who could answer where it would end? If the merely ornamental were once changed into the useful; if a throne were turned into a chair, it might terminate in some domestic article that even *Mr. Shandy* would want courage to publish; and as for a 'king' with a 'republican' Civil List, why, it would be like *Punch* in the drab coat and broad brim of a Quaker! Great civil lists bring great respect!

"Once upon a time the Wokypoky Indians worshipped the Blue Monkey. Now, the said Blue Monkey had bands of gold about his head, a pearl as big as a swan's egg in each ear, and a diamond, that if sold, would have kept the Indians and their families for half a century, dangling from his royal nose—great was the adoration paid to the Blue Monkey. Now, it came to pass that some thieves (republicans) despoiled the Blue Monkey of his gold, his pearls, and his diamond, leaving the said Monkey in all his wooden poverty and nakedness. What followed? Why, not a single Indian bent his knee to the god—the gems were stolen, and with them the sacred odour of the idol;—therefore every 'dark skin' raised his tomahawk, and, splitting the Blue Monkey into logs, the Indians made a fire of them, and cooked goats' flesh by their flames, and baked in their embers yams and bread!

"In this little story we are taught that pearls and diamonds are indispensable to the sovereignty of Blue Monkeys, and that a thumping Civil List is a part and parcel of a 'Citizen King!'"

This *Punch* hit hard, it must be confessed, at peers and royal dukes, and shabby managers. The "Court Circular" was parodied—the Duke of Cumberland was quizzed. Thus we learn that "the Duke of Cumberland rode out in the morning on a bay horse with four black legs and a switch tail;" and that the "Prince George of Cumberland played at marbles yesterday morning. The firm and decided way in which his Royal Highness *knuckles down* is the subject of great admiration throughout the palace."

Again: "It was the subject of great conversation at the palace, that on Tuesday evening her Majesty took no sugar with her tea." Again: "On Thursday her Royal

Highness the Princess Victoria walked in the park. Her Royal Highness used both feet."

But "Punch in London" lived only a few weeks; and I have not traced my father's hand in it beyond the second number. Other and more congenial work awaited him. The "Ballot" was merged into the "Examiner," and with it went Douglas Jerrold, for a short time, to sub-edit under Mr. Albany Fonblanque. But as he progressed he threw out rapid, brilliant, poetic papers here and there, almost careless of their whereabouts. The "Athenæum" also welcomed him to its office as a brilliant original essayist about this time. He was at length fairly acknowledged, if not yet by the great English public, at least by many men in the literary world, who had the power to be of service to him. For he was known personally far and wide. His sharp sayings, carelessly cast at high and low, began to circulate about London. Hundreds of men, who had never read a line that he had written, knew his name as connected with some flash of wit, some happy epithet, some biting jest. Of a large circle of very happy friends he was the soul and centre. They had been together for years, and were mostly working their way prosperously. Together the cares of life were often exchanged, on bright days, for rowing parties to Richmond, or walks to Highgate or Hampstead. One of these water parties had nearly proved fatal to my father.

Off the Swan at Battersea some mismanagement of the boat occurred, during which my father fell backwards into the water. He was taken into the boat with much difficulty, conveyed ashore, and put to bed in the Swan Inn, where he was left. On the following day he joined his friends to laugh over the accident. He repeated a conversation he had had with the Swan chambermaid :—

Jerrold. "I suppose these accidents happen frequently off here."

Servant. "O yes, sir, frequently; but it's not the season yet."

Jerrold (surveying himself). "Ah! I suppose it's all owing to a backward spring!"

Servant (sharply). "That's it, sir."

Still his most active time as a journalist had not come yet. The periodicals by which his name was to become a household word, were not created. Snugly housed, however, and with his books about him, and friends to be merry with, he could afford to wait—he who was hardly in his thirtieth year! With here a short paper, and there a poem; with dramas incessantly appearing, he could bridge over the time that yet lay before him and the just recognition which he had determined to snatch from the world. For he always felt that he had *snatched* his reputation from the public. He always bore about him the firm belief that he had been fighting throughout his life under the most galling disadvantages of fortune, and that with his own vehement soul—his iron courage—he had cut his way to success. Once fairly recognized, and he put aside the honours of the victory with most unaffected simplicity. Mr. Hannay, whom I have already quoted from the "Atlantic Monthly," said justly: "His fight for fame was long and hard; and his life was interrupted, like that of other men, by sickness and pain. In the stoop in his gait, in the lines in his face, you saw the man who had reached his Ithaca by no mere yachting over summer seas. And hence, no doubt, the utter absence in him of all that conventionalism which marks the man of quiet experience and habitual conformity to the world. In the streets a stranger would have known Jerrold to be

a remarkable man; you would have gone away speculating on him. In talk he was still Jerrold; not Douglas Jerrold, Esq., a successful gentleman, whose heart and soul you were expected to know nothing about, and with whom you were to eat your dinner peaceably, like any common man. No; he was at all times Douglas the peculiar and unique—with his history in his face, and his genius on his tongue—nay, and after a little, with his heart on his sleeve. This made him piquant; and the same character makes his writings piquant. Hence, too, he is often quaint—a word which describes what no other word does, always conveying a sense of originality, and of what, when we wish to be condemnatory, we call egotism, but which, when it belongs to genius, is delightful. . . . . He united remarkably simplicity of character with brilliancy of talk. For instance, with all his success, he never sought higher society than that which he found himself gradually and by a natural momentum borne into, as he advanced. He never suppressed a flash of indignant sarcasm for fear of startling the 'genteel' classes and Mrs. Grundy. He never aped aristocracy in his household. He would go to a tavern for his oysters and a glass of punch, as simply as they did in Ben Jonson's days; and I have heard of his doing so from a sensation of boredom at a very great house indeed—a house for the sake of an admission to which half Bayswater would sell their grandmothers' bones to a surgeon. This kind of thing stamped him, in our polite days, as one of the old school, and was exceedingly refreshing to observe in an age when the anxious endeavour of the English middle classes is to hide their plebeian origin under a mockery of patrician elegance. He had none of the airs of success or reputation—none of the affectations, either personal or

social, which are rife everywhere. He was manly and natural—free and off-handed to the verge of eccentricity. Independence and marked character seemed to breathe from the little, rather bowed figure, crowned with a lion-like head and falling light hair—to glow in the keen, eager, blue eyes glancing on either side as he walked along. Nothing could be less commonplace, nothing less conventional, than his appearance in a room or in the streets."

This is a true picture, most tenderly drawn.

In the years 1831–2, however, with which we are dealing, Douglas Jerrold had neither fame, nor access to the houses of the "higher" classes. He moved simply and contentedly in the midst of men who were pursuing the same noble calling as that to which he was heart and soul devoted; he wrote where he could find room, and still, with a giant's strength, held on to the goal he had appointed to reach. To speak that which was within him he must have better platforms than he had yet trodden—and better platforms he would have. Not by supplications offered to weighty publishers; not by attendance danced at editors' doorways, but by a noble means—that of being heard and appreciated in high places from the platform where he stood. His platform just now was the "Monthly Magazine." Here he wrote "The Tutor Fiend and his Three Pupils" (September, 1831). This is the story of three sons, whose father wants them to GET ON. And the upshot: "These are the deaths of the three pupils of Rapax. One was gibbeted—the other murdered by his fellow—the third fractured his own skull against the barrier of his wealth. They all GOT ON in the world." Other articles published about this time in the *Monthly Magazine* were: "Pope Gregory and the Pear Tree" (October, 1831);

"Pigs—addressed to those about to leave Business" (April, 1832); "The Little Great, and the Great Little," àpropos of the industrious fleas, in which men are whimsically mistaken for fleas, and fleas for men (May, 1832); "The Rights of Dramatists" (May, 1832); "Swamp Hall" (September, 1832), &c. But ever, as he moved a yard ahead, he was drawn back a foot. Friends worked upon the tender heart that was behind that stern voice, those cutting words—worked upon it to prey, and largely, upon his narrow means.

In those days, had he, so courageous in his own fight with the world, possessed the bravery to steel his heart once or twice, and hiss a decided NO, he had been a happier man during many years of his life. But it is his faith to believe to the last, in friends. Once or twice he says "*yes*"—writes all that that "*yes*" implies; his friends have his bond—and he some years of hard struggling before him. The youth that was passed in cutting through misfortune by the strength of his own unaided genius, has given way to a manhood fettered for some years by the treachery or the misfortune of friends. Still, in the depths of his trouble, he has a pleasant, cheering word for any man who may pass his ever open door. Still, let a dear friend ask his aid to-morrow, and his hand shall be open, and welcome. It is his religion, and he cannot wander from it. He may say a savage, a galling thing to that friend to-day; but he will be closer than anybody else at his elbow to-morrow, should the friend need assistance. The difficulties cast upon him by his good nature, by his chivalrous sense of friendship, however, bear down heavily upon him in his little house in Thistle Grove, Chelsea. It is deep winter. The wind shrieks down the grove, and the snow lies thick, muffling every foot upon the doorstep.

It is not an inviting night to go forth—rather one to gather about the fire, and talk of the coming spring. But forth must go the brave man, with his wife and daughter, for a time, to Paris. And as he leaves his home, he has a warm shake of the hand—ay, for the friend whose delinquency sends him forth. The present writer has a vivid recollection of that night, as of the dreary days of loneliness in the house that followed it.

As bitter was the time (1835) to the dear ones in Paris. It was a terrible winter, and the comforts of an English home could not be had. Day after day was that curious knowledge sought which comes only by degrees, viz: how to keep up a wood fire. Still, half benumbed, the writer was soon at his books and pen again. Here *Doves in a Cage* and *The Schoolfellows* were written; and hence were sent many contributions—light, philosophic tapestry work, full of quaint colour; slight stories; even poems (the "Rocking-Horse," for instance—the idea taken from his little girl, who so called the Pegasus at the entrance to the Tuileries Gardens). Many of the papers now well known under the collective title of "Cakes and Ale," owe their origin to the solitude of that bleak winter in Paris. Here, too, communications with *Blackwood's Magazine* were opened. Early in the year, unknown personally to the editor, and with many misgivings on the success of the application, Douglas Jerrold forwarded "Silas Fleshpots, a Respectable Man," to Edinburgh. *Blackwood's Magazine* for April, 1835, contained the paper. The success was rapidly followed up; for the number for May included "Michael Lynx, the Man who knew Himself;" that for June "An Old House in the City;" and that for October, "Matthew Clear." "Barnaby Palms," "Job Pippins," and "Isaac Cheek," ap-

peared in *Blackwood* in the course of 1836. The reader will recognize, in some of these titles, heads of chapters in "Men of Character."

The solitude of Paris was not, however, complete; for Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Henry Mayhew, and Barnett, the composer of the "Mountain Sylph," were there, and contributed, as it may be supposed, very largely to the comfort of this short exile.

I have picked from the "Belle Assemblée," as an instance of the many forgotten papers belonging to Douglas Jerrold that lie scattered over the less known periodicals of his early time, the following short and quaint paper:—

THE CASTLE BUILDERS OF PADUA.

By the Author of "Black-Eyed Susan," "The Bride of Ludgate," &c.

Giulio and Ippolito were sons of a farmer living near Padua. The old man was of a quiet and placable temper, rarely suffering any mischance to ruffle him, but, in the firm and placid hope of the future, tranquillizing himself under the evil of the present. If blight came upon his corn one year, he would say 'twere a rare thing to have blights in two successive seasons; and so he would hope that the next harvest, in its abundance, might more than compensate for the scarcity of the last. Thus he lived from boyhood to age, and retained in the features of the old man a something of the lightness and vivacity of youth. His sons, however, bore no resemblance to their father. Instead of labouring on the farm they wasted their time in idly wishing that fortune had made them, in lieu of healthy, honest sons of a farmer, the children of some rich magnifico, that so they might have passed their days in all the sports of the times, in jousting, hunting, and in studying the fashions of brave apparel. They were of a humour at once impetuous and sulky, and would either idly mope about the farm, or violently abuse and ill-treat whomsoever accident might throw in their way. The old man was inly grieved at the wilfulness and disobedience of his sons, but, with his usual disposition, hoped that time might remedy the evil; and so, but rarely reproving them, they were left sole masters of their hours and actions.

One night, after supper, the brothers walked into the garden to give

loose to their idle fancies, always yearning after matters visionary and improbable. It was a glorious night, the moon was at the full, and myriads of stars glowed in the deep blue firmament. The air stirred among the trees and flowers, wafting abroad their sweetness; the dew glittered on the leaves, and a deep-voiced nightingale, perched in a citron-tree, poured forth a torrent of song upon the air. It was an hour for good thoughts and holy aspirations. Giulio threw himself upon a bank, and, after gazing with intentness at the sky, exclaimed,—

"Would that I had fields ample as the heaven above us!"

"I would," rejoined Ippolito, "I had as many sheep as there are stars."

"And what," asked Giulio, with a sarcastic smile, "would your wisdom do with them?"

"Marry," replied Ippolito, "I would pasture them in your sageship's fields."

"What!" exclaimed Giulio, suddenly raising himself upon his elbow, and looking with an eye of fire upon his brother, "whether I would or not?"

"Truly, ay," said Ippolito, with a stubborn significance of manner.

"Have a care," cried Giulio, "have a care, Ippolito; do not thwart me. Am I not your elder brother?"

"Yes; and marry, what of that? Though you came first into the world, I trow you left some manhood for him who followed after."

"You do not mean to insist that, despite my will, despite the determination of your elder brother, you will pasture your sheep in my grounds?"

"In truth, but I do."

"And that," rejoined Giulio, his cheek flushing, and his lip tremulous, "and that without fee or recompense?"

"Assuredly."

Giulio leaped to his feet, and, dashing his clenched hand against a tree, with a face full of passion, and in a voice made terrible by rage, he screamed, rather than said, "By the blessed Virgin, but you do not!"

"And by St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins, I protest I will." This was uttered by Ippolito in a tone of banter and bravado, that for a moment made the excited frame of Giulio quiver from head to foot. He gazed at the features of Ippolito, all drawn into a sneer, and for a moment gnashed his teeth. He was hastily approaching the scoffer, when, by an apparently strong effort, he arrested himself, and, turning upon his heel, struck hastily down another path, where he might be seen pacing with short quick steps, whilst Ippolito, leaning against a tree, carelessly sang a few lines of a serenata. This indif-

ference was too much for Giulio; he stopped short, turned, and then rapidly came up to Ippolito, and, with a manner of attempted tranquillity, said, "Ippolito, I do not wish to quarrel with you; I am your elder brother; then give up the point."

"Not I," replied Ippolito, with the same immovable smile.

"What, then, you are determined that your sheep shall, in very despite of me, pasture in my fields?"

"They shall."

"Villain!" raved Giulio, and ere the word was well uttered he had dashed his clenched hand in his brother's face. Ippolito sprang like a wild beast at Giulio, and for some moments they stood with a hand at each other's throat, and their eyes, in the words of the Psalmist, were "whetted" on one another. They stood but to gain breath, then grappled closer. Ippolito threw his brother to the earth, huddling his knees upon him; furious blows were exchanged, but scarce a sound was uttered, save at intervals a blasphemous oath or a half-strangled groan. Giulio was completely overpowered by the superior strength and cooler temper of his brother; but, lying prostrate and conquered, his hands pinioned to his breast, and Ippolito glaring at him with malicious triumph, he cursed and spat at him. Ippolito removed his hand from his brother's throat, and ere his pulse could beat, Giulio's poniard was in his brother's heart. He gave a loud shriek, and fell a streaming corpse upon his murderer. The father, roused by the sound, came hurrying to the garden; Giulio, leaping from under the dead body, rushed by the old man, who was all too speedily bending over his murdered child. From that hour hope and tranquillity forsook the father; he became a brain-sick, querulous creature, and in a few months died almost an idiot. Giulio joined a party of robbers, and, after a brief but dark career of crime, was shot by the sbirri.

Ye who would build castles in the air—who would slay your hours with foolish and unprofitable longings—ponder on the visionary fields, the ideal sheep of Giulio and Ippolito.

The quaint moral here picturesquely conveyed will remind readers who are familiar with the collected writings of Douglas Jerrold, of his later short philosophic stories.

The magazine which now began to receive papers by Douglas Jerrold and by Henry Brownrigg, his occasional *nom de plume*, was the *New Monthly*. He also wrote, from time to time, for the *Freemason's Quarterly Review*,

and for the Annuals. "The Children in the Tower," a poem; "The Siege," a short tragic story, most powerfully and pathetically told; "The Actress at the Duke's," &c. were among my father's contributions to the *Forget-Me-Not.* In the *Freemason's Quarterly* appeared "The Tapestry Weaver of Beauvais," (July, 1834); "Solomon's Ape, by Brother Douglas Jerrold" (December, 1834); "The Lamp-Post; a Household Anecdote" (March, 1835); "Shakspeare at Charlcote Park" (December, 1835); "The Old Boatman" (September, 1836); "The Peacock; a Household Incident" (June, 1837); "The Emperor and the Locusts" (December, 1837); "The Major in the Black Hole" (June, 1838), &c. The *New Monthly* received "The Lord of Peiresc" (October, 1837); "Recollections of Guy Fawkes" (October, 1837); "Midnight at Madame T's" (1837); "The Genteel Pigeons" (March, 1838); "Papers of a Gentleman-at-Arms" (1838); "Romance of a Keyhole" (April, 1838); "My Husband's Winnings; a Household Incident" (June, 1838); "The Lesson of Life" (July, August, September, October, &c. 1838); "The Rocking-Horse" (October, 1838); "Some Account of a Stage Devil" (October, 1838); "Baron Von Boots; a Tale of Blood" (November, 1838); "The True History of a Great Pacificator" (January, 1839); "The Manager's Pig" (March, 1839); "The Mayor of Hole-Cum-Corner" (April, 1839); Shakspeare's Crab Tree" (May, 1839); "The Metaphysician and the Maid" (May, 1839), &c.

These are stories chiefly, with silken threads of philosophy worked gracefully through them. It would be incorrect, perhaps, to call them political tales; yet they often bear a clear relation to social politics. As an

example let me direct the reader's attention to this conference between the Paris hangman and priest, whose business it was to give the condemned a final benediction. The passage occurs in "The Lesson of Life."

"'Thou hast called death a punishment, most holy father; let us debate that simple point;' and Jacques sidled still closer to his reverend guest.

"The declining sun shone through the casement, and, falling upon the heads of the executioner and the monk, bent as they were towards each other, presented a strange and striking contrast of character, as developed in their features. The monk's face was long and sallow, marked with deep lines about the mouth, which seemed restless with ill-concealed passions; his eye was black, full, and heavy—a joyless, unreposing eye. The countenance of Jacques Tenebræ was round and somewhat jovial; a love of mirth appeared to twinkle in his look, and his lips seemed made for laughter; his black hair and beard were sprinkled with white; and his complexion was a clear, deep brown, flushed in the cheek with wholesome red. The sun, shining upon these heads, brought out their opposite characters in the strongest relief to each other. A stranger, looking at them from a distance, would have thought the hangman some humble, yet wealthy, good-tempered citizen of Paris, consulting with his household adviser on a daughter's portion, a son's patrimony, or some other domestic arrangement. Very different was the subject which at that hour supplied the discourse of Jacques Tenebræ, the hangman of Paris, and Father George, the austere Capuchin.

"'Thou dost call death a punishment,' repeated the executioner. 'I live by it, and should, therefore, with the wisdom of this world——'

"'The wisdom of this world is arrant folly,' interrupted the Capuchin.

"'I am of thy ghostly opinion,' observed Jacques Tenebræ, 'as to a good deal of it. Yet, death being made a punishment, makes my profession; and my profession—I speak this to thee in private and as a friend—my profession is little less than an arrant folly, a mistake, a miserable blunder.'

"'The saints protect me! What meanest thou by such wild discourse?' inquired Father George.

"'Hear me out; listen to the hangman!' cried Jacques Tenebræ. 'There is another world, eh, good Father George?'

"The Capuchin moved suddenly from the side of the querist, and surveyed him with a look of horror.

"'Nay, nay, answer me,' said Jacques, 'but for the form of argument. 'Twas for that I put the question.'

"''Tis scarcely lawful even so to put it,' said the monk. 'However, let it be granted there is another world.'

"'And all men must die?' asked Jacques Tenebræ. 'Eh, is it not so?'

"'We come into the world doomed to the penalty,' replied the Capuchin. 'Death is the common lot of all.'

"'Of the good, and the wise, and the unwise, eh, father?' cried Jacques.

"''Tis very certain,' answered the monk.

"'If such, then, be the case,' said Tenebræ, 'if no virtue, no goodness, no wisdom, no strength can escape death—if death be made, as you say, the penalty of the good, why should it be thought the punishment of the wicked? Why should that be thought the only doom for the blackest guilt which, it may be at the very same hour, the brightest virtue is condemned to suffer? Answer me that,' cried the hangman.

"''Tis a point above thy apprehension, Jacques Tenebræ,' replied Father George, apparently desirous of changing the discourse. 'Let it rest, Jacques, for abler wits than thine.'

"'You would not kill a culprit's soul, Father George?' asked Jacques, heedless of the wishes of the Capuchin.

"'What horror dost thou talk!' exclaimed the monk.

"'But for argument,' said the unmoved Jacques. 'Nay, I am sure thou wouldst not. I have heard thee talk such consolation to a culprit that, at the time, I have thought it a blessed thing to die. Well, he died, and the laws, as the cant runs, were avenged. The repentant thief, the penitent blood-shedder was dismissed from the further rule of man. Perhaps, the very day he was punished, a hundred pious, worthy souls were called from the world. He was discharged from the earth, and——But thou knowest what thou hast twenty times promised such misdoers, when I—I should have done my office on them.'

"'Thou art ignorant,' Jacques Tenebræ, 'basely ignorant. Thou art so familiarized with death, it has lost its terrors to thee,' said the Capuchin, who again strove to shift the discourse.

"'Of that anon, Father George. As for death on the scaffold, 'tis nothing; but I have seen the death of a good man in his Christian bed,' said Jacques, 'and that was awful.'

"'Thou dost own as much?' observed Father George; 'thou dost confess it?'

"'Awful, yet cheering; and 'twas whilst I beheld it that the thought came to me of my own worthlessness——"

"'As a sinner?' interrupted the Capuchin.

"'And hangman,' cried Jacques. 'I thought it took from the holiness—the beauty, if I may say it—of the good man's fate—the common fate, as you rightly call it, father—to give death to the villain—to make it the last punishment, by casting him at one fling from the same world with the pious, worthy creature who died yesterday. Now the law would not, could not if it would, kill the soul, and—but thou knowest what passes between thy brotherhood and the condemned, thou knowest what thou dost promise to the penitent culprit—and, therefore, to kill a man for his crimes would be a fitting, a reasonable custom if this world were all—if there were nought beyond. Then see you, Father George, thou wouldst hasten the evil-doer into nothingness; now dost thou speed him into felicity. Eh? Am I not right—is it not so, holy father?'

"'And such is thy thought, thy true thought?" inquired the Capuchin.

"'I thank my stars it is, else I had not held my trade so long.'

"'Punishment! Bah! I call myself the rogues' chamberlain, taking them from a wicked world, and putting them quietly to rest. When he who signs the warrant for their exit—and, thinking closely what we all are, 'tis bold writing i' faith—must some day die too—when the ermine tippet must, at some time, lie down with the hempen string—it is, methinks, a humorous way of punishment, this same hanging.'"

For speculations—for teachings of this kind—these stories were all written. Now the lessons, and bright sayings, and flashing contrasts, were cast upon a serious story of old Paris; and now they were tacked to the honeymoon of the "Genteel Pigeons."

The Capuchin describes the hangman's daughter as "a flower springing from a rock of flint."

The credulity of Perditus Mutton, "who bought a caul:" "Now, be it known that Perditus Mutton had long thought to become a voyager. He had read the marvels of Mandeville and Purchas—of Hakluyt and Coryate; and he had no wife to hold him in her white

arms—no children to tug at his coat-skirts—no fireside gods to fix him at his hearth. He would, therefore, cross the perilous sea; he would, with his proper ears, listen to the singing of the mermaids; and, sauntering on Asiatic plains, with his own eyes, behold the grazing unicorns. . . . Perditus had sworn fealty to the happy man who had heard the sirens sing; who had beheld armies of pigmies mounted on cranes; who had known the ostrich to hatch her eggs by the heat of her eyes; who had seen a king starved to death by a basilisk; a porcupine transfix a roaring lion by a quill shot dexterously through and through its heart. He would have travelled round the globe to kiss the feet of the good Bishop Pontoppidan, the worthy ecclesiastic, who, musing on the coast of Norway, did behold a merman rise from the sea, who sang two hours 'and more.'"

The whimsical legend of "Hole-Cum-Corner" illustrates the falsity of living for appearances. "How often" —this is offered by way of moral—"does it happen that a man learns that he had a good name when he ceases to possess it! If a man would know what his friends thought of him, let it be given out that he is dead, or has unfortunately picked a pocket. Their mute opinion finds a tongue." The miseries of the mayor, who convicts a rustic for the crime of stealing a gander, on appearances, the said gander being found just after the convicted culprit has been whipped, are given in most humorous forms. The devil tempts the mayor to buy a cloak of "Seeming." "Seeming!" echoes the mayor. "Seeming!" the fiend retorts. "A superfine cloak, trimmed with ermine that shall never speck; guarded with gold that shall not tarnish—a thing of such fine, yet tough web, that you shall go in it through all the thorny places of the world, yet

shall it not tear—shall it not fray—a beautiful, yea, a magnificent cloak!" But the mayor is adamant, although the rustic whom he wrongly convicted has devoted him "to that arch-demon, Appearance." All appearance turns against the mayor henceforth. Sagacious dog that he is, and so hospitable—"hardly would he have closed his door against a mad dog"—he endeavours to right himself with the good citizens by giving a splendid dinner to a Spanish prince, and parading his royal visitor through Hole-Cum-Corner. "A most gratifying surprise awaited the royal guest, for he was presented, not only with the freedom of the town, in a handsome pearl box, but with a document that enabled him to set up as dolls'-eyes maker in any part of England;" Hole-Cum-Corner, it should be remarked, being the seat of the dolls'-eyes trade.

Then we have "The Romance of a Keyhole," wherein Mr. Jeremy Dunbrown figures as a Bacchanalian Jacobite brazier, falling into misfortune through his inability to find the keyhole of his own doorway. Jeremy gives up the search and falls upon his doorstep, with the assertion that "some damned thief has stolen the keyhole!"

"Dunbrown was a bachelor," we are told; "hence it was his peculiar boast at the club that he kept nobody waiting for him save the fleas." Thus in his vinous moments was he guarded homeward: "We have inferred that Jeremy wound not his way down Bishopsgate alone. No; great is the beneficence of Bacchus, who numbers in his train thousands of little lackeys, to sober eyes invisible, whose duty it is to lead the votaries of their purple master safely home. The water drinkers could not see the jolly little satyr, with its small kid hoofs, clattering along the stones of Bishopsgate, keeping Jeremy Dunbrown from posts and gutters—now steadying his right leg, now the left—now flinging a vine or hop plant over him, pulling him back lest he fall upon his nose—Jeremy all the while smiling, and uttering half words from the corner of his mouth, in acknowledgment of the benevolence. These Bacchanal fairies, thousands though there be—for, were there not, how would frail mortals find the door?—are not

distinguishable by the profane sober; nor are they to be seen by the small drinker—by the petty rascal who simpers over a gill, and thinks himself Silenus. No, no; a man must labour in many vintages to be worthy of such a body-guard. Now, we can assure the world that Jeremy Dunbrown was that man. . . . He liked Peggy, but he adored his glass: one might be a passing preference, the other was a fixed principle."

Nature, we are told, does not write truth always in men's faces: "We know the common story runs that nature has peculiar visages for poets, philosophers, statesmen, warriors, and so forth; we do not believe it. We have seen a slackwire dancer with the face of a great pious bard; a usurer with the legendary features of a Socrates; a passer of bad money very like a Chancellor of the Exchequer; and a carcass butcher at Whitechapel so resembling Napoleon, that Prince Talleyrand, suddenly beholding him, burst into tears at the similitude."

A sermon on a hat: "'The hat, my boy,' Sampson once replied to some familiarity passed upon his beaver, 'the hat, whatever it may be, is in itself nothing—makes nothing, goes for nothing; but, be sure of it, every thing in life depends upon the cock of the hat.' Such was Piebald's philosophy, a school which we incline to believe contains many disciples. For how many men—we put it to your own experience, reader—have made their way through the thronging crowds that beset fortune, not by the innate worth and excellence of their hats, but simply, as Sampson Piebald has it, by the 'cock of their hats?' The cock's all."

Here is Peggy: "The face of Peggy Mavis had been pronounced by a city painter of her days insipid. The beauty was too regular, the eye too quiet. Very different had Guido Blot judged of the maiden had he seen her as, placing the candle (considering that we write

a romance, we ought, perhaps, to say taper) upon the table, she held forth her pretty hand—a hand worthy to give away her heart—towards Valentine. Her face was pale as that of the holiest nun; her bright gray eye made brighter with tears; her soft, pulpy underlip a little parted from its fellow; her brown, silken hair flung off her beating temples, waving down her neck, and her bosom panting like a caught dove, beneath her bodice."

The story of "Mr. Peppercorn 'at Home'" describes a miser. The rookery—to which his houses are reduced by the villainy of a lawyer—inhabited by a gang of vagabonds, is the chief feature of the paper. Mr. Peppercorn, arrived in London, determines to sleep in one of his own empty houses rather than spend a shilling for his bed. And so he falls into the midst of the gang that has infested his dilapidated property.

Here is a whimsical contrast between the mean vagabondage of our own times and the picturesque footpads and swindlers of George II.'s days:—

"Seventy, sixty years ago there were professed vagabonds—exquisite rascals—with whom Agamemnon might have drunk purl and shared an onion. Again, the painful fact must have forced its way to every reflecting man—how miserably have we fallen in the articles of footpads and highwaymen! though it is some consolation that in swindlers we have advanced a little. But only glance at the Old Bailey records of our times. Can any thing be more mean, more squalid? There are now no great men on the road. To be sure science now offers obstructions, it being more difficult to stop a passenger on a railway than on Hounslow. Still, our thieves have much degenerated; whilst, sixty years ago, men made their bow at Tyburn, whom, as Englishmen, we ought ever to be proud of. Turn where we will, we see the evil of respectability; we hate the very word as Falstaff hated 'lime.' It has carried its whitewash into every corner of the land; it has made weak and insipid the 'wine of life.' Look at our players. Are they the men they were? In these times an actor is waited upon by, say two, or three, or four bailiffs; well, for the sake of his respectability, he quietly gets bail, the world losing a lively en-

joyment of the circumstance. Now, when Weston or Shuter—we forget which—fell into the hands of the sheriff, the captive, seated in the front row of the gallery, loudly proclaimed his difficulty to the audience, at the same time requesting tender treatment of the catchpoles, they having permitted him to come and see the play. When shall we hear of L——, or even M—— doing as much? No; there is now nothing picturesque in life. We have caught the wild Indian, deprived him of his beads, his feathers, and his cloak of skins; we have put him into a Quaker's suit without buttons; and, behold, the once mighty chief Great Sword is fallen into Mr. Respectable Man! We have now no character at all; it may seem a paradox, but our respectability has destroyed it. Down a steep incline are we spinning from the good old times.

"Every generation of men—it is the comfortable creed of many excellent moralists—improves in wickedness on its predecessor. At what point of degradation the sins of Adam are to stop remains a curious matter of uncertainty. As a philosopher has given in his firm conviction that man originally emerged from the innocency of an oyster, possible he is destined to proceed through innumerable changes until all the human race shall emerge into boa-constrictors."

The story of "The Preacher Parrot" is that of a bird which, having been long in an auctioneer's office, has learned the slang of the hammer. To a girl ogling for lovers it cries, "Who bids?" While a dying miser clings to life, it croaks, "Going—going at sixty-five." The first possessor of the parrot is a member of parliament, whose patriotism will not permit him to take place. "*No bidders!*" shrieks the bird. The member is a strict utilitarian. "With a severe disregard of the ornaments and what are called refinements of life, he would have looked on the statue of the Medicean Venus, and asked, *Cui bono?* Or, in his downright nervous English, 'What's the use of it?' He would have resigned the Elgin marbles to the hammers of MacAdam, and covered a polling-booth with the canvases of Raphael. In a word, he was a mushroom patriot, a thing produced by the corruption of the times."

We pass by many of the stories that, about this mid-period of his career, Douglas Jerrold scattered over the London periodicals. The simple catalogue of titles would fill many pages of this volume. He went himself over the ground, and severely pruned the wild luxuriance of his intellectual productions of this time. The eight volumes which, towards the close of his life, he arranged as the best results of his literary activity, undoubtedly include his most perfect works; but here and there he has necessarily, from want of room, passed over many papers which were worth preservation. Let me cite a short sketch entitled "Some Account of the Last Parachute," as an example. (*See* APPENDICES.)

In the year 1838 a selection from the contributions to "Blackwood" and the "New Monthly Magazines," was made and issued in three volumes, under the title of "Men of Character,"* and the illustrations were by Mr. W. M. Thackeray, now the renowned novelist. The "Men" were preceded by a quaint preface.

"JOHN BRITISH, in the bigness of his heart, sat with his doors open to all comers, though we will not deny that the welcome bestowed upon his guests, depended not always so much upon their deserving merits, as upon their readiness to flatter their host in any of the thousand whims to which, since truth should be said, JOHN was given. Hence a bold, empty-headed talker would sometimes be placed on the right hand of JOHN—would be helped to the choicest morsels, and would drink from out the golden goblet of the host—whilst the meek, wise man might be suffered to stare hungrily from a corner, or at best pick bits and scraps off a wooden trencher. With all this, JOHN was a generous fellow; for no sooner was he convinced of the true value of his guest than he would hasten to make profuse amends for past neglect, setting the worthy in the seat of honour, and doing him all

* "Men of Character" were translated into the Russian language during the first year of the late war, and published in the *Contemporary*, a Russian review.

graceful reverence. In his time JOHN had assuredly made grievous blunders: now twitting him as a zany or a lunatic, who, in after-years, was JOHN'S best councillor—his blithe companion; now stopping his ears at what, in his rash ignorance, he called a silly goose, that in later days became to JOHN the sweetest nightingale.

"JOHN has blundered it is true. It is as true that he has rewarded those he has wronged; and if—for it *has* happened—the injured have been far removed from the want of cakes and ale, has not JOHN put his hand into his pocket, and with a conciliatory, penitent air promised a tombstone? To our matter:—

"Once upon a time two or three fellows—'Men of Character,' as they afterwards dubbed themselves—ventured into the presence of JOHN BRITISH. Of the merits of these worthies it is not for us to speak, being, unhappily, related to them. That their reception was very far beyond their deserts, or that their effrontery is of the choicest order, may be gathered from this circumstance; they now bring new comers—other 'men,' never before presented to the house of JOHN, and pray of him to listen to the histories of the strangers, and at his own 'sweet will' to bid them pack, or to entertain them.

"Masters PIPPINS, CHEEK, CLEAR, and PALMS, most humbly beg places for their anxious worships, BUFF, RUNNYMEDE, QUATTRINO, APPLEJOHN, and TRUMPS. D. J.

"*Haverstock Hill, January*, 1838."

Yet, in the midst of all this activity—in magazines, in newspapers, and on the stage—he found time to give his help with his pen to any good cause. On the 29th of May, 1835, a performance was given at the English Opera House in aid of the Asylum for Aged Freemasons; and on this occasion an address, "written for the occasion by Brother Douglas Jerrold," was delivered by Brother John Wilson. It ran thus:—

In types we speak; by tokens, secret ways,
We teach the wisdom of primeval days.
To-night, 'tis true, no myst'ry we rehearse,
Yet—hear a parable in homeliest verse.

A noble ship lay found'ring in the main,
The halpless victim of the hurricane;
Her crew—her passengers—with savage strife,
Crowd in the boat that bears them on to life;

They see the shore—again they press the strand—
A happy spot—a sunny, fertile land!

But say—have all escaped the 'whelming wave?
Is no one left within a briny grave?

Some few old men, too weak to creep on deck,
Lie in the ocean, coffin'd in the wreck.
They had no child to pluck them from the tide,
And so unaided, unremember'd, died.
But orphan babes are rescued from the sea
By the strong arm of human sympathy;
For in their looks—their heart-compelling tears—
There speaks an eloquence denied to years.

The shipwreck'd men, inhabiting an isle
Lovely and bright with bounteous Nature's smile,
And richly teeming with her fairest things,
Ripe, luscious fruits, and medicinal springs,
Must yet provide against the changing day,
The night's dank dew, the mountain's scorching ray;
For Nature giving, still of men demands
The cheerful industry of willing hands.

But some there are among our shipwreck'd crowd
Spent of their strength—by age, by sickness bow'd;
Forlorn old men in childhood's second birth,
Poor, broken images of Adam's earth!
Of what avails the riches 'bout them thrown,
If wanting means to make one gift their own?
To him what yields the juicy fruit sublime,
Who sees the tree, but needs the strength to climb?
To him what health can healing waters bring
Who palsied lies, and cannot reach the spring?
Must they then starve with plenty in their eye?
Near health's own fountains must they groan and die?
Whilst in that isle each beast may find a den,
Shall no roof house our desolate men?
There shall!

(*To Audience.*)

I see the builders throng around,
With line and rule prepared to mark the ground;

Nor lack these gentlest wishes—hands most fair,
To join the master in his fervent prayer;
But with instinctive goodness crowd to-night,
Smiling approval of our solemn rite,
The noblest daughters of this favour'd isle:—
And virtue labours, cheer'd by beauty's smile.
The stone is laid—the temple is begun—
Help! and its walls will glitter in the sun.
There, 'neath its roof, will charity assuage
The clinging ills of poor depending age;
There, 'neath acacia boughs, will old men walk,
And, calmly, waiting death, with angels talk.

A year rolled round, and again the aged Freemasons claimed the help of their brother's pen. A lyric offering was the result. It was entitled

THE GRAY HEAD.

Come, raise we a temple of purpose divine;
Let cedars be chosen, the granite be laid;
Though we carve not the cherubim's face on the shrine,
Be sure highest spirits will lend us their aid.
We ask not to burnish our temple with gold,
We ask not rich hangings, blue, purple, or red;
We seek but to build up a house for the old,
A refuge, a home, for the helpless Gray Head.

'Tis little to clamber life's wearisome steep,
When youth holds the staff, and our sandals are new;
Let hurricanes ravage, we tranquilly sleep,
Though rock be our couch, and our canopy yew.
We've hope when we climb with the bright early day—
The hill yet before us, we heed not our bed;
But when we creep down with the sun-setting ray,
The earth coldly pillows the helpless Gray Head.

This mountain of life hath its vines and its streams,
The beautiful olive, milk, honey, and corn;
And some journey o'er it in happiest dreams,
And feed at all seasons from Plenty's full horn.
And some, crawling downwards, not once on the way
Have tasted the banquet by competence spread;

And bent on their staff, in mute eloquence pray,
"A shelter, support, for the helpless Gray Head."

Then build we a temple for age-stricken grief,
And think, as we bid the bright edifice rise,
We give to poor pilgrims a passing relief,
Who, summon'd, shall tell the good deed in the skies.
Then build we the temple, and pour we the wheat;
For feeding the wretched, with manna *we're* fed:
What oil is so fragrant, what honey so sweet,
As that we bestow on the helpless Gray Head?

The health of "Brother Jerrold, whose zeal and talents have been equally serviceable to the cause, was proposed. Briefly, but energetically, the author expressed his thanks."

Nor were these two offerings the only helps given to the asylum by Brother Douglas; for in 1839 we find him at the festival table, bearing some graceful fancies with him under the branches of

THE PALM-TREE.

Four years are past—four trying, anxious years,
Since nerved by hopes, yet not untouch'd by fears,
We sought and found a seed of richest worth,
And, trustful, laid the treasure in the earth;
A sort of Canaan's fruitfulness—for, lo!
E'en as we look'd, the quicken'd germ did grow;
And, all rejoicing, hail'd the baby plant,
The future Palm—whence, haply, Aged Want
Should gather food, and bless'd asylum find
From summer's sun and winter's killing wind;
The old man's latter days all tranquil made
Beneath the spreading bounty of its shade.

As o'er the infant tree time silent flew,
His noiseless pinions dropping blessed dew,
Wax'd strong the Palm, unsmit by scath or blight,
A thing of goodly promise, worth, and might,

That, tended still by Charity's soft care,
Gave forth its blossoms to the sweeten'd air;
And now, behold—with deep thanksgivings see—
Consummate first-fruit beautifies the tree!

What though but scant the produce now appears,
Yet, pilgrims fainting with the load of years,
Shall taste its goodness on the weary way
That lies before them to the realms of day.
Though few the dates the Palm-Tree yet may bear,
That few the old, the hapless old, shall share.

The trav'ller tells that, sanctified by time,
A mighty Palm lifts up its head sublime;
With shade protects, sustains with daily food,
Whole tribes of men, who boast no other good;
Still daily nurtured by its fruitful power,
As bees get honey from the wayside flower.

In time our Palm may grant as great a meed
To needy man, in man's worst time of need;
Its boughs so fruitful, and its shade so wide,
'Twill give him bread, and give a home beside.

In ancient days they pour'd a flood of wine
Around the trees they nurtured as divine,
Soliciting the gods, with earnest suit,
To spread the branch and multiply the fruit.

So, but with nobler, wiser, juster aim,
Make we libations in a holier name.
Pour we the wine of charity around,
And let it bless and fertilize the ground;
So that our sapling tree may spread and rise,
And bear a produce grateful to the skies;
So that beneath its fruitful, ample dome,
The old may eat their bread, and find a home.

In the year 1839 Douglas Jerrold published anonymously a little pungent squib entitled, "The Handbook of Swindling, by Barabbas Whitefeather," which has long been out of print; and in 1840 he first appeared in the

character of editor, having the direction of that famous series of sketches illustrated by Kenny Meadows, and to which Thackeray, R. H. Horne, Laman Blanchard, Peake, and others contributed, which collectively bore the title of "Heads of the People." The editor was a voluminous contributor. Many of his contributions subsequently appeared in the collected edition of his works, under the title of "Sketches of the English." *

These "Sketches" have been too often printed and reissued to require any explanatory extract or description in this place. But the prefaces to the original volumes of "The Heads of the People" may be noticed; for the writer thereof enjoyed a reputation as a preface writer. He could always weave some graceful fancy, twist some moral, out of a story from old Sir Thomas Brown, or Buffon, or the "Almanach des Gourmands," or Charlevoix's "Experiences among the North American Indians." Now Plutarch's hedgehog gives felicitous illustration; and now "philosophic Bayle" is shown, his cloak wrapped around him, watching the vagaries of *Punch*. The preface is somehow removed from the dull, measured statement of intentions; the pretentious humility with which the ordinary writer avows infinite shortcomings; and the whining appeal to the mercy of critics.

The editor thus introduced the first volume of "The Heads of the People" (which suggested *Les Français Peints par Eux-Mêmes*, by the way) to the English reader:—

* The Pew-Opener; The Young Lord; The Undertaker; The Postman; The Ballad-Singer; The Hangman; The Linen-Draper's Assistant; The Debtor and Creditor; The "Lion" of a Party; The Cockney; The Money-Lender; The Diner-Out; The Pawnbroker; and The Printer's Devil.

"English faces and records of English character make up the present volume. Leaving the artists and the writers to exhibit and indicate their own individual purpose, we would fain dwell awhile in the consideration of the general value and utility of a work the aim of which is to preserve the impress of the present age; to record its virtues, its follies, its moral contradictions, and its crying wrongs. From such a work it is obvious that the student of human nature may derive the best of lore; the mere idling reader becomes at once amused and instructed; whilst even to the social antiquarian, who regards the feelings and habits of men more as a thing of time, a barren matter of *anno domini*, than as the throbbings of the human heart and the index of the national mind, the volume abounds with facts of the greatest and most enduring interest.

"It was no little satisfaction to the projectors of 'Heads of the People' to find the public somewhat startled by the first appearance of the work; somewhat astonished at the gravity of its tone, the moral seriousness of its purpose. Many took up the first number only to laugh; and, we are proud to say, read on to think. A host of readers were disappointed; they purchased, as they thought, a piece of pleasantry, to be idly glanced at, and then flung aside. They found it otherwise. They believed that they were only called to see and hear the grinning face and vacant nonsense of a glib story-teller, and they discovered in their new acquaintance a depth and delicacy of sympathy, a knowledge of human life, and a wise gladness, a philosophic merriment, and honest sarcasm, that made them take him to their home as a fast friend. Nor was it in England only that the purpose of the work was thus happily acknowledged. It has not only been translated into French, but has formed the model of a national work for the essayists and wits of Paris. The 'Heads of the People,' of the numerous family of John Bull, are to be seen gazing from the windows of French shopkeepers at our 'natural enemies'—a circumstance not likely to aggravate the antipathy which, according to the profitable creed of bygone statemongers, nature had, for some mysterious purpose, implanted in the breasts of the Briton and the Gaul.

"The work will be pursued in the same straightforward, uncompromising, and, it is hoped, humanizing spirit, that characterizes the present volume. John Bull has too long rested in the comfortable self-complacency that he, above all other persons of the earth, enshrines in his own mind all the wisdom and the magnanimity vouchsafed to mortal man; that in his customs he is the most knowing, the least artificial, the most cordial, and the most exemplary of persons; and that, in all the decencies of life, he, and he alone, knows and does that which is

'Wisest, discreetest, virtuousest, best;'

that he has no prejudices—none; or, if indeed he have any, they exist and have been nurtured so very near his virtues that, if he cannot detect the slightest difference between them, it is not likely that any vagabond foreigner can make so tremendous a discovery. And thus John boasts, and in no monosyllabic phrase, of his great integrity, of his unbending spirit to the merely external advantages of worldly follies; he looks to the man, and not the man's pocket! He—he pays court to no man; no, he cries out in the market-place that 'honesty is the best policy,' grasps his cudgel, looks loftily about him, swelling with the magnificence of the apophthegm, and strides away to his beef and ale with an almost overwhelming sense of all his many virtues.

"Now, let the truth be told. John likes a bit of petty larceny as well as anybody in the world. He likes it, however, with this difference—the iniquity must be made legal. Only solemnize a wrong by an act of parliament, and John Bull will stickle lustily for the abuse; will trade upon it, will turn the market penny with it, cocker it, fondle it, love it, say pretty words to it; yea, hug it to his bosom, and cry out 'rape and robbery' if sought to be deprived of it.

"Next, John has no slavish regard for wealth—to be sure not; and yet, though his back is as broad as a table, it is as lithe as a cane; and he will pucker his big cheeks into a reverential grin, and stoop and kiss the very hoofs of the golden calf wherever it shall be set up before him. John will do this, and blush not; and, having done it, he will straighten himself, wipe his lips with his cuff of broadcloth, look magnanimous, and 'damn the fellow that regards money.'

"And then for titles. Does John value titles? Hear the contemptuous roar with which, in the parlour of the King's Head, he talks of them. 'What's a title?' he will ask; 'it's the man, eh?' And next week Lord Bubblebrain puts up for the county, and, condescending to ask John Bull for his vote, John stands almost awe-struck at his porch, smooths his hair, smiles, smirks, bows, and feels that there is a sort of white magic in the looks and words of a lord. He stammers out a promise of a plumper, bows his lordship to the gate, and then declares to his neighbours that 'it wasn't for the title he gave his vote—he should hope not; he wouldn't sell his country in that way. But Lord Bubblebrain *is* a gentleman, and knows what's right for the people.' And then John's wife remarks how affable his lordship was to the children, and especially to the sick baby, which John receives as a matter of course, shortly observing that 'no gentleman could do less; not that he gave his vote for any such doings.'

"And has John no virtues? A thousand! so many that he can

afford to be told of his weaknesses, his folly; yea, of the wrongs he does, the wrongs he suffers.

"The ridiculous part of John's character is his love of an absurdity, an injustice—it may be an acute inconvenience—from its very antiquity. 'Why, what's the matter?' we asked last week of an old acquaintance, limping and pushing himself along not unlike a kangaroo with the rheumatism; 'what's the matter?' 'Matter! Corns, corns.' 'And why don't you have 'em cut?' 'Cut!' cried our friend, with a look of surprise and inquiry. 'Cut! why, it is now fifteen years that I have had these corns.' There spoke John Bull: though he shall be almost at a standstill, lame with corns, yet what a roaring does he make if you attempt to cut them! And why? He has had them so many years. A wen upon his neck, if a wen of fifty years' growth, though it bent him double, would 'be to him as a daughter.'

"John Bull has a numerous family, all more or less distinguished by the virtues, the humours, the follies, and the droll and melancholy contradictions of their papa. We have given some fifty of his children; we shall present the world with at least half a hundred more.

"*London*, *October*, 1840."

CHAPTER VIII.

COMEDIES—LEAVE-TAKING OF THE STAGE.

Long before the year 1842 Douglas Jerrold had established himself in the patent houses as a most successful and original dramatist. *The Bride of Ludgate*, *The Hazard of the Die*, and *The Rent Day* had been played at Drury Lane; *Nell Gwynne* and *The White Milliner* had appeared at Covent Garden; *The Housekeeper*, *The Mother*, *Beau Nash*, &c. had been presented to the public at the Haymarket; and at the Adelphi *The Devil's Ducat*, *Doves in a Cage*, &c. had been acted with success. The author, cheered by these dramatic laurels, and emboldened by other literary triumphs, had determined to set his strength before his fellow-countrymen in a five-act comedy. He could now risk the danger that lies in such a work. He had his appointed place in the literature of his time. He had held the attention of the town by his "Men of Character," as they appeared originally in "Blackwood" and the "New Monthly," and by the humorous bits of philosophy just collected under the quaint title of "Cakes and Ale." More—he was known as a keen and erudite dramatic critic, who had contributed some remarkable studies of dramatic performances to the "Morning Herald" and other papers. He had written also in the "Herald" some

strong leaders on capital punishments and clerical delinquencies.

"Punch," too—still a baby periodical, and very rickety—was growing, and was about to pass into the vigorous hands of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. A bright star guided the indefatigable author now. He had met a reverse at Covent Garden in 1841, which, on this 25th of February, 1842, he was about to redeem. The failure of *The White Milliner* was forgotten in the great literary success of *The Bubbles of the Day*. Yet the author could not part from the former production without explaining its origin and its failure. Writing in February, 1841, he says:—

"To the north of Durham Place (Strand), fronting the street, stood the New Exchange, or England's Burse; 'built,' says Pennant, 'under the auspices of James I. in 1608, out of the rubbish of the old stables of Durham House. It was built somewhat on the model of the Royal Exchange, with cellars beneath, a walk above, and rows of shops over that, filled chiefly with milliners, sempstresses, and the like.' Walpole relates that a female, suspected to be the widow of the Duke of Tyrconnel, supported herself, till she was known and otherwise provided for, by the little trade of this place, and had delicacy enough not to wish to be detected. She sat in a white mask and a white dress, and was known by the name of *The White Widow*. It is this incident that suggested the composition of the little comedy here presented to the reader.

"In our day, the dramatist who keeps aloof from a small faction, which almost avowedly adopts for its motto the dogma of Molière,—

'Nul n'aura de l'esprit,
Hors nous et nos amis,'—

may look for the most unrelenting opposition from two or three stalwart critics, or rather literary vassals. Fortunately, however, the despicable partisanship of these people is now too well known to be hurtful. Whether they chronicle their injustice in bold falsehood, or with an affectation of candour, examine a drama to find in it nothing but what is contemptible, the disinterested motive is

equally manifest. However, the abuse of these folks, like certain poisons long exposed to light, does not destroy—it only nauseates."—
"D. J."

There are scenes in *The White Milliner* that deserve to live; many that are worthy of the author of *Bubbles of the Day* and *Time Works Wonders*. Of the rapid dialogue here are a few samples. Sneezum describes to Albina, the White Milliner, how he courted the widow Mellowpear:—

"*Sneezum.* You see, when Mrs. Mellowpear was young she married an old man. He's dead, and now ——

Albina. Revenge is sweet. She'd marry you?

Sneezum. I fear her revenge lies that way.

Albina. Has your courtship been long afoot?

Sneezum. To own the truth, it began over the late Mr. Mellowpear's medicine.

Albina. A timely beginning, and no less strange. How?

Sneezum. I've been many trades. My last service was with a doctor. I brought the physic that old Mellowpear died upon.

Albina. And so, whilst the poor man was going to the churchyard, you were preparing his widow once more for the church?

Sneezum. Twice a day I came to this house as double comforter; I brought bottles to the dying and hope to the sorrowful. I knew my master's practice, and courted according to the colour of the physic.

Albina. In truth, a curious test.

Sneezum. Not at all; he was an upright man, and treated all his patients just alike. Thus I grew warm with the brown, and warmer with the orange colour; but when it came to the pale pink—pop, I declared myself."

Sneezum meets Justice Twilight.

"*Twilight.* Tell me truly. As a magistrate, I've seen your face before?

Sneezum, Truly, as a magistrate, you have.

Twilight. On what business?

Sneezum. Since I've had four meals a day I've quite forgot. No; I recollect this—we met once, and after a short ceremony I retired

from the world for two months. It's odd, your worship, but as I look in your face I begin to smell oakum.

Twilight. Ha! I remember; a Bridewell bird; caged by the law as a rogue and vagabond.

Sneezum. A foolish law to make so vile a jumble; for how many fine rogues are there who *are* fine because they are not vagabonds? and how many vagabonds who live and die vagabonds, because, indeed, they will not consent to be rogues?

Twilight. I recollect; I sent you to jail for larceny—for some misappropriation of other people's goods.

Sneezum. I was found guilty of taking another man's doorstep for my pillow, and burning starlight for rushlight. That's over; now I'm respectable; can, if I will, snore to the best tallow, and when I wake can lie till breakfast's brought me, staring at the story of Cock Robin worked in the bed-curtains. Even wedded love before a doorstep."

The story halts here, it will be seen, to put an abuse—a world's harshness—the sin of poverty—in striking and humorous phrases before the audience.

Toadying Justice Twilight describes Minister Ortolan: "A nobleman whose statesmanship, great as it may be, isn't fit to hold a rushlight to his morality."

The *équivoque* between Lord and Lady Ortolan, at the end of the second act, is the dramatic climax of this little comedy. The author was bitterly disappointed that its pointed and tender dialogue, and its brisk action, failed to achieve success; more—as may be gathered from his own words—that personal enmity, carried dishonestly into public criticism, sought to put it aside as a thing in all respects worthless. But his was not a nature to be easily turned from a resolution. "Firm resolve" took the van with him throughout his life.

It was natural in him, after the failure of *The White Milliner*, to write *The Bubbles of the Day*—the piece which, according to Charles Kemble, had wit enough for three comedies. On all sides, men who admired the

dialogue, declared the lack of interest, of plot, of action, marred this work. Charges of bitterness were again turned against the author, who replied that, having taken for his theme the absurdities and meannesses of fools and knaves, he trusted he had not exhibited the offenders in sugar; after the fashion of a certain confectioner, who offered his customers the head of Fieschi in "pure saccharine." Lord Skindeep, a man who would have been capital in a pantomime, but was carried into parliament to represent Muffborough, and is covertly "skewered" in the weekly papers by his radical butler, (who writes under the *nom de plume* of "Brutus the Elder,") is delicately contrasted with Mr. Chatham Brown, a member of the House of Commons, also for Muffborough, son of Mr. Brown, who wishes his son to be a somebody, and declares that there is but one path to substantial greatness — the path of statesmanship. "For, though you set out in a threadbare coat and a hole in either shoe, if you walk with a cautious eye to the sides, you'll one day find yourself in velvet and gold, with music in your name and money in your pocket." Brown would die happy could he see his son Chatham "reeled out into five columns." City shams are represented by Sir Phenix Clearcake, who is getting up a bazaar, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to a national purpose, namely, to paint St. Paul's! Captain Smoke represents speculation. He is promoting a company to take Mount Vesuvius on lease for the manufacture of lucifer matches; and a cemetery company, in which a family vault is given as a bonus to the chairman. Melon, the barrister, in the hands of the moneylender, Malmsey Shark, still raises money, saying, "In this world purses are the arteries of life; as they are

full or empty we are men or carcasses." But the play winds about Skindeep, the greatly professing philanthropist and lover of his species, who cants and practises no social virtues, no chivalry to weak or poor. Respectability preaching meannesses and heartless doings, oppressing the lowly, and ducking the pate to the golden fool—here is the theme. "Hear the last paragraph! (*Reads.*) 'When the race of Skindeeps shall practise all they talk, then will they become a social treasure, the very jewels of their kind. But when their goodness is a sound, and their benevolence mere breath, what are they but—but"——(*Forces the paper upon Skindeep*).

Skindeep. "Hem! (*Reads.*) 'Bubbles of a Day?'"

This comedy had a great literary success. It was well played. Mr. Farren was Lord Skindeep—the cold, the dignified, the artificial man, wearing philanthropy ostentatiously, as he wore his coronet—fashionably, as he wore his coat. Charles Mathews, as the speculator, Captain Smoke, was a most refined, and dashing, and voluble adventurer, with the grace and heartiness to make his swindling almost agreeable. Pamela Spreadweasel! Well, she was interpreted by charming Mrs. Nisbett. And on all sides the sparkle, the profound wit, of the comedy, were largely allowed. It was a coronet of brilliants to the author, and the glitter dazzled beholders; but the emotion in the piece was not sufficient for a general audience. Fame came to cheer the dramatist, but there was not a long run to satisfy the managers.

At the theatre opposite—at Drury Lane, then wisely and in a most dignified spirit administered by Mr. Macready—a shorter piece had been produced with marked success. Only a few nights before *Bubbles of the*

Day appeared at Covent Garden, namely, on the 8th of February, 1842, *The Prisoner of War* was played at the great rival establishment. This piece, like *Bubbles of the Day*, was the fruit of a residence in Boulogne, where the author had taken a cottage in 1840—the very cottage in which Mrs. Jordan died. Here, in perfect quiet, with his children at school about him, Douglas Jerrold spent two very happy summers. He who had begun life on board a man of war, imbibing a fierce hatred of *Mounseer* —he who had borne wounded countrymen from Waterloo —now retired from the fierce life, the maddening stir, of London, to a French port. Here days were passed working upon a comedy, based on the Englishmen's war prison of Verdun—passed amid French fishermen. The life was easy, fresh. The stiff dressing, the conventional laces, of the West End could be cast away, the straw hat could be always worn, and the sea could be seen stretching along a winding seaboard to Cape Grinez. More—the fringe of snow parting the ocean from the sky was Dover. Shakspeare's cliff was within telescope reach!

The dramatist loved this bit of sea; and when the public applause of the Anglo-French alliance was at its loudest, declared that "still the best thing he knew between France and England was the Channel."

The Prisoner of War is in two acts; the scene Verdun; the date 1803. It is a story of a plot to escape from prison. The comedy is a most delicate contrast between the English bluff prisoners, with their English prejudices; and vain Frenchmen, with their ignorance of every thing beyond their own frontier. Pallmall, a sleek citizen caught on the wing by Bonaparte, as played by Mr. Keeley, was accepted at the best character of the

piece. His enthusiasm, as well as that of Polly Pallmall, in the vindication of England's reputation against the aspersions of foreigners, carries him to wonderfully humorous lengths. Babette, a French girl, declares that "Monsieur Pallmall, who was born and bred in London, says he never saw a fog till he came to France." Pallmall makes bold to assert before dazzled Frenchmen that we haven't the word "tax" in the English language. "There are two or three duties, to be sure," adds the boastful Briton; "but then, with us, duties are pleasures." The French are incredulous, and seek to know how the English government is kept up. "Like an hour-glass," responds Pallmall valiantly; "when one side's quite run out we turn up the other, and go on again." Then the loves of Polly Pallmall and Tom Heyday, the midshipman, come upon the scene. Polly's rich cockneyisms told wonderfully upon an English audience, especially from the unctuous lips of Mrs. Keeley. Polly has the most elevated notions of an English midshipman's importance. "What's the pay of a midshipman?" she asks. Midshipman Heyday answers, "The pay, Polly, is not enormous, but the perquisites are extraordinary. Yes, we're always getting something that we don't care about." Now Polly dotes upon the sea—"from the beach." Her brother dwells upon the imprudence of a marriage with a midshipman, and asks her how she will live should a cannon ball carry off her husband. Polly haughtily answers, "I shall not trouble you, sir. As a midshipman's widow I shall live upon my pension." Then blunt Lieutenant Firebrace stands in contrast to Cockney Pallmall, a most refreshing bit of humanity that has been kept sweet by the salt. Firebrace bids Pallmall cease his boasting about England. "Where nature

has done so well, there's little need of paint or patches." Polly, who is standing by, is enraptured with this sentiment, and exclaims, "Why couldn't I think of it when Ma-amselle La Nymphe wanted me to wear rouge?'"

The hearty life of sailors courses through all the scenes of this little comedy; you see the middy with a pen in his hand. The eyes of a pretty girl are killing—so killing, "small arms in the tops are as nothing to 'em." Firebrace suddenly learns that his wife, Clarina, with her old father, Captain Channel of The Téméraire, is a prisoner in Verdun. "But, Basil," says Midshipman Heyday, "why you're as white as a purser's clerk at the first broadside."

"Many a time," says Firebrace to Clarina, "have you walked the middle watch with me. When the sky was pitch, the wind a gale, and the sea mountains, then have you paced the deck with me—then have I felt you nestling at my arm—then have I looked into your loving eyes, and my heart has melted at your gentle voice."

Captain Channel is a sailor of the old school. Hearing that the ship in which Firebrace was captured had run aground, he exclaims, "Aground! What a beautiful world this would be if it was all salt water!"

And there is a serenade, sung by Clarina, at the end of the first act, full of tender grace:—

"The dove's in the bough, and the lark's in the corn,
And folded to rest are the lilies of morn;
In balm falls the dew, and the moon's tender light
Robes upland and valley—good night, love, good night!

"Thy heart may it waken to peace like the dove;
Like the lark may it offer its gladness above;
And lilies, that open their treasures of white,
Resemble thy fortune—good night, love, good night!"

Beaver, in love with Clarina, is tied to a game of chess with her father, Captain Channel. The anguish of Beaver, who knows that Firebrace and Clarina are together, and the coolness of the old captain, contrast forcibly and dramatically. "How exquisitely Clarina sang to-night!" observes poor Beaver. "Why, the wench can twitter—but that's not chess," stolidly replies the captain.

The captain reproves his daughter for reading trashy novels. "When I was young," he tells her, "girls used to read 'Pilgrim's Progress,' Jeremy Taylor, and such books of innocence; now young ladies know the ways of Newgate as well as the turnkeys. Then books gave girls hearty, healthy food; now, silly things, like larks in cages, they live upon hempseed."

The success of *The Prisoner of War* encouraged its author to tempt fortune with a second two-act comedy, having French life, and contrast between Englishmen and Frenchmen, for its basis. Still in the quiet retreat of the Boulogne cottage the author set to work. His subject was a happy one—the field of Waterloo, with its bazaars of manufactured glories—its stars streaked and rusted to counterfeit blood—its half-sabres expressly made to cheat the buyer into the belief that the other halves lie buried in dead soldiers' bodies. Thither is an English undertaker conducted, who, in his laudable desire to spend his honeymoon in the churchyards of the continent, holds that the field of Wellington's victory should not be omitted. The huckstering between Crossbones and Blague, the French guide and vendor of manufactured relics, is the main point of humour in *Gertrudes Cherries; or Waterloo in* 1835. Crossbones, however, is disappointed. He thought he might find some new ideas on

the field of glory, and he asks dolefully where the tombstones are. He buys, however, "a dozen beautiful bullets, and the hooks and eyes of a drummer's jacket." Blague laughs, tells Crossbones to beware of cheats, and presently offers him a genuine relic—a toothpick, cut from the tree under which the duke stood during the battle. Crossbones buys, also, a bootjack cut from the same tree; a pack of cards with a bullet-hole through them; and gives five shillings more for the bullet that whizzed through the pack. At last Blague asks Crossbones to take off his hat and go upon his knees while he exhibits the cribbage-board of "de grand Napoleon." The cribbage-board is bought for three guineas, and away goes Blague triumphantly. Crossbones is delighted, having cheapened it from five pounds to two. But presently Blague returns, and, holding up the cribbage-pegs, demands two sovereigns more. After a time the undertaker pays. Blague throws in a little moral: "And now, Monsieur, I will give you a *petite histoire*, a leetel story. De whole world is nothing but a large—large—large board of cribbage; and de only ting dat show de wise man from de fool is, never—never for *un petit moment*, a leetel moment—never to forget his pegs."

The story of Willoughby, who believes he has lost a scapegrace son on the field, and who finds him wedded to a peasant wife, and the father of fair Gertrude, the cherry vendor, gives the serious interest of the piece. In Halcyon, the old discarded lover of Willoughby's ward, and who has made a pedestrian tour to conquer disappointed love, there is a character full of hearty English stuff. He finds his old mistress travelling with her guardian at Waterloo. Here he meets his old friends. He declares that his trip has done him good,

and that in half an hour he starts for Italy. "Happy!" he cries. "Look at me! Knapsack, two shirts, four stockings, needle and thread, paper of buttons, meerschaum pipe, light heart, and German tinder. I've all the beauties of this beautiful world before me, and no iron creditor, with face keen as a carving-knife, to cut my throat for sixpence. . . . And now, if I cared for money, I'd turn postman to the habitable globe, and have my afternoons for cricketing." Of course Halcyon drops his knapsack, and buys a wedding-ring; and Gertrude weds her cousin, who takes her cherries "blushing on the tree."

Three very busy years elapsed after the production of *Gertrude's Cherries* at Covent Garden Theatre in September, 1842, before Douglas Jerrold made another appearance upon the stage. He had been all this time engaged upon various literary tasks. "Punch," however, had absorbed the greater part of his time. He had written the "Q. Papers" and other series in it. Every week had he contributed short essays and pungent satires to its popular pages. He had started the "Illuminated Magazine," and in it had written the "Chronicles of Clovernook" and other contributions. In these three busy years, however, he had "picked up" one or two remarkable dramatic characters. This reference to character "prospecting" recalls to my mind a certain day when my father met Mr. Alfred Bunn in Jermyn Street

"What!" said Mr. Bunn, "I suppose you're strolling about, picking up character."

"Well, not exactly," was the reply, "though there's plenty lost here, I'm told."

He returned to the stage in April, 1845, his characters woven into a five-act comedy, which he called *Time*

Works Wonders. This comedy is very generally allowed to be his dramatic masterpiece, having all the brilliancy of the *Bubbles of the Day*, with that in which the *Bubbles* were said to be deficient, namely, strong interest, action, plot. It has been said of *Time Works Wonders* that it "blazes with epigrams like Vauxhall with lamps."

Time Works Wonders was first played at the Haymarket Theatre on the 26th of April, 1845. It met with a most enthusiastic reception from an audience that included nearly all the literary men then in London. It ran—filling the theatre and bringing fortune to the manager—about ninety nights. Mr. Farren, Mr. Charles Mathews, Mr. Strickland, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Tilbury, Miss Fortescue, Madame Vestris, Mrs. Glover, and Mrs. Humby, were included in the cast.

The first title given to this comedy was *School-Girl Love.* The story is that of a baronet's nephew, who falls in love with a school-girl, one Florentine, a baker's daughter, and is parted from her by the pride of his uncle. But presently the proud uncle meets Florentine —falls in love with her himself, not knowing that she is the baker's daughter. The end is the generous self-sacrifice of the baronet, and his consent to his son's marriage. Miss Tucker, Florentine's schoolmistress ; Professor Truffles, who carries the solar system in a deal box; and the old trunkmaker, Goldthumb, are the three strongly marked characters of the comedy. Both the Professor and the schoolmistress were drawn, almost photograped, from life ; and on the occasion of their first appearance were at once recognized as the bits of refreshing life in the piece. Mr. Strickland, as the Professor, was inimitably pompous; and Mrs. Humby gave her points, sharply and neatly, as only she could give

them. Miss Fortescue, engaged at the Haymarket specially to play in this piece, justified the choice of the author by the most tender, the most pathetic, and then the most joyous, acting.

The first act, in which the elopement from school takes place, was hailed as a piece of perfect dramatic construction. It is full of points, too, that on the first night brought down rapturous applause. The dialogue between Professor Truffles and Felix Goldthumb, with which the comedy opens, at once held the attention of the audience. While the Professor and his young friend are dining, a postchaise drives into the court-yard, containing Florentine and her schoolfellow Bessy—the former eloping from school with the baronet's nephew, Clarence Norman. Felix recognizes both the Oxford man and the baker's daughter.

"It seems," says Felix, "but a few weeks since she was a wild thing, running about in a pinafore, and eating bread and butter." Responds the Professor, "Yes; and you'll think the innocent creatures will go on eating it for years to come, when somebody whispers 'bride-cake,' and down drops the bread and butter." A burst of applause followed this point. Then Clarence enters, wrangling with the postboy—the postboy who, seeing the business on which he is bound, doesn't know whether, "as father of a family, he oughtn't to take out the linchpins." Then the arrival of Miss Tucker, who cages her runaway birds by the help of Olive and old Goldthumb, brought the curtain down upon the first act, with a loud clapping of hands, and most genuine bravos! There are the eggs and bacon provided for the Professor, served to the school-girls, then left by them on the appearance of Miss Tucker and her companions, and finally eaten by the

schoolmistress and old trunkmaker Goldthumb, giving pleasant by-play to the landlord, and truth to the scene. Goldthumb describes his boy to Miss Tucker:—Not a bit of use in the shop, but a wonderful lad. He hasn't been home these four days; but he's an extraordinary boy." "A genius—a genius, no doubt," Miss Tucker interposes. "Quite—quite a genius," the trunkmaker replies. "How he'll ever get his bread and pay his way, heaven knows." At the end of the act Truffles returns, prepared to enjoy his eggs and bacon—having first seen that his old flame, Miss Tucker, had departed—but finds the dainty already demolished. "Your bacon was eaten by another," says Jugby, the landlord. "Eaten our bacon!" exclaims the Professor. "May he live on periwinkles!"

The second act opens upon the mansion of Sir Gilbert Norman. Bantam, a loose sporting character, played by Mr. Buckstone, is ringing at the bell to see young Norman about some fighting-cocks. The servant tells Bantam that Sir Gilbert is not at home. Bantam responds, "I say, I've heard people say truth lives in a well; if so, I'd advise you to take an early dip in the bucket." Then follows an account of how Sir Gilbert has sent his nephew abroad to cure him of his attachment to the baker's daughter; and how the baker's daughter, her father being dead, left Oxford. "There's all sorts of stories about," Bantam wisely adds; "but, as we know nothing certain of her, it's only nat'ral to think the worst."

Truffles and Bantam meet. Truffles pretends to forget Bantam, and with a flourish of a scented pocket-handkerchief is about to exit, when Bantam makes the following profound reflection: "This is what the world calls

principle! 'Owed me half a crown for seven years, and wears lavender water!" Truffles inquires about Miss Tucker, and learns that the elopement ruined her school. Bantam, in return, asks the Professor to give him a character for the place of valet in old Goldthumb's establishment. "What!" exclaims Truffles, "pass you off for my servant! Consider the risk." "Don't we share it," asks cool Bantam, "when I pass you off for my master?" Next Florentine appears, on a sketching expedition, accompanied by Miss Tucker, who is now her companion, boring the poor girl on every conceivable occasion with her plaintive gratitude. Miss Tucker lectures Florentine: 'Allow me to observe—though, as I'm a dependent, I know I have no right to speak—that your frequent allusions to nature are not decorous. With young women of my time nature was the last thing thought of. I know I'm only a dependent, and people who live in other people's houses should have no tongues, no eyes, no ——" Poor Florentine's warm heart is hurt and stung by this miserable fretfulness, and she speaks boldly: "I cannot bear this; I will not bear it. You hurt me, wound me deeply. If it irk you to dwell beneath the same roof; if it constrain you in the least—though why it should I know not—choose your own abode; share my little fortune how and where you will. But I cannot have my friendship taken as alms—my love thus ever chilled with the cold sense of obligation. You have at length forced me to speak. It is unkind of you—indelicate." Miss Tucker is highly incensed. "Indelicate! Such a word to me—to me, who have kept parlour boarders? I know I'm only an interloper; but can gratitude be indelicate?" Florentine's wisdom comes from her heart. "It may be mean," she says. "True gratitude, in the very fulness

of its soul, knows not the limits of its debt; but when it weighs each little gift, books down each passing courtesy, it ceases to be gratitude, and sinks to calculation. Why, I hope I am grateful for the flowers at my feet; but I were most unworthy of their sweetness could I coldly sit me down to count them." But Miss Tucker is incurable. She owns she has the best bedroom, but she is persuaded that Florentine's will be the warmer one in the winter; she has the best seat at the fireplace, but then it is not her own fireplace; she knows it was kind of Florentine to give her a new gown, though, if she (Miss Tucker) had gone to the mercer's with her own money, 'tis the very last colour she should have thought of. Next Miss Tucker congratulates her pupil upon having picked the baronet's nephew from her heart, like a crooked letter from a sampler. "Sure 'twas an easy task," says gentle Florentine, "for five long years; and there's not a day I haven't worked at it." Sir Gilbert meets Florentine sketching; a thunderstorm comes on; she accepts, with Miss Tucker, the shelter of his roof; he falls in love, and then Clarence suddenly turns up in England. Stung by his long silence, Florentine has accepted Sir Gilbert, who has offered her marriage, careless of her origin. Comes the retribution. Clarence returns to find his uncle in his place. Sir Gilbert has told Florentine that Clarence weds another. The baronet does not know that she is the baker's daughter, however;—the heroine of his nephew's escapade in Miss Tucker's academy. Sir Gilbert tells his nephew he is himself about to marry a girl of whose parentage he is ignorant; but, says the impassioned Sir Gilbert, "If, like the fighting men of Cadmus, she was sprung from dragons' teeth, I'd marry her." Then does Clarence ask an account of his uncle. "And now,

Sir Gilbert Norman! . . . Look on me, a disappointed, blighted man; look, and hear me. Then ask your own soul is this wise, just? . . . In the deep feeling of my fervent youth I gave my heart to one whose worth—I can avouch it—was rich as that fair lady's, soon to bless you. My love for her possessed me like my blood. With iron hand you plucked me from her; bade me know my station—know the world. You said you'd teach me both. With stony face and icy sentences you schooled me. My station, you told me, was removed from the broad, vulgar way of human dealing. I might observe the stir and impulse of the common million, but never mingle with or feel it. And then the world! My appointed world numbered some thousands or so—no more; exalted beings, fashioned, stamped, and sent especially by heaven to make this inner paradise; all men without, mere tributary creatures, things of unmixed dust. Was not this the creed you taught me? . . . And I was converted, or deemed so, from the ignorance that blessed me; and so I soon forgot the humble maid that loved me, and dead in heart, yet varnished with outside courtesy, became the pulseless thing you wished me . . . What lesson next, sir, shall I con to please you?" Sir Gilbert answers, "This lesson—marry her!" There is a struggle with the old baronet when he discovers that his own Florentine is his nephew's baker's daughter; but he is magnanimous in the end, and gives her up. Then the Professor and Miss Tucker resolve upon marriage; as upon, scholastically, having girls and boys.

In Mr. Dickens, Douglas Jerrold found a warm and critical admirer. Writing to his friend in 1845, and of *Time Works Wonders*, Mr. Dickens said: "I am greatly

struck by the whole idea of the piece. The elopement in the beginning, and the consequences that flow from it, and their delicate and masterly exposition, are of the freshest, truest, and most vigorous kind; the characters, especially the governess, among the best I know; and the wit and the wisdom of it are never asunder. I could almost find it in my heart to sit down and write you a long letter on the subject of this play; but I won't. I will only thank you for it heartily, and add that I agree with you in thinking it incomparably the best of your dramatic writings."

Five years passed, after the appearance of *Time Works Wonders*, before Douglas Jerrold again appeared to the public as a dramatist. Other occupations, at once more profitable and more congenial in the then state of theatrical matters, occupied the interval. He had removed from his cottage in Park Village East, Regent's Park, in 1845, to West Lodge, Putney Lower Common, where he was destined to spend the next nine years; and these, perhaps, the most prosperous, the sunniest, of his life. But his home at Putney forms the subject of a separate chapter. I hold here to an exposition of his further connection with the stage, and to his ultimate abandonment of it. In the very year in which *Time Works Wonders* appeared my father started his "Shilling Magazine;" in the following year he became editor and chief proprietor of "Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper;" in 1848 he was in Paris, watching the progress of the revolution for his journal. His contributions to *Punch* through these years were copious and most popular. "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," "The Story of a Feather," and "Punch's Letters to his Son," had appeared. Hard work was done, it will be seen, even in the midst of a large and splendid (intellectually) circle of friends.

In 1850 he was tempted once again behind the footlights. He came with *The Catspaw*, a comedy in five acts. The characters in this piece were Dr. Petgoose, the quack, played by Mr. J. Wallack; poor Mr. Snowball, the victim, the Catspaw, interpreted by Mr. Keeley; Mrs. Peachdown, the smooth, the smiling, most velvety widow, with the finest claws, played by Miss Reynolds. This piece was accepted by the literary world as a brilliant, ill set. There was, it was said, no *pleasant* interest in the piece. Mr. Webster, who impersonated a swindler in three disguises, was excellent. Mr. Wallack was an imposing quack; but the play did not run like *Time Works Wonders*. It wanted the charming love-story of this comedy. Every character in *The Catspaw* repels. In *Time Works Wonders* Florentine and Clarence, and Bessy and Felix attract, and their fortunes touch the heart of the audience. Dr. Petgoose is the originator of the Paradise Pill—a pill, he declares, he might have stood upon, like Mercury on the globe—"a pill that, at the present moment, is daily bread to thousands." He is also the author of an indignant book entitled "Pearls to Pigs." And, referring constantly to these splendid claims upon the gratitude of mankind, he orders Snowball to yield him unquestioned obedience. "I know your system," the doctor says to his patient. "Really to enjoy the blessings of life, you should have no more emotion than an oyster." Snowball's lawyer tells him—ostensibly in Mrs. Peachdown's interest—that he may test the sincerity of her lover, Burgonet; that the will which leaves money to Mrs. Peachdown, and in which he, Snowball, conceives he is wronged, can be settled in two ways—by Chancery or marriage. Snowball asks the doctor's advice. Petgoose rather leans to matrimony, on the principle that

while there's life there's hope. "True," responds Snowball. "In all the wedding-cake, hope is the sweetest of the plums." But he has a very limited admiration of wedlock, and seeks a compromise. He suggests that the widow should be thrown—gently, tenderly—into Chancery; and that then, if he finds the suit going against him, he can but marry her after all. The suit is to be no more vindictive than a game at chess. "With this advantage," responds Audley; "when you find you're losing, you can make it all right by playing a bishop." And so Mrs. Peachdown, it is arranged, is to be the "Sleeping Beauty" of the Court of Chancery. Coolcard also practises upon Snowball's belief in a second will, and the fluctuations of the Chancery suit, throughout the piece. The minor characters are a lawyer's clerk and his sweetheart. Even Rosemary the maid has a suitor. "You a lover!" says Cassandra. "Why not?" retorts pert Rosemary. "Thank goodness! love's like the flies, and, drawing-room or garret, goes all over a house." Appleface, the drummer, is Rosemary's lover, with an eye, it must be confessed, to the dishes and decanters. His story is soon told. He was a lawyer's clerk; but, having made a joke one day, his master turned him off, saying "law was too big a thing; no man with any other stuff in his head had room for it." So Appleface left the law, enlisted, and became a drummer. "'Twas only," he tells Cassandra, "a move from one parchment to t'other; and which of the two makes the most row in this world nobody can tell." Mrs. Peachdown is smitten with the middle ages —wants to see John Bull grow little into John Calf; yet Burgonet, while he looks upon the passion as vast folly, loves to hear her talk about it. He says that "she's as high above the world, ay, as a skylark, when it sings the

loudest." Her extinct old virtues are "some of 'em like extinct volcanoes, with a strong memory of fire and brimstone. Why, with her the world as it is, is a second-hand world—a world all the worse for wear. The sun itself isn't the same sun that illuminated the darling middle ages, but a twinkling end of sun—the sun upon a save-all. And the moon—the moon that shone on Cœur-de-Lion's battle-axe—ha! that was a moon. Now our moon at the brightest, what is it? A dim, dull, counterfeit moon a pewter shilling." Mrs. Peachdown languishes for the good old times—would run away with Captain Burgonet to-morrow, if he would carry her off in a bridal suit of chain armour. But alas for Mrs. P.! "we live in two-penny times, when chivalry goes to church in the family coach, and the god of marriage bargains for his wedding breakfast." Coolcard explains his villainies: "Honest bread is very well—it's the butter that makes the temptation."

This piece, I repeat, did not take the town like *Time Works Wonders.* Still it had some success; indeed, success enough to encourage the author to proceed at once with another comedy, and to believe in the possibility of finding a stage for another piece without having recourse to threats of "your stage or my journal." I should explain that about this time appeared the "Autobiography of Mr. Leigh Hunt." Douglas Jerrold had always spoken enthusiastically of the old editor of "The Examiner;" he had even received a letter of thanks from him, not long before the time to which I am now referring, for a notice of the "Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla"—a most charming, sunny book, to be read under shady trees in autumn afternoons. He had seen Mr. Hunt with unaffected pleasure at West Lodge, and had passed the wine

to him under the famous mulberry tree on the lawn. He could call to mind no slight, no wrong he had done the veteran Liberal knight; he could summon up, on the contrary, only the compliments he had heartily paid him. He had reason to believe that Mr. Hunt and he were friends. Lying amongst his papers was a graceful note from the old "Examiner" editor beginning "Jerroldo mio!"

The "Autobiography" appeared. It shocked my father, even before he came to the passage in which Mr. Hunt did him the honour to throw some little spiteful darts at him. To see all the glorious outspeaking of the Regency withdrawn; to see the noble soul that burned in the young man quenched, ignored, in the evening of life; to look in this evening upon a dull, flat waste, was sad, dispiriting work for men who at sunrise had feasted upon the great glories of the earth. But when Mr. Hunt pointed his cold finger to Douglas Jerrold, the dramatist took a pen, and wrote these words:—

"There are two passages in the 'Autobiography of Mr. Leigh Hunt' that in my opinion, singularly lack that toleration and charity which so very aboundingly distinguish that gentleman's last published account between the world and himself. Mr. Hunt, it appears, has failed to obtain a stage for certain dramas which he has written. Managers reject them because, according to the implied reasons of Mr. Hunt, he is not a journalist—is not 'one of the leaders in *Punch*.' Permit me to give Mr. Hunt's words.

"'A manager confessed the other day that he would never bring out a new piece, if he could help it, as long as he could make money by an old one. He laughed at every idea of a management but a commercial one, and held at nought the public wish for novelty, provided he could get as many persons to come to his theatre as would fill it. Being asked why he brought out any new pieces, when such were his opinions, he complained that people connected with the press forced the compositions of themselves and their friends upon him; and, being asked what he meant by forced, he replied that the press would make a dead set at his theatre if he acted otherwise, and so ruin him.'

"Then follows the subjoined note in the index:—

"'Owing to an accident of haste at the moment of going to press, the following remark was omitted after the words *so ruin him*:—I know not, it is true, how far a manager might not rather have invited than feared a dramatist of so long a standing and of such great popularity as Douglas Jerrold; but it is to be doubted whether even Douglas Jerrold, with all his popularity, and all his wit to boot, would have found the doors of a theatre opened to him with so much facility, had he not been a journalist and one of the leaders in "Punch."'

"Within the last five years I have written two comedies, both produced by Mr. Webster—as Mr. Hunt would imply—in timid deference to the journalist and one of the leaders in "Punch;" Mr. Hunt, moreover, assuming that the dramatist, as one of the aforesaid leaders, would have used his pen as a poisoned quill against the interests of the denying manager. I will not trust myself with a full expression of the scorn that arises within me at this surprising assumption on the part of Mr. Leigh Hunt, who, it is clear to me, with all his old before-the-curtain experience, knows little of the working of a theatre; otherwise he would readily allow that the treasurer is the really potent critic;—the night's and week's returns at the doors, not the morning or weekly article, the allowed theatrical voucher to the value of the dramatist. Yet in the opinion of Mr. Hunt, it is the despotism of the play-writer, when connected with a journal, that forces on a manager the acceptance of a comedy; moreover, condemning him to act the unprofitable production some ninety successive nights; the audience, it would seem, bowing to the tyrannous infliction of the play in deference to the journalist, one of the leaders in "Punch."

"Before I was out of my teens it was my misfortune to be compelled to write for the minor theatres, at a time when even large success at these despised places—degraded by a monopoly that has ceased to exist—was most injurious to the endeavours of the young dramatist desirous of obtaining an original hearing at the patent houses, which, at the time, and in the treasury stress, were making free use of the very 'minor' drama of the unacknowledged aspirant. I have served full three apprenticeships to the English drama, and, though even its best rewards haply fall very short of the profits of a master cotton-spinner, they have never, in my case, I can assure Mr. Hunt, been levied on the fears of a manager, with a threat of 'Your stage or *my* journal."

"With every wish to maintain an esteem for Mr. Hunt as a writer—an esteem that dates from my earliest boyhood—I must protest against his painstaking use of my dramatic success—such as it has been—as an illustration of the injustice set down to Mr. Hunt's old brotherhood

of journalists, namely, that they would make 'a dead set' against any manager who should refuse to risk his treasury on their stage experiments. An odd compliment this, at parting, from the first editor of "The Examiner" to the journalists of 1850. It is a pity that, in the summing up of his literary life—a life that has been valuable to letters and to liberty—Mr. Hunt should have sought the cause of his own stage disappointments in the fancied stage tyranny and meanness of others. Pity that his ink, so very sweet in every other page of his 'Autobiography,' should suddenly curdle in the page dramatic.

"July 4*th*, 1850."

This letter appeared in "The Athenæum." With bitter disappointment, the writer took books that had lain (precious volumes!) upon his shelves for twenty years, and cast them away. He could no longer believe in them. One of the idols of his youth had been smitten in the face; the majesty of its countenance had been blurred, begrimed; and he would henceforth rather hold it in his memory, as in his early time he saw it, than dwell upon its present graceless lines. Leigh Hunt was dead to Douglas Jerrold, who had loved him, and had been proud to press his hand. He had written from Sark to Mr. John Forster only in 1847: "I received a letter from Hunt. Should you meet on Saturday—indeed, I will make it a case that you do; and about six will—here in Sark—take wine with both of you. Tell him this, and believe me ever yours, Douglas Jerrold."

In May, 1851, *Retired from Business*, a comedy in three acts, appeared at the Haymarket Theatre. The dramatist had here touched upon new ground for his satire. In the village of Pumpkinfield various thriving retired trades are located, with some old sailors, of course, to give wholesome salt to the village life. For the war of the wholesales against the retails—"the pale spectrum" of the till set between the counting-house and the shop—want some wholesome human life at hand to make the

wretched vanities of successful trade bearable. Lieutenant Tackle, as he was excellently played for a few nights by Mr. J. Wallack, was the light and warmth of the atmosphere—the antidote to the poisonous tongues of the village—the goodly plant in so much social rottenness. The Pennyweights represent the retired retails. Mrs. Pennyweight is the leader of the vulgarities of her class—the stickler for conspicuous coats-of-arms—the lady with a solemn horror of the shop whence her husband's fortune has been obtained; while her husband, a simple tradesman, continually lapses to his old ways, and reminds Mrs. P., in the midst of her ostentatious finery, that his motto has always been "conscious virtue and cold mutton." Pennyweight is disgusted to learn that his spouse has hired a footman. "We must do it, dearest," says Mrs. P. "In Pumpkinfield you're out of life if you're out of livery." Pennyweight, to keep himself humble, will treasure the card he used when he first went into business: "*Zachary Pennyweight, Camomile Street, Greengrocer. Carpets Beat, and Dinners punctually attended.*" Now Puffins, "the great Russia merchant as was," calls on the Fitzpennyweights (Mrs. P. has added a Fitz to her name); whereupon the ex-greengrocer tries to give his trade card to the visitor, but is prevented by Mrs. Fitz. Puffins explains that the billocracy cannot mix with the tillocracy. Fitzpennyweight catches the Russia merchant's idea: "Raw wool doesn't speak to halfpenny ball of worsted, tallow in the cask looks down upon sixes to the pound, and pig-iron turns up its nose at tenpenny nails." But love laughs at billocracy and tillocracy. Kitty Pennyweight and Paul Puffin come together; the tenpenny nail, melted in Cupid's fire, mixes with the pig-iron. Creepmouse, too, a

retired army tailor, is horrified to learn that his nephew has slipped into love—"love in the mud"—well, he must blurt out the horrid truth—with a governess!

The second act, where Gunn and Tackle gossip, and Amy appears, is a refreshing contrast to Act I., where the Pennyweights and Puffins figure. Tackle is a true sailor. "Self-respect!" he cries, "why, it's the ballast of the ship. Without it, let the craft be what she will, she's but a fine sea-coffin at the best." Gunn describes his dead brother-in-law, whose orphan Amy is: "Joe, there never was a finer fellow than Charley Brand. Nature made him on a field-day." Tackle calls an average crop in his garden "enough for the birds, enough for the boys, and enough for the master." Amy, to Tackle's enthusiastic heart, is "a lord high admiral of a woman!"

Gunn speaks the moral of the comedy. "Life has its duties ever; none wiser, better, than a manly disregard of false distinctions, made by ignorance, maintained by weakness. Resting from the activities of life, we have yet our daily task—the interchange of simple thoughts and gentle doings. When, following those already passed, we rest beneath the shadow of yon distant spire, then, and only then, may it be said of us, 'Retired from Business.'"

Vexatious conduct on the part of actors turned the author of this comedy once more, in no good humour, from the stage. Again and again had he declared that he had done with the drama. Looking around, where could an artist's eye see a decently organized company? I am writing too near the years to which I refer to speak plain words—to give plain facts. It is my hope that, from Chapter I. to the *Finis* of this book, there will not be one word to wound a living creature. From the truth

I need not wander; but I may put some truths aside as not yet to be told. I hold back, with a jealous hand, much that would be welcome food to the simply curious, because there are men living whose written words are sacred till they or theirs shall claim them. I may simply say that, in bitter disappointment, Douglas Jerrold again turned from the stage—cast burning sarcasms at the star system, that degraded dramatic literature; for he had hoped here to make a solid hold upon the people.

"There is hardly a sadder feeling," he wrote, "than that which arises from a contrast of our early ennobling aspirations, our proud vauntings of invulnerability, and our trumpet-tongued defiance of all threats and blandishments to win us from the one great purpose of our soul, with our final miserable realities, our low confessions of weakness, our small-voiced defence of the fear or the wile that has tempted us from the highway which we thought would lead to all things. How few are there who, starting in youth animated by great motives, do not at thirty seem to have suffered a 'second fall!' What angel-purposes did they woo, and what hag-realities have they married! What Rachels have they thought to serve for, and what Leahs has the morning dawned upon!"

I might fill pages with anecdotes illustrative of the disappointment my father felt when he saw companies broken up, and theatres filled with so many dummies to so many stars. His vexation broke out in sharp points that are remembered still in theatrical circles. Here are one or two: When Morris had the Haymarket Theatre, the dramatist, on a certain occasion, had reason to find fault with the strength, or rather the want of strength, of the company. Morris expostulated, and said, "Why, there's V——; he was bred on these boards!" *Reply.*

"He looks as though he'd been cut out of them." "Do you know," said a friend to my father, "that Jones has left the stage, and turned wine-merchant?" *Reply.* "O yes; and I'm told that his wine off the stage is better than his whine on it." When *Macbeth* was played, many years ago, at the Coburg Theatre, a certain actor was cast, to his great disgust, for Macduff. He told his bitter disappointment to the author of *Black-Eyed Susan*, who thus consoled him: "Never mind, my good fellow; there's one advantage in playing Macduff—it keeps you out of Banquo."

The translator also was often assailed. Douglas Jerrold was always nervous during the first representation of his pieces. On one of these first nights a very successful transplanter from the French rallied the nervous dramatist. "I," said the soothing gentleman, "I never feel nervous on the first night of my pieces." *Reply.* "Ah! my boy, *you* are always certain of success. Your pieces have always been tried before."

Two years passed away—active years, in which his completest work (*A Man Made of Money*) was written, and in the course of which he undertook the conduct of that newspaper which was destined, under his editorship, to grow into a political power; before he turned again to the stage. He was still a weekly contributor to *Punch*, and every day had its hours devoted to writing that might not be put off. Still, in 1853, he was tempted back to the theatre, and, on the 21st of January in this year, *St. Cupid; or, Dorothy's Fortune*, a comedy in three acts, was originally acted before her Majesty at Windsor Castle—a performance, it is right to add, which the author was not invited to attend. But English authors have not yet, it would appear, proved themselves worthy

of an obscure corner, on any occasion, in any anteroom, of Buckingham Palace or Windsor.

The scenes of this comedy are London and Kensington—the date is 1715. The story is a homely one—of a noble gentleman who visits a school, disguised as a tutor, to see the schoolmaster's daughter, and remains to wed. Sir Valentine May, the hero of this escapade, is the secretary to Mr. Under-Secretary Zero. The time, it will be remembered, is when London was alarmed about the Pretender. And as Sir Valentine looks over the morning letters he wisely says, "Well, that government is still the safest that makes treason laughable." He is rebuked by the under-secretary, who sniffs treason in a doll-maker's invoice, and powder in an order for Scotch snuff. Valentine cannot follow his uncle, but observes that "daylight's wasted upon a man who can see so much better in the dark." One of the letters secretly opened is to Dorothy Budd, the schoolmaster's daughter, describing the promises of a fortune-teller (Queen Bee, originally played by Mr. Wright). Valentine's curiosity is aroused, and he resolves upon the frolic that ends in marriage. "Dorothy—the Lilacs!" Valentine muses; "and now are there half a dozen faces nodding at me like roses from a bush; and which—which is Dorothy's? Blue eyes, with love's simplicity; or subtle, tantalizing hazel? A cheek like a carnation, or face of peach-like brown? Tut! some buxom wench agog for blind-man's-buff or hunt-the-slipper. Dorothy—the Lilacs! The syllables sound like a story. And her letter! Why do I remember it? I, with no more memory than a fly; and yet my brain, like so much blotting-paper, has drunk up every word—every word. Dorothy—the Lilacs! I'll see this linnet in her bush!"

Dorothy is the homeliest even of linnets. "Let me," she says, "but twitter round my nest of clay, and sing who will in a cage of gold."

Queen Bee tells her that, when she was made a woman, a mermaid was spoiled. Dorothy denies to Valentine that she has a lover. But he says, "Oh, truth will out. Let the tongue deny it, and how prettily it flies to the cheek! Happy lover, to live a moment there in such a blush!"

There were disappointments too—theatrical disappointments — connected with this piece, upon which it is needless to dwell. One more comedy, and the stage and the dramatist would part company forever. It was already written. The idea was a pet one, or it is more than probable that *St. Cupid* would have been Douglas Jerrold's last comedy given to the stage. For he was now thoroughly wearied of things theatrical. Incessantly he spoke and wrote of the national drama—of what it might be, and the poor thing it had become. That which should be the great living expounder of our English life had become a flat and wearisome reflection of the French stage, with here and there burlesques of the dramatic glories of the times gone by. The dramatist had given way to the upholsterer and the translator. The author of *Black-Eyed Susan* had been nearly tempted to write another nautical piece; but the temptation had been put aside, and on the 9th of October, 1854, *A Heart of Gold*, a drama in three acts, was performed for the first time, at the Princess's Theatre. It was to be its author's last piece; yet it was produced under many disadvantages—the fruit of misunderstandings with the manager—misunderstandings on which I am not anxious to dwell. Time will do it justice; to

* English signify Land of home.

time it is left fearlessly by me, however critics of the passing hour may deal with it.

The scenes of this drama are London and the country —the date is 1750. The opening act is at the Bear Inn on old London Bridge, where the landlady, Widow Peacock, and Michaelmas are squabbling over bad money, which the latter has taken in the course of the day's business. Michaelmas, it is at once clear, is in love with Molly Dindle; the widow, it is equally clear, is not; for she says the girl "would break the Bank of England if she put her hand upon it," and that she goes about the house "like a gale of wind." Michaelmas was picked up in the company of a silver spoon "cut with a roaring dragon;" and he carries it about with him in the hopeful belief that it belongs "to some family six-dozen in noble life," and that some day he will go back to where he was born. Maude, farmer Nutbrown's daughter, has been brought up to London. Master Dymond is sick in love with her, but she loves Pierce Thanet. Dymond has a strong man's agony when he sees his love is slighted. In the opening of the piece all meet by chance at the Bear Inn. Maude has been out sight-seeing. She has been to the top of St. Paul's.

"Oh, it was such a dream by daylight," she says, "such a dream; and yet so true! All was so little, and I was still the same! All the streets were millions of dolls' houses; and along the streets little specks moving—moving, sometimes in twos and threes, and then altogether in one long, black, gliding thread. And then the cattle and the horses! I felt that I could take up the biggest of them, like shrewmice, in my fingers—look at 'em, and set 'em down again. And then the smoke! The beautiful smoke! Oh, in millions of silver feathers it came from the chimneys up and up, and then somehow joined in one large shining sheet, and went floating, floating over houses and church steeples, with hundreds of golden weathercocks glittering,

glittering through! And then the river and the ships! The twisting water shining like glass! And the poles of the ships as close, and straight, and sharp as rushes in a pond! And then, far off, the hills, the dear green hills; with such a stir below, and they so beautiful and still, as though they never heard, and never cared for the noise of London—a noise that, when we listened, hummed from below—hummed for all the world like a hundred humblebees, all making honey, and all upon one bush!"

And then, as Maude talks to Michaelmas and the widow, we see a bit of the author's own sadness drop. Maude declares that she must see "Mr. Garrick and the waxwork." But she is told that she cannot see all—that she must choose. "Well," replies Maude, with womanly logic, "I should like to see Mr. Garrick; but I *will* see the waxwork."

The sad story of strong Dymond's unrequited love makes the thrilling interest of the piece. Dying, as he believes, he gives his thousand guineas to Pierce, the son of his early friend, not knowing Pierce is his rival. He bids him hold the gold "with a ferret's tooth." He bids him cherish this thought: "He who has guineas for his subjects is the king of men!" Dymond recovers, and asks back his gold, seeing Pierce about to wed Maude; but Pierce has learned Dymond's lesson, and demurs, showing the ferret's tooth. Maude, however, marries not the man who holds Dymond's gold. Pierce, after a fierce conflict with himself (knowing that Nut-brown will not give Maude to a beggar), casts back the gold, when Maude, indignant with him, has almost promised to be Dymond's wife. The end—Maude's marriage with Pierce. And heart-broken, Dymond says, "Bless you both! And Pierce, in sooth you'll wed to wealth—the brightest, most enduring wealth; a wealth still purified the more 'tis tested—the wealth that makes

the only treasure of the married home—A HEART OF GOLD."

THE END.

The end! Not another line did Douglas Jerrold give to the stage.

In this chapter I have endeavoured, by slight descriptions of plots, and by culled morsels of dialogue, to afford the reader a faint notion of what may be found in the comedies that bear my father's name. These *disjecta membra* can give but a very faint idea of the complete works; yet it appeared to me that, in an endeavour to present to the world some account of the author's intellectual life, such an attempt as that I have embodied in this chapter, should be made.

No sooner had *A Heart of Gold* appeared, than the author, in "Lloyd's Newspaper," put forth his explanation of its lame production, and in a few sad words took his leave of the stage. He wrote:—

"For obvious reasons *A Heart of Gold* is not a subject for criticism in this journal. A few facts, however, may be given by the author in this his farewell to all dramatic doings. The piece was written some four years since at the solicitation of Mr. Charles Kean, and duly paid for. The hero and heroine were to be acted by himself and Mrs. Charles Kean. They were, in fact, written to be so acted.

"Subsequently, however, Mr. Kean's tragic claims were questioned in a wicked publication called "Punch," and the actor himself graphically rendered in certain of his many moods of dramatic inspiration. Whereupon Mr. Charles Kean broke his compact with the author of *A Heart of Gold;* he would not play his hero, but find a substitute. A new cast of characters was proposed, against which the author gave his written protest. But Mr. Charles Kean had, in 1850, bought the drama; and therefore, in his own mercantile way, conceived that in 1854 he had a right to do what he liked with his own black-and-white 'nigger.' The author thought differently, and stood to his protest; despite of which, however, on the close of last season, Mr.

Charles Kean's solicitor informed the author's solicitor (there is parchment on Parnassus!) that *A Heart of Gold* would be produced at the commencement of the present season. To this no answer was made. The author had once protested, and that he thought sufficient to Mr. Kean and to himself. Nevertheless, the piece was put into rehearsal; and yet the author had *no notice of the fact.* Perhaps Mr. Kean thought the author might spontaneously send his solicitor to superintend the rehearsals, who, with Mr. Kean's solicitor, would settle writs of error as to readings, misconceptions, and so forth. Had the author done so, even under such professional revision, there had doubtless been fewer misdemeanors against nature, good taste, and propriety.

"Yet it is under such wilful injuries committed by a management that a drama is, nevertheless, to be buoyant! It is through such a fog of players' brain that the intention of the author is to shine clearly forth. With a certain graceful exception, there never was so much bad acting as in *A Heart of Gold.* Nevertheless, according to the various printed reports, the piece asserted its vitality, though drugged and stabbed, and hit about the head; as only some players *can* hit a play, hard and remorselessly.

"In a word, against the author's protest of misrepresentation was his play flung, huddled, upon the stage, without a single stage revision allowed on his part. Solicitors have been alluded to; but it should be stated, legal interference was first employed by the author for his self-security. He would have no written or personal communication with an individual who had violated the confidence of honourable minds by printing, 'for private circulation only,' private letters; letters that—had the writer's consent been, as is usual in such cases, demanded—might, for him, have been posted in market-places. It was in consequence of this meanness that the author, in subsequent correspondence, employed a solicitor. For, in the writer's mind, it requires a very nice casuistry to discover the difference between picking the confidence of a private letter and picking a lock. To be sure, there is this difference in the penalties—in one case we employ a policeman, in the other contempt."

This farewell was written in most natural bitterness of feeling, and it is only because I know it to be just that I print it.

One piece, and one only, by Douglas Jerrold, remains to this hour, for lack of a sufficient company, unacted.

It is a play in five acts, and is entitled *The Spendthrift* It was written chiefly in the Hampstead Fields, while the author lived at Kentish Town, the principal part being intended for Mr. Macready. Some day, not very far hence, I trust I shall see my way to its fair representation on the stage.

Discouraged though he had been, even through his successes on the stage, Douglas Jerrold bore from it the grateful remembrance of many friends who had been his constant and his eloquent supporters. Of none amid these did he think with a warmer gratitude than of Mr. John Forster, the English essayist, and so long the literary and dramatic critic of "The Examiner." So far back as 1833, as we have seen, Mr. Forster wrote encouraging and graceful criticisms on Douglas Jerrold's dramatic genius. A letter acknowledging the criticism on *The Housekeeper*, which had been produced at the Haymarket on the 7th of July, 1833, and dated three days later, lies before me. It is addressed from 6 Seymour Terrace, Little Chelsea:—

"My dear Forster," writes the dramatist, "you must allow me the pleasure of a cordial acknowledgment of your kindness. Though I feel you have, on the present as on a former occasion, thrown what are the best points into the strongest relief, by softening down the worst, it would be a poor affectation in me to question such partiality, as, indeed, its very existence is a matter of, I hope, something better on my part than mere self-complacency. We can none, or at most very few, escape the influence of personal acquaintance. It is, then, a subject of honest pleasure to the obliged when such knowledge, on some minds, is the liberal interpreter of good intention, and the charitable apologist of all deficiencies.

"Yours, my dear Forster, very truly,

"Douglas Jerrold."

In another letter we light upon some of the difficulties and annoyances that beset him throughout his dramatic

career. Writing—still to Mr. Forster—from Thistle Grove, Little Chelsea, on the 26th of August, 1834, he says, "I am at law with Morris, having proceeded as far as possible until November. He refuses to pay me another shilling in addition to the £50. We must fight for it, and so 'God defend the right.' . . . It will much oblige me, and serve a true fellow (one of the right kind")—probably a playful allusion to his *nom de plume*, Henry Brownrigg—"if the enclosed be inserted. I have written it in a feigned hand, as I contemplate sending some articles to the N. M. M. ("New Monthly Magazine") from myself. Morris coolly informed me that he should never play the *Beau* again." Morris, it would appear, had not disappointed the anticipations of the author; for I find, in a letter addressed to Mr. Forster more than a fortnight before that from which I have just made an extract, the following allusions to *Beau Nash*:—

"I am deeply indebted to you for the long, elaborate, and analytical essay in the N. M. M. At this time it may be of peculiar service to me, for I have every reason to believe that it is the intention of Mr. Morris to play me false. Last night (August 7th) the comedy was acted for the tenth time, and placed between two such cold slices of bread and butter as *The Padlock* and *The Green-Eyed Monster*. Nevertheless the house was full—the boxes crowded; and, if there be truth in actors, the piece went off better than ever. Yet, in despite of its increasing effect, I find by the bills of to-day that it is not to be repeated until Wednesday. Unfortunately, I have no *written* agreement with Morris, who was to pay me on the success of the piece, which success he now broadly insinuates is not evident, and, at the same time, does all that in him lies to prevent. These are your Christian managers! However, I wrote to thank you, and not to inflict upon you a volume of the grief of

"Yours most truly,

"Douglas Jerrold.

"I have so frequently written to you, appointing a day for you to come and see me, that I now leave the day to your *own choice*. *Name*

a day next week; give me forty-eight hours' notice; and bring with you any such five feet two of natural dissipation and educated infamy as Sam, the Joshua of "The True Sun." *

On the production of *The Catspaw* at the Haymarket in May, 1850, the author again turned to thank his good friend:—

"My dear Forster,

"The success of this play has, on several accounts, been a matter of much anxiety to me. I must very heartily thank you for the mode in which you have expressed your opinions. Opinions themselves are no more to be thanked than the colour of a man's eyes—they are independent of *him*. But the careful and elaborate way in which you have enjoyed, as I must think, the setting forth of whatever may be in the drama, is as gratifying as valuable to

"Yours truly,

"D. Jerrold.

"Do you hold for Lilies?" †

Writing still to Mr. Forster in 1856, and still acknowledging a kindness, Douglas Jerrold says, "And you leave it ("The Examiner") I hear? I hope for better ease, though I shall have one friend in print (I hadn't many) the less. God bless you!"

These letters express a warmth of gratitude, a lively sense of obligation, for which people who knew Douglas Jerrold only as a writer, were disinclined to give him credit. But any thing connected with dramatic literature touched his emotions sharply. Hot scorn or most rapturous delight rose in that electric nature on the instant. He used to hold that there was something sacred in the drama properly considered; and when, in 1843, Mr. Webster offered a prize of £500 for the best five-act

* This allusion points to Laman Blanchard, who was then editing "The True Sun."

† The late Lord Nugent's seat.

comedy, he discussed the project amongst his friends, and rallied them all as competitors—among them Mr. Charles Dickens, to whom he wrote :—

"Of course you have flung 'Chuzzlewit' to the winds, and are hard at work upon a comedy. Somebody—I forget his name—told me that you were seen at the Haymarket door, with a wet newspaper in your hand, knocking frantically for Webster. Five hundred pounds for the *best* English comedy! As I think of the sum, I look loftily around this apartment of full twelve by thirteen—glance with poetic frenzy on a lark's turf that does duty for a lawn—take a vigorous inspiration of the 'double Bromptons' that are nodding defyingly at me through the diamond panes—and think the cottage, land, pigsty, all are mine, evoked from an ink-bottle, and labelled 'freehold,' by the call of Webster! The only thing I am puzzled for is a name for the property—a name that shall embalm the cause of its purchase. On due reflection, I don't think *Humbug Hall* a bad one.

"If a man wanted further temptation to write the 'best' comedy, it would be found in the composition of the court that shall decide upon its merits. Among the judges shall be authors and actors, male and female, with dramatic critics. I am already favoured with the names of some of these, which, as you *will* persist, you may be interested in the knowledge of." (Here follows a whimsical list of names.) . . . "Mind, you must send in your play by Michaelmas—it is thought Michaelmas day itself will be selected by many of the competitors; for, as there will be about five hundred (at least) comedies, and as the committee cannot read above two at a sitting, how—unless, indeed, they raffle for choice—can they select the true thing—the phœnix from the geese—by Jan. 1st, 1844? You *must* make haste, so don't go out o' nights."

I turn from this bantering to the serious paper in which Douglas Jerrold set forth the "Rights of Dramatists," thinking it fit that, though twenty-six years have elapsed since these opinions were originally published in the "Monthly Magazine," they should be here again set forth, as expressing the author's serious ideas on the dignity of the English stage, and of its claims upon the country. Subsequent legislation has done away with the

evils to which the writer points; but the value of the paper is, not in the present use of the opinions set forth, but in the illustrations they afford of the quality of mind —the deep earnestness—of the writer. (*See* APPENDIX III.)

The downright earnest with which my father spoke or wrote the drama, may be traced in his rebuke to Mr. Leigh Hunt, as well as in the "Rights of Dramatists." It could not be his belief that the simple offer of £500 for a prize comedy could awake the drama from its profound slumber. Public taste must be gradually educated to enjoy pure and high comedy, as the palate must be taught to enjoy olives or truffles. The drama was a passionate love with the subject of this memoir—a love that abided with him, and brought him more bitter than sweet fruit. He would have made his idol a radiant, informing goddess; but it was his misfortune to see her in French rags and vulgar tinsel to the end.

CHAPTER IX.

PUNCH.

Douglas Jerrold was in Boulogne, writing for the stage and for the magazines, when, on the 17th of July, 1841, some literary friends of his, including Mr. Henry Mayhew, Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. E. Landells, Mr. Stirling Coyne, Henry Grattan, and others, started a periodical entitled *Punch, or the London Charivari.* This periodical, projected by Mr. Henry Mayhew, (who had already had large experiences in conjunction with his old Westminster schoolfellow, Gilbert à Beckett in comic periodical literature,) was a joint speculation of authors, artists, and engravers. A letter was despatched across the water to Douglas Jerrold, begging the Boulogne hermit to join the list of contributors. No article reached, however, in time for number one; but in number two appears Douglas Jerrold's first contribution to a periodical in which he was destined to write his most popular works. (Appendix IV.) The celebrated bedchamber plot is the main topic dealt with in this, the paper in which *Punch's* political creed is set forth. The drawing opposite the cut represents Peel as Hercules, tearing Lord John Russell (Theseus) from his treasury-bench rock. "What subtle, sinister advice," says *Punch*, in his political creed, "may, by a crafty disposition of royal

pins, be given on the royal pincushion! What minister shall answer for the sound repose of Royalty if he be not permitted to make Royalty's bed? How shall he answer for the comely appearance of Royalty if he do not, by his own delegated hands, lace Royalty's stays?" Then, in the journal, there are hits at Sibthorp, Mr. Henry Moreton Dyer, Sir Peter Laurie, Lord Melbourne, and others. Among the "recent arrivals" we find that of Lord John Russell—"at a conviction that the Whigs are not so popular as they were;" and in the news we are told that the anticipated eruption of Mount Vesuvius is said to have been prevented by throwing a box of Holloway's ointment into the crater. There are the famous little black figures dancing about the text of our old friend's early numbers. It is impossible for the man who wishes to look back through the years he has lived, and to have the incidents of each year brought back in a startling and vivid form to his mind, to take up a more suggestive *aide-mémoire* than our friend of Fleet Street. He began in Fleet Street seventeen years ago, and there shines his raspberry nose to this hour, as painted by Kenny Meadows. Men destined to become fast friends, and to have meetings merrily wise, every week through long years, are bearing down rapidly to his board. Strong men shall presently take hold of his *bâton*, and lay about them with prodigious effect. You shall learn that statesmen have felt the blows; that Louis Philippe, across the water, has winced. The rich and abundant poetic fancy of Kenny Meadows; the Hogarthian humour and the keen observation of Leech; the classic humour of Richard Doyle, shall give light to these famous pages. Thackeray is on his way to Fleet Street with "Brown's Letters to his Nephews," with "Jeames," and with his "Snobs;"

Henry Mayhew is busy with quaint subjects for the artists; Horace Mayhew has his "Model Men and Women" in his desk; Percival Leigh chuckles over "Pips his Diary;" Shirley Brooks hands "Miss Violet" to the office; and great store of graceful verse comes with Tom Taylor. Even Tennyson shall write some stinging satire here, and Tom Hood make thousands weep. Very early Maginn joined, and early died. *Punch* put aside his mirth when his first friend passed away, to hang his "humble *immortelle* above the grave of genius."

The success of *Punch* was not great before it passed into the hands of its present proprietors, Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. But we stand too near the actors to criticize their story of success. I pass it by, to be treated in years to come, by an abler pen. The materials lie thick about, and to the patient are worth the gathering, that they may be laid up till time shall have ripened them for use. How *Punch* won the popularity he has long enjoyed, and who made the greater part of this success, are questions that are not for the present hour, and certainly not for the pen that traces these lines. But it may be said that *Punch* achieved much of the political power he has held so long, by the aid of those strong, masculine, and at the same time fanciful, articles signed "Q.," written by Douglas Jerrold; the first of which appeared on the 13th of September, 1841, about two months after *Punch* was born. In the first of these political papers, which is entitled "Peel Regularly Called In," we trace the passionate reader of Buffon and of other naturalists. "That naturalist," * writes Q., "speaks of a turtle that continued to live after its brain was taken from its skull, and the cavity stuffed *with cot-*

* Le Vaillant.

ton. Is not England, with spinning-jenny Peel at the head of its affairs, in this precise predicament? England may live, but inactive, torpid, unfitted for all healthful exertion; deprived of its grandest functions, paralyzed in its noblest strength. We have a Tory cabinet, but where is the *brain* of statesmanship?" And again: "Now, however, there are no Tories. O no! Sir Robert Peel is a Conversative, Lyndhurst is a Conservative, all are Conservative. Toryism has sloughed its old skin, and rejoices in a new coat of many colours; but the sting remains, the venom is the same; the reptile that would have struck to the heart the freedom of Europe, elaborates the selfsame poison, is endowed with the same subtilty, the same grovelling, tortuous action. It still creeps upon its belly, and wriggles to its purpose. When adders shall become eels, then will we believe that Conservatives cannot be Tories."

Then Peel's Tamworth speech, in which he described the expulsion of imbecile Charles X. from France as the triumph of might over right, and his subsequent endeavour to wriggle into public favour by applying "arithmetic to war," and suggesting reductions of nations' armaments, are laid bare with a keen knife. "It is sweet to prevent war; and, oh! far sweeter still, to keep out the Whigs!" Then Wellington is scourged for saying, in a time of famine, that England was the only country in which "the poor man, if only sober and industrious, was *quite certain* of acquiring a competency." Says Q., "If rags and starvation put up their prayer to the present ministry, what must be the answer delivered by the Duke of Wellington? 'YE ARE DRUNKEN AND LAZY!'" If this be the duke's belief, then he is told "he knows no more of England than the Icelander in

his sledge." If this dictum be a party cry, then does it discover a want of principle. Q. pushes his grace to a corner. "We will nail him to it (the dictum), as we would nail a weasel to a barn-door." "Gentlemen Tories," Q. concludes, "shuffle the cards as you will, the Duke of Wellington either lacks principle or brains."

There is scorching sarcasm in Q.'s second letter. Dr. Chalmers has refused to attend the synod of clergymen, gathered together to consider the relative value of the big and little loaf, believing that the road for the indefinite advancement of the working classes "to a far better remuneration, and, of course, a far more liberal maintenance, in return for their toils, than they have ever yet enjoyed," is "a universal Christian education." Then turn missionaries among them, says Q.; and, following out the idea, the writer declares, "To this end the bench of bishops meet at Lambeth; and, discovering that locusts and wild honey—the Baptist's diet—may be purchased for something less than ten thousand a year, and, after a minute investigation of the Testament, failing to discover the name of St. Peter's coachmaker, or of St. Paul's footman, his valet, or his cook, take counsel one with another, and resolve to forego at least nine-tenths of their yearly incomings."

And then, in pious pilgrimage, the bishops proceed to teach Christianity to her Majesty's ministers. Lord Stanley begs that, when he prays for power to forgive all his enemies, he may be permitted to except from that prayer Daniel O'Connell. The bishop, however, is inexorable. Then we have a picture of pure Christianity in London, for one day:—

"Oh, reader! picture to yourself London—for one day only—operated upon by the purest Christianity!

Consider the mundane interests of this tremendous metropolis, directed by apostolic principles! Imagine the hypocrisy of respectability—the conventional lie—the allowed ceremonial deceit—the tricks of trade—the ten thousand scoundrel subterfuges by which the lowest dealers of this world purchase bank-stock and rear their own pineapples—the common, innocent iniquities (innocent from their very antiquity, having been bequeathed from sire to son), which men perpetrate six working days in the week, and after, lacker up their faces with a look of sleek humility, for the Sunday pew! Consider all this locust swarm of knaveries annihilated by the purifying spirit of Christianity, and then look upon the London breathing and living, for one day only, by the sweet sustaining truth of the Gospel! Had one page ten thousand times its amplitude, it would not contain the briefest register of the changes of that day! . . . Let us descend to the smallest matters of social life. 'Will this gingham wash?' asks Betty, the housemaid, of Twill, the linendraper. Twill is a Christian, and therefore replies, 'It is a very poor article, and will *not* wash.' No, no," Q. concludes; "we are with Dr. Chalmers for Christianity, but not Christianity of *one side*."

When Mr. Fielden's motion, that such was the distress through the country, no supply of money should be voted till some means had been devised to remedy the calamity, was negatived by one hundred and forty-nine to forty-one votes in the House of Commons, a Tory print declared that there was a smile on the face of every well-dressed gentleman, and of every well-to-do artisan, who wended their way along the streets of this vast metropolis. Q. waxed very wroth indeed. Toryism cared only for the well-dressed and the well-to-do. "Nature,"

wrote Q., "abhors a vacuum; therefore has nought to do with empty bellies. Happy are the men whose fate, or better philosophy, has kept them from the turnips and the heather—fortunate mortals, who, banned from the murder of partridges and grouse, have for the last few days been dwellers in merry London! What exulting faces! What crowds of well-dressed, well-fed *Malvolios* 'smiling' at one another, though not cross-gartered! To a man prone to ponder on that many-leaved, that scribbled, blurred, and blotted volume, the human face—that mysterious tome, printed with care, with cunning, and remorse—that thing of lies, and miseries, and hypocritic gladness—that volume, stained with tears, and scribbled over and over with daily wants, and daily sufferings, and daily meannesses;—to such a reader, who, from the hieroglyphic lines of feigned content, can translate the haggard spirit and the pining heart—to such a man, too often depressed and sickened by the contemplation of the carnivorous faces thronging the streets of London—faces that look as if they deemed the stream of all human happiness flowed only from the Mint—to such a man how great the satisfaction, how surpassing the enjoyment of these 'last few days!' As with the Thane of Cawdor, every man's face has been a book; but, also! luckier than *Macbeth*, that book has been—*Joe Miller!* . . . Clap your hands to your pulpy sides, O well-dressed, well-to-do London, and, disdaining the pettiness of a simper, laugh an ogre's laugh at the rags of Manchester—grin like a tickled Polyphemus at the hunger of Bolton!"

Lord Brougham called the attention of the House to the fact, that "a man had been confined for ten weeks, having been fined a shilling and *fourteen shillings costs*,

which he did not pay, because he was absent one Sunday from church!" The man had violated a dormant, his lordship wished he could say of it "an obsolete law."

"Who can doubt," Q. exclaims, "that from the moment *John Jones* (the reader may christen the offender as he pleases) was discharged, he became a pious, church-going Christian? . . . We have a great admiration of English law; yet, in the present instance, we think she shares very unjustly with Mother Church. For instance, Church in her meekness says to *John Jones*, 'You come not to my house on Sunday: pay a shilling.' *John Jones* refuses. 'What!' exclaims Law, 'refuse the modest request of my pious sister? Refuse to give her a little shilling? Give me *fourteen*.' Hence in this Christian country, law is of fourteen times the consequence of religion. Applauding as we do the efforts of the magistrates, quoted by Lord Brougham, in the cause of Christianity, we yet conscientiously think their system capable of improvement. When the rustic police shall be properly established, we think they should be empowered to seize upon all suspected non-church goers every Saturday night, keeping them in the station-houses until Sunday morning, and then marching them, securely handcuffed, up the middle aisle of the parish church. 'Twould be a touching sight for Mr. Plumptre and such hard-sweating devotees. For the benefit of old offenders we would also counsel a little wholesome private whipping in the vestry."

The masons who were building the new Houses of Parliament struck. Q. suggested that, as the recess had come, and members would have nothing to do, they should, like beavers, build their own houses. "The tiny insect, the ant—that living, silent monitor to unregarding men—doth it not make its own galleries—build, with toilsome

art, its own abiding-place? Does not the mole scratch its own chamber—the carrion kite build its own nest? Shall cuckoos and members of parliament alone be lodged at others' pains?" Then follow suggestions how various members might be employed. "Might not Disraeli be turned into a very jaunty carpenter, and be set to the light interior work of both the houses? His logic, it is confessed, will support nothing; but we think he would be a very smart hand at a hat-peg." Sir James Graham would do the dovetailing. Q. confesses to a difficulty in finding among the members of the sitting parliament, a sufficient number of stone-squarers, knowing that there are so few among them who can look upon more than *one side.*

A small anti-corn-law meeting is held. Protectionist reporters describe one speaker as a fustian-coated biped—the lady present as wearing "a shocking bad black and white straw bonnet." Q. touches upon "Politics of the Outward Man." "Plato, doubtless, thought that he had imagined a magnificent theory when he averred that every man had within him a spark of the divine flame. But, silly Plato! he never considered how easily this spark might be blown out. At this moment how many Englishmen are walking about the land utterly extinguished! Had men been made on the principle of the safety-lamp, they might have defied the foul breath of the world's opinion; but, alas! what a tender, thin-skinned, shivering thing is man! His covering—the livery of original sin, bought with the pilfered apples—is worn into a hole; and opinion, that sour-breathed hag, claps her blue lips to the broken web, gives a puff, and out goes man's immortal spark! From this moment the creature is but a carcass; he can eat and drink (when lucky enough to be able to try

the experiment), talk, walk, and no more; yes, we forgot, he can work; he still keeps precedence of the ape in the scale of creation, for he can work for those who, thickly clothed and buttoned to the throat, have no rent in their purple, no stitch dropped in their superfine, to expose their precious souls to an annihilating gust, and who, therefore, keep their immortal sparks like tapers in burglars' dark lanterns, whereby to rob and spoil with greater certainty."

Sir Peter Laurie has committed a starving tailor to the treadmill for a month, as a rogue and vagabond, for having attempted to commit suicide. Sir Peter announces his intention of looking very narrowly into these cases for the future. Q. having no more thought of dedicating a whole page of *Punch* to one Sir Peter Laurie "than the zoological Mr. Cross would think of devoting an acre of his gardens to one ass, simply because it happened to be the largest known specimen of the species," still ventures to contrast life, as seen by the sleek alderman, with life as regarded by "the famine-stricken multitudes of Bolton." "Let Comfort," Q. concludes, "paint a portrait of life, and now Penury take the pencil. 'Pooh, pooh!' cry the sage Lauries of the world, looking at the two pictures; 'that scoundrel Penury has drawn an infamous libel. *That* life! with that withered face, sunken eye, and shrivelled lip; and what is worse, with a suicidal scar in its throat! *That* life! The painter Penury is committed for a month as a rogue and vagabond. We shall look very narrowly into these cases.' We agree with the profound Sir Peter Laurie that it is a most wicked, a most foolish act of the poor man, to end his misery by suicide. But we think there is a better remedy for such desperation than the treadmill. The surest way for the rich and

powerful of the world to make the poor man more careful of his life is to render it of greater value to him."

Louis Philippe, with Queen Christina, the mover of the famous revolution in Spain, against her own children, is contrasted with the authors of the Quenisset conspiracy in France. Louis Philippe is the Jemmy Twitcher of the French. His double, the carpenter Just of the French conspiracy, is left for the guillotine when caught, while his Majesty, and her ex-Majesty of Spain, remain in safety. Just leaves his dupe to be decapitated, and sneaks away; their Majesties leave Don Leon, and the other brave men they incited to revolt, to the executioner. Q. says, "It is to make the blood boil in our veins, to read the account of the execution of such men as Leon, Ora, and Boria, the foolish martyrs to a wicked cause. Never was a great social wrong dignified by higher courage. Our admiration of the boldness with which these men have faced their fate, is mingled with the deepest regret that the prime conspirators are safe in Paris; that one sits in derision of justice on fellow-criminals—on men whose crime may have some slight extenuation from ignorance, want, or fancied cause of revenge; that the other, with the surpassing meekness of Christianity, goes to mass in her carriage, distributes her alms to the poor, and, with her soul dyed with the blood of the young, the chivalrous and the brave, makes mouths at heaven in very mockery of prayer. We once were sufficiently credulous to believe in the honesty of Louis Philippe; we sympathized with him as a bold, able, high-principled man, fighting the fight of good government against a faction of smoke-headed fools and scoundrel desperadoes. He has outlived our good opinion—the good opinion of the world. He is, after all, a lump of crowned vulgarity. Pity it is

that men, the trusting and the brave, are made the puppets, the martyrs, of such regality!"

"Half the day at least," says the editor of *The Athenæum* (December, 1841), "we are *in fancy* at the palace, taking *our turn* of loyal watch by the cradle of the heir-apparent; *the rest* at our own firesides, in that mood of *cheerful thankfulness* which makes fun and frolic welcome." About the same time Weeks, a Greenwich pensioner, was "fobbed out of £120,000" for having boasted, among other things, that he had had children by Queen Elizabeth—that he intended to marry Queen Victoria—and that, in fact, "not *George the Third* but *Weeks the First* was the father of Queen Charlotte's offspring." "Now," asks Q., "what is all this but loyalty *in excess?* Is it not precisely the same feeling that takes the editor of *The Athenæum* half of every day from his family, spell-binding him at the cradle of the Duke of Cornwall? Cannot our readers just as easily believe the pensioner as the editor? We can. . . . A writer in *The Almanach des Gourmands* says, in praise of a certain viand, 'this is a dish to be eaten on your knees.' There are writers who, with goose-quill in hand, never approach royalty but they—write upon their knees!"

In the first number of *The London Charivari's* second volume is "The Vision of Punch" by Q., wherein Eighteen-Hundred-and-Forty-One joins his elders in the Hall of Departed Years. "And every year sat beneath his number burning above him, from the year 1 to the year 1841. And almost every year had a different garment from his fellow. The Year One, and many of his immediate neighbours, wore skins of beasts, and were painted as *Punch* had seen the pictures of the ancient Britons; whilst succeeding years sported the Norman

shirt, and others the flowing robes of the Plantagenets, and some sat demure and close-cropped, with the faces of Puritans; and to these succeeded years in short velvet cloaks, and Spanish hats and plumes; and to them, years (the first was the Year Sixteen-Hundred-and-Eighty-eight) in square-tailed coats; and then following years smiled from under three-cornered hats and periwigs; and there were other years in blue coats and buckskin breeches. Indeed, among all the eighteen hundred and forty-one assembled, there were no two years that wore precisely the same outward covering. The last comer (for brevity we'll call him Forty-one) entered in a Petersham coat and railway drill trousers. As he took his seat, he was received with clamorous applause." Then the years fall to gossiping with the new comer, Waterloo. Eighteen-fifteen asks how his old friend Wellington does?

"He's as droll as ever in the House of Lords," replied Forty-one. "A few weeks ago he said poverty, drunkenness, and idleness were one and the same thing, and stoutly denied the existence of any want in the country, as he had himself counted five-and-twenty turkeys at his own poulterer's." Then Forty-one relates how O'Connell has lost himself in a lord mayor's pair of breeches—how, by way of war, a few teapots had been broken in China. At last, wearied with the many questions of the elders, Forty-one, having quaffed from a skull of methegelin—offered by Death, "Time's true Ganymede"—said, "I have seen misery increase with every hour; I have heard the wailing voices of tens of thousands of the poor crying for bread; and I have heard purse-proud monopolists exclaim, with a voice of thunder, 'Give them a stone!' As for politics I have left the world in a very pretty clench. The Whigs, failing to sympathize with

the people, lost them. As for the Conservatives they are pledged to '*remedy all approved abuses*,' the question being, What will they admit *to be* an abuse? Will they call a rat-hole a rat-hole? or will they, as they have ever done, swear the hole to be a useful, healthful ventilator?" Then Forty-one declares that a popular power is rising that must be paramount. "Though a Hercules be at the breast, the time will come when he'll wield a club."

"Man *versus* Machine" is a paper in which a petition in favour of a Ten Hours' Act, presented to Sir Robert Peel, is discussed. Sir Robert replied that "female and youthful labour is preferred, *because of its greater cheapness*." "Hist! A word," cries Q., "to the perpetuation of a system that deprives the poor man of a virtuous wife, and the poor infant of a tender mother—she is *cheaper* than the masculine animal. . . . The steam-engine, despite of themselves, must and will carry statesmen back to first principles. As it is, machinery is a fiend to the poor; the time will come when it will be as a beneficent angel."

The Marquis de Boissy, in the French Chamber of Peers, in 1842, said, "The worst enemies of government are persons without property;" whereupon Q. writes a paper on "The Traitor 'Nothing.'" "Agreed," says Q. "This Nothing is the poor man's fiend—the devil that haunts him. In the morning he rises with Nothing at his fireside—if, indeed, he have not slept with Nothing, in the winter air. He looks in his cupboard: Nothing grins at him from the empty shelves—Nothing frowns from the dark, cold fireplace. . . . There are ten thousand unknown victims—creatures born to Nothing, tended by Nothing, taught by Nothing, gaining Nothing, hoping Nothing. From their first gulp of vital

air to their death-rattles, Nothing has been with them—Nothing comforted their mother in her hour of anguish—Nothing gave to their babyhood the abandonment and frank happiness of infancy—Nothing, a stony-hearted tyrant, has awakened in their bosoms the dignity and supremacy of man—Nothing has been their shadow, their fate, their destiny. . . . Thus considered, what a terrible meaning has this said Nothing! What a monster it is! What blood and tears make up its name! What groans and heart-breaks are in its voice! And, alas! we fear it is too true—Nothing is an enemy of the government! And Nothing—let the government be sure of it—has a hundred thousand emissaries." *

The Duke of Wellington gave to the 72d Highlanders colours "consecrated," in the words of his grace, "by one of the highest dignitaries of the church." "The Quakers," writes Q—"a rich body too—will pay well for any wondrous piece of writing that may disabuse their meek and intelligent sect of an old, ingrained prejudice, that denounces war as bloodshed, and conquest as plunder. More—we have no doubt that, as amends for their long errors of ignorance, they will raise among themselves an efficient corps for active service. Yes, we shall have the Volunteer Broadbrims and the Rifle Drabs. The stain and taint of blood being taken from the colours of war—the foul and reeking coat of Mars having been subjected to the great episcopal reviver—homicide becomes an agreeable kind of Whole Duty of Man, and pillage a sacred and most direct way of enriching one's self. We must, however, have the form of consecration published, otherwise men will uncharitably accuse the sublime prel-

* In 1848 Nothing—not a Reform banquet—destroyed the government of the Marquis de Boissy's royal master.

ate of selfish ends, as wishing to retain a monopoly of the process. We have, however, no objection to its being secured to him by patent, if he will fix upon a permission to use the same at a moderate price, to be brought within the means of even a Welsh curate."

"Why not consecrate the kilts?" asks Q.

The Duke of Wellington, as he rode to the House, touched his hat to the groans of a crowd, "as if receiving the most complimentary applause." Q. contrasts the duke riding over the bloody field of Waterloo in deep despondency, with the coldness with which he might ride in England amid the famished. "How many more than fifty thousand Englishmen are, at this moment, dying the slow and torturing death of want! Paisley and Bolton can outnumber the horrors of Waterloo; and yet it is evident, from the political arrival of the duke in the House of Lords—evident from his heroism so recently exhibited near St. Margaret's—that his grace could 'very deliberately walk his horse' through the grass-grown streets of the manufacturing town, and 'touch his hat' to the groans of its famine-stricken denizens."

The County Courts' Bill is before parliament. The subject of law abuses is a fruitful one. Q. declares that John Bull "may defy the bowstring; but can he laugh at that more fatal ligament—red tape? He may snap his fingers at the knout; but can he smile at that Beelzebub's blister—parchment? . . . . Turkey has her eunuchs, Russia her Cossacks, and England her attorneys! There is for the sins, or rather the supposed sins of men, the bowstring, the spear, and the writ!" Well, of course Wellington will resist Reform now, as he resisted the abolition of arrest for debt on *mesne process*. "We once more may hear Achilles pleading for the innocent civilian,

attorney Polyphemus!" Lawyers are, of course, against cheap justice. "It is because lawyers are not wedded to justice that, like other profligates with their nominal wives, they would have her dress finely."

Sir Robert Peel carries an Income Tax of sevenpence in the pound. Q. thanks him, in the name of suffering thousands, and is not ashamed to own that Sir Robert has disappointed him, and that most agreeably. There should have been a Property Tax in aid of the distress of suffering thousands; but then, asks Q., "Can any one not worthy of a cell in Bedlam hope a Property Tax from the wisdom and self-devotion of the House of Commons? When 'dealers in marine stores' shall seek out the innocents despoiled, and render back to them the goods they have lost, then will the heart of St. Stephen turn to flesh in his bosom, and, unbuttoning his pocket, will he pay a Property Tax!" A cry is raised against the inquisitorial nature of the Income Tax." Q. writes: The Income Tax is inquisitorial! In consequence of its operation every man must inevitably have some knowledge of the true means of his neighbour. Why, if society were regulated by just principles; if honesty, and nought but honesty, traded in the market, bartered in the warehouse, and sold behind the counter, a man would no more seek to mask his means from the world than he now seeks to mask his face. . . . Hypocrisy is the tutelar spirit of society—the foundations of all cities are lies." Mr. Charles Buller thought the principle of indirect taxation better. Q. likens this unconscious levying of taxes to the activity of the vampire-bat—he is the tax-gatherer on these occasions. "For we are told that the creature, in the silence of night, fixes itself upon the toes of the sleeper, and drinks and drinks its greedy draughts of blood, and while it drinks, benevo-

lently fans its victim with its wings; and so the sleeper, *i. e.*, the tax-payer, sleeps on until the vampire is gorged; and then the creature goes away, leaving the man in perfect ignorance of the amount of income he has, in his slumber, subscribed. Now this is the sort of tax-gatherer proposed by Mr. Charles Buller. Dr. Peel, however, says, 'No; I want so many ounces of blood from every man, according to his capabilities of losing the same. I will take them, weigh them fairly; so hold out your arm, and—where's the basin?'"

A murder is committed, and the murderer becomes famous. Q. discourses of BLOOD. "'*The murderer takes coffee!*' On the instant a hundred goose-quills register the fact. The assassin eats one, two, three slices of bread and butter; and one, two, three slices are faithfully registered by the historians of blood. The murderer smiles, and the ever-watchful public instructor makes inventory of the homicidal dimple. The manqueller 'talks unconcernedly,' and the light chit-chat of the ensanguined wretch is served up for families at Sunday tables. The miscreant sleeps; but is he left in solitude? O no! for the Press, a harridan gossip, sits at the pallet of the man of blood, and counts his throes, his groans; marks his convulsed limbs, and the sweat of agony upon his Cain-branded brow, and straightway vends her babble to all buyers. . . . To take human life is terrible; but is there no guilt in moral murder? Is there no crime in systematically killing the finest sensibilities of our nature, by daily and hourly familiarizing them with the atrocities of monsters? Look at the placards exhibited throughout London for these past three weeks! We read nothing but 'Blood!' The very walls cry, 'Blood!'"

Quoth Hume, in the House of Commons, "the time was come for doing away with some of the gold lace"—at court! Q. enlarges on this point. "Nations, like individuals, have their times for cup-and-ball, jack-in-the-box, and ring-taw. The office of Court Fool was at one time a post essential to the privilege, if not to the dignity, of royalty. The office was abolished by no statute, but fell into contempt, and was finally set aside by the advancing spirit of society. For ourselves we have held, it may be, peculiar and false notions respecting these Court Zanies. We have looked upon them as great social reformers—as a kind of working curates to the high-priest, Humanity. When no man's tongue dared to speak the indignation of his heart; at a time when the bitterest social wrong was to be endured in silence; when man was the flushed, unchecked oppressor of man, the Court Fool gave utterance to the groan, winging the suffering with a jest that, like the feather to the arrow, sent the truth still further home. Who shall say how much violence and wrong the Court Fool may not have stayed when, in the hours of vacancy or mirth, he may have put truth into the guise of folly, and, with the quaint courage of an allowed zany, have touched with pity and remorse, the bosom of a tyrant? Even despotism, in its innermost heart, loves truth; and though truth was not to be allowed in its solemn voice and simple garb, it might be jingled with the bells of a merry-andrew—permitted in the livery of a jester. As men began to beard despotism the Court Fool fell into neglect, and when Truth might speak her own language, her liveried talker gave up the ghost. Mr. Hume doubtless sees, in the gold-trapped lackeys of the state, expensive court fools without their wit. They are costly without being amusing—the remnants of a bygone time—the big

glittering babies 'suckled in a creed outworn.' '*Therefore the time is come for doing away some of the gold lace.*'"

Yet how—not only at court, but through the country—we hustle and fight for a bit of "gold lace!" "And, as society is at present, is not every man judged by the quantity of his 'gold lace?' Is not, therefore, 'gold lace' the subject of the morning and evening hymn with all men? Do we ask of a man, 'Has he talent, virtue, patriotism, benevolence? Is he the pattern of a husband, parent, and citizen?' O no! we ask nothing of this—he may have all this—he may be all this—we do not question it; but—and here we draw ourselves up, and put the interrogation with an awfulness of manner, in proper keeping with the solemnity of the query—but we ask, 'Has the man *gold lace?*' Happy will be the land when, duly conscious of what constitutes true greatness, it shall exclaim, in the (improved) words of Joseph Hume, '*Therefore the time is come for doing away* ALL *of the gold lace!*'"

Minutes of evidence before a select committee of the House of Commons, on the subject of members' accommodation, were published in 1842. A library and a smoking room are among the conveniences recommended. Q. suggests that bath-rooms, sulphur, strigils, ("there are drawings of the last in Sir W. Gell's *Pompeiana*,") scissors, bath-men, &c., should be added to insure parliamentary cleanliness. Instead of going to the expense of a smoking-room, why should not members be permitted to smoke in their places? "The smoke curling from meerschaum and cigar would, in so many cases, exquisitely illustrate the patriotism, wisdom, and utility of the smokers. We trust that Mr. Hume will get up an amend-

ment, to the effect that there be no smoking-room, but that a small grant be voted for the supply of six hundred and fifty-eight japanned spittoons." Then why is there no proposition for a billiard-room? "This is a grievous omission; the more so as the object of many members' seeking the House of Commons is solely to learn how to —pocket." Cards, dice, and dominoes, also, should have been admitted. Q. is convinced that the omission has only to be pointed out to be remedied. For then "how many railway and company bills, at present prosily discussed in committee, might be arranged in a comfortable round game of *speculation!* . . . Instead of settling every question by the tedious operation of dividing the House, why not *cut* for it?"

Captain Alexander Byrie, of the Acadia, in latitude 46°, longitude 47°, saw an iceberg, from four hundred to five hundred feet high, bearing so strong a resemblance to St. Paul's, that it was at once christened after that celebrated cathedral. Q. finds something more than curious in this ice-formed cathedral. He has little doubt that it is intended as a significant warning to certain dignitaries of the church—to certain bodies of protesting Christians. "For our part, iceberg as it is, we think it should be immediately dignified by deans, prebends, canons, choir, and all the other ecclesiastical ornaments to be found in the stone St. Paul's. We should mightily like to have the appointment of the whole body. We think we could lay our finger upon a bishop, whose hot political zeal would be reduced to a very healthful temperature, if submitted to an ice pulpit. Then his discourses would have the refreshing coolness of his own port. Most of us know what hot bishop is; therefore, for a trial, we should mightily like to taste the bishop we *could* name—well

iced. We know not whether Sir Christopher Wren's St. Paul's could spare a few of its body for its glacial counterpart; but we have no doubt that Sydney Smith can immediately resolve that question. We think there are many attached to the stone edifice very much too warm for zealous churchmen—they would cool down admirably, preferred to an iceberg. As for the congregation we could ship off thousands who, with lips of Christian love, have hearts of snowballs—zealous church-goers, who come and go, frozen in their orthodoxy, whose constitutional piety never rises to blood heat. There is, however, one appointment that we insist upon having in our own gift—it is that of beadle, which, in the handsomest way, we shall bestow on Mr. Plumptre, whose recent efforts in parliament to stop by statute, the chirping of sparrows on Sundays, demands the grateful acknowledgments of the whole Christian world. Neither, should Sir Andrew Agnew apply for the place, do we think we could find it in our hearts to refuse him, the appointment of pew-opener. We have not entered upon this subject in a thoughtless vein. We are aware that the frequent cry of, 'The Church is in danger!' may be repeated on board the iceberg St. Paul's, the more especially should it float into a warm latitude. We have heard of the dissolution of abbeys; but what a dissolution would there be of the cathedral, as, piece by piece, it melted into the relentless waters! We have, however, provided for the dignitaries and the congregation; nay, the beadle and the pew-opener shall partake of our benevolence; for, in the true spirit of philanthropy, we propose to present one and all with—a cork jacket!"

In the middle of 1842, still continuing the "Q. Papers," of which I have offered the reader some random

samples—still, in quaint story or happy metaphor, dealing with the social and political questions of the day, Douglas Jerrold began "Punch's Letters to his Son." But these "Q. Papers" were "the first essays which attracted attention in *Punch*. "A basis of philosophical observation tinged with tenderness," writes Mr. Hannay, "and a dry, ironical humour—all, like the Scottish lion in heraldry, 'within a double tressure-fleury and counter-fleury' of wit and fancy—such is a Jerroldian paper of the best class in *Punch*. It stands out by itself from all the others—the sharp, critical knowingness, sparkling with puns, of à Beckett—the inimitable, wise, easy, playful, worldly, social sketch of Thackeray. In imagery he had no rivals there; for his mind had a very marked tendency to the ornamental and illustrative—even to the grotesque. In satire, again, he had fewer competitors than in humour; sarcasms lurk under his similes, like wasps in fruit or flowers. I will just quote one specimen from a casual article of his, because it happens to occur to my memory, and because it illustrates his manner. The *Chronicle* had been attacking some artists in whom he took an interest. In replying, he set out by telling how, in some vine countries, they repress the too luxuriant growths by sending in asses to crop the shoots. Then he remarked gravely that young artists required pruning, and added, 'How thankful we ought all to be that the *Chronicle* keeps a donkey!' In sterner moods he was grander. Of a Jew money-lender he said that 'he might die like Judas, but that he had no bowels to gush out;' also, that 'he (the money-lender) would have sold our Saviour for *more money*.' An imaginative colour distinguished his best satire, and it had the deadly and wild glitter of war-rockets. This was the most original quality,

too, of his satire, and just the quality which is least common in our present satirical literature. He had read the old writers—Browne, Donne, Fuller, and Cowley—and was tinged with that richer and quainter vein which so emphatically distinguishes them from the prosaic wits of our day. His weapons reminded you of Damascus rather than Birmingham."

Most various are the subjects carved in *Punch* by this keen weapon. "The Debate on the Drama;" "The Eyes of Europe and the Eyes of the World;" "A Voice from the Grave," none other than that of the late Marquis of Hertford speaking to the character, according to Mr. Thesiger, of Nicholas Suisse, his late lordship's valet; "Our Wants," a quaint paper on the "Wanted" advertisement column of the *Times;* "The Luxury of Assault;" "Goose *versus* Eagle," a whimsical article on the Ashburton treaty; "Peace with the Pig-Tails;" "The 'Sabre' and the 'Cross;'" "Peel's 'Velveteens;'" "The 'Milk' of Poor-Law 'Kindness;'" "Philanthropy and Fiddling;" "The Pope's Medal;" "The Pearls of Parliament;" "Great Meeting of the Bishops;" "The Pig-skin Solomon;" "Needles and Coronets;" "Great Meeting of the Duchesses;" "Wanted—some Bishops!" "A Royal Wife of—£3,000!" &c. Then there were the "Jenkins Papers," in which the patrician idolatry of the *Morning Post* was whipped severely; the "Pecksniffery Papers;" squibs of all kinds by the dozen; with bushels of jokes, sharp as crackers, on the passing follies of the hour. All these, however, were the lighter, the less important contributions made to *Punch* by Douglas Jerrold. He gave the journal its political backbone in the "Q. Papers," undoubtedly; but he gave it more. He contributed chapters as tender as the "Story of a Fea-

ther" and "Our Honeymoon;" as dramatic and popular (though he was weary of their popularity, and disliked to be known chiefly as their author) as "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures;"* as sharply satirical and profoundly witty as "Punch's Letters to his Son," and "Punch's Complete Letter Writer." Other series—as "Mrs. Bib's Baby," "The Female Robinson Crusoe"—of less success than the preceding, were his; but "Our Honeymoon" may be said to be the last series of mark that Douglas Jerrold contributed to his favourite periodical. All were introduced in queer arabesque prefaces, and in some ("Punch's Letters," for instance) come refutations or explanations of charges of bitterness. "It may be charged against these 'Letters,'" says their author, "that they are not written in milk upon rose leaves. The charge is undeniably true. The LETTER WRITER, with all decent meekness, pleads guilty to it. A porcupine—even an infant porcupine, with its quills in the down—is not a lamb, a snow-white lamb, cropping trefoil and wild thyme, and now and then taking a jocund gambol, no doubt to promote its digestion. But for this do we blame the porcupine? Do we call it a monster, simply because its quills are not wool? No, it was created a porcupine, and the point to be considered is this—is it a porcupine, a porcupine of average merits, or in all things a most exemplary porcupine?" Then the porcupine as a dish is contrasted with lamb, and the experience of M. Charlevoix in North America is laid under contribution, to prove that the prickly hog eats well. "Now," adds the author, "it is wished that these 'Letters' should be treated by the reader as North American Indians are wont to treat early porcupines.

* These "Lectures" have been translated into almost all the continental languages. I have a Dutch edition before me.

They may bear about them the rudiments of quills; but let him try what is under them, strip off their outward clothing, and then, literally hoping the best, let him fall to, even as he would make essay on the flesh and bones of a flayed young porcupine."

"Punch's Letters" (they are dedicated to the Lord Chamberlain) preach worldly wisdom, in parables, stories, and by examples. The very dedication is a story of how a certain pearl, destined to repose upon the palpitating bosom of an Eastern queen, fell into the wash of a pig! But *Punch*—representing the author—in the introduction confesses that his "Letters to his Son" are written in lemon-juice. The son is dead. "Yes, mutton was his fate," says the parental *Punch;* and, turning to the letter by the father, we find a few words from the dear child. "*Condemned Cell, Newgate.* Honoured Parent,—I have, to the best of my abilities, followed the advice sent to me from time to time in your 'Letters.' You will, therefore, as the Ordinary says, not be surprised to find I write from this place. It is a case of mutton, and I am to be hanged on Monday. Your Son, Punch the Younger. P. S.—You will find that, in spite of my misfortunes, I have the credit of my family still at heart. I shall, therefore, be hanged as John Jones!" "My heroic boy kept his word," *Punch père* adds, "and until this very hour his mother is ignorant of his fate, believing him to be at this moment ambassador at the court of ——."

"Punch's Complete Letter Writer" is dedicated to ——, Secretary to the Home Department. "A mere high title," says *Punch* "at the head of a dedication is a piece of pompous lumber. In the shallowness of our judgment, we bestow a humiliating pity on the forlorn

savage who lays his offering of fruits and flowers before his wooden idol with a formidable name—an idol certainly with gold rings in its nose and ears, and perhaps an uncut diamond in its forehead; but, nevertheless, an insensible block. The fruits shrivel and rot—the flowers die a death of profitless sweetness; for the idol has no gustatory sense, no expanding nostril. I say, we pity the poor darkened fool who may have risked his limbs for cocoa-nuts, who may have tempted the whole family of mortal snakes, groping his way through woods, scrambling up ravines to gather flowers, and only to lay the hard winnings of his toil before a stock, a stone, that cannot even so much as wink a thankfulness for such desperate duty done. And what shall we say of the author who, choosing a patron merely for his titles—for the gold rings in his nose and ears, and certainly not for the diamond in his head—lays before him a book for which the poor creature has not the slightest relish? He is incapable of tasting its deliciousness. Its most sapid morsels lie in his mouth like bran. He chews and chews a prime cut—yea, the very pope's eye of philosophy—as it were chopped hay. I bestow ink upon no such man. And thou, sagacious, and therefore pacific goose, still enjoy thy common right; still with snaky neck search the short grass; still, with fixed and meditating look, eye men askance—disturb thee not; I rifle not thy wing of its gray wealth to nib a pen for such a patron."

But *Punch* dedicated his "Complete Letter Writer" to the Home Secretary on grounds then indisputable, namely, because this minister had the whole run of the Post Office, and must therefore "possess a most refined, most exquisite taste, for the graces of epistolary composition."

Among these letters is one from a lady inquiring about the character of a servant, and one from a servant inquiring about the character of a mistress—sharp satires on these social relations. The servant writes to a late fellow-servant living next door to her prospective mistress, to know whether Mrs. Squaw nags, and how she allows her servants to dress. "Mind," says Bridget Duster, "I don't insist on ringlets *in* the house, but when I go out I'm my own mistress. I've given up two places for my bird-of-paradise feather—it looks quite alive in my white chip!—and would give up twenty." Then Bridget must know what is Mrs. Squaw's character for crockery. Bridget, who is courted by a Life Guardsman, "quite a building of a man"—grows pathetic over Mrs. Squaw's objection to followers. "No followers, indeed!" says Bridget. "No; they think that the cat and the kettle, and the kitchen clock, are company enough for a poor servant. They never think of us in the long winter nights when they are playing at cards, or chatting with folks who've dropped in; they never think of us, all alone as we are, without a soul to speak to! No, we must have no followers, though perhaps the parlour's ringing again with laughter; and our only chance of opening our lips is the chance of being sent out to get oysters for the company." The purpose here is clear, as it is clear, through its veil of playful fancy, or behind the barb of a sharp sarcasm, throughout the "Letter Writer;" and the war is, as ever, in behalf of the weak.

In the "Story of a Feather" the single purpose of Douglas Jerrold's writings—that which you shall find giving a colour and a solidity to his lightest effusions, namely, the subduing the falsities and the wrongs that he saw about him—flows quietly through the serious as well

as the livelier parts of the book. "The Story" is accepted as "a good expression of his more earnest and tender mood." I am reminded, by a friendly critic, of the delicacy with which all the part about the poor actress is worked up. "How moral, how stoical, the feeling that pervades it! The bitterness is healthy—healthy as bark." The success of this story has been greater than that of any other written by Douglas Jerrold, the reason being that there is strong dramatic interest woven about a happy idea. The natural way in which the feather travels, now to the cot of the Prince of Wales, and now, draggled, to the theatre; how it is taken to a tavern, and left in a hackney coach; how it finds its way to Newgate; and the stories that naturally turn up here and there, as that of the Countess of Blushrose and her babe (a true incident, by the way); the abundant fancies, and the poetic felicities of description which this short story includes, have been kindly dwelt upon by all critics who have carefully read it. Mr. Dickens wrote, when the story appeared as a book, "I am truly proud of your remembrance, and have put the 'Story of a Feather' on a shelf (not an obscure one) where some other feathers are, which it shall help to show mankind which way the wind blows, long after *we* know where the wind comes from. I am quite delighted to find that you have touched the latter part again, and touched it with such a delicate and tender hand. It is a wise and beautiful book. I am sure I may venture to say so to you, for nobody consulted it more regularly and earnestly than I did, as it came out in *Punch*."

A critic of some weight, dealing recently with the collected edition of Douglas Jerrold's writings, turned from the lighter sketches by the author, to the "Story of a

Feather." "But the 'Story of a Feather,'" he wrote, "perhaps, is the most affecting, humanly; and produces this powerful effect from the relentless way in which the terrible sketching is faithfully done, the strokes of the pencil falling like strokes of a whip. There is no slurring over, no 'idealizing' (which so often comes to mere falsity) in the descriptions there. Gauntwolf, for instance, will remain a permanent image to us for ever; there is right earnestness in the way in which *he* is depicted; he seems sent flying into the realms of art by a kick from the artist. The predominant characteristic of this story is power, and the moral character of it, earnestness; it is painted with intensity, for it has feeling in every paragraph. No 'wit' could have written it, any more than he could have written the funeral service."

This same critic remarks in another place, "It appears to me diving very adroitly into the well of Truth. Especially you may observe how his [Jerrold's] mind, 'getting under weigh'—be it in story, moralizing, picturesque describing, mere playfulness, or satirical irony—accumulates all its resources, and conducts the journey with pomp and plentifulness. All sorts of ornament, and illustrations, and allurements are heaped together—flowers, perfumes, precious stones, fresh green leaves, images in ebony, ivory, and the precious metals. For if impulsive warmth be the central fact, lavish and brilliant expression is the secondary one."

"Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures" were welcomed by laughing thousands. They appealed to English domesticity. They were drolleries to be enjoyed over tea and toast—(some of them written to dictation on a bed of sickness, racked by rheumatism)—as understandable in the kitchen as in the drawing-room—by the mechanic's

wife as by her grace, slumbering under the shadow of her ducal coronet. Husbands poked the points at their wives, and wives read and laughed, vowing that Mrs. Caudle was very like Mrs. ——. Every married lady throughout these pleasant realms saw a likeness here; but to none was the page a looking-glass. A vast secret this for a popular subject! Choose you, tremulous author, biting dubiously the feather of your pen—choose you a theme that shall reflect your reader's friend, and not your reader. The "Snob Papers" have never been read by a snob, but have been gladly devoured by thousands of snobs' friends. Mrs. Caudle was the next-door neighbour of every married woman in England. Perusing the last lecture, fair readers flashed the lightning of their wicked eyes to play Jack-o'-lantern in the connubial chamber of next door, there to find the true original—there to cast light upon the model of wicked, provoking *Mr. Punch*. "It has happened to the writer," says the pen-and-ink parent of Mrs. C., "that two, or three, or ten, or twenty gentlewomen have asked him, and asked in various notes of wonder, pity, and reproof, '*What could have made you think of Mrs. Caudle? How could such a thing have entered any man's mind?*' There are subjects that seem like rain-drops to fall upon a man's head, the head itself having nothing to do with the matter. The result of no train of thought, there is the picture, the statue, the book, wafted like the smallest seed into the brain, to feed upon the soil, such as it may be, and grow there. And this was, no doubt, the accidental cause of the literary sowing and expansion—unfolding like a night flower—of Mrs. Caudle. But let a jury of gentlewomen decide. It was a thick, black, wintery afternoon, when the writer stopped in the front of the playground

of a suburban school. The ground swarmed with boys full of the Saturday's holiday. The earth seemed roofed with the oldest lead, and the wind came sharp as Shylock's knife from the Minories. But those happy boys ran and jumped, and hopped and shouted, and—unconscious men in miniature!—in their own world of frolic, had no thought of the full-length men they would some day become—drawn out into grave citizenship—formal, respectable, responsible. To them the sky was of any or all colours; and for that keen east wind—if it was called the east wind—cutting the shoulder-blades of old, old men of forty, they, in their immortality of boyhood, had the redder faces and the nimbler blood for it. And the writer, looking dreamily into that playground, still mused on the robust jollity of those little fellows, to whom the tax-gatherer was as yet a rarer animal than baby hippopotamus. Heroic boyhood, so ignorant of the future in the knowing enjoyment of the present! And the writer, still dreaming and musing, and still following no distinct line of thought, there struck upon him, like notes of sudden household music, these words—CURTAIN LECTURES. One moment there was no living object save those racing, shouting boys; and the next, as though a white dove had alighted on the pen-hand of the writer, there was—MRS. CAUDLE. Ladies of the jury, are there not then some subjects of letters that mysteriously assert an effect, without any discoverable cause? Otherwise, wherefore should the thought of CURTAIN LECTURES grow from a school-ground? wherefore, among a crowd of holiday school-boys, should appear MRS. CAUDLE? For the LECTURES themselves, it is feared they must be given up as a farcical desecration of a solemn time-honoured privilege; it may be, exercised once in a lifetime, and that once having

the effect of a hundred repetitions, as Job lectured his wife. And Job's wife, a certain Mohammedan writer delivers, having committed a fault in her love to her husband, he swore that on his recovery he would deal her a hundred stripes. Job got well, and his heart was touched and taught by her tenderness; to keep his vow, and still to chastise his helpmate, he smote her once with a palm-branch having a hundred leaves."

Introducing Mr. Caudle, the patient listener, the writer touches upon wedding rings. "Manifold are the uses of rings. Even swine are tamed by them; you will see a vagrant, hilarious, devastating porker—a full-blooded fellow that would bleed into many, many fathoms of blackpudding—you will see him, escaped from his proper home, straying in a neighbour's garden. How he tramples upon the heartsease; how, with quivering snout, he roots up lilies—odoriferous bulbs! Here he gives a reckless snatch at thyme and marjoram, and there he munches violets and gillyflowers. At length the marauder is detected, seized by his owner and driven, beaten, home. To make the porker less dangerous it is determined that he shall be *ringed*. The sentence is pronounced—execution ordered. Listen to his screams!

> 'Would you not think the knife was in his throat?
> And yet they're only boring through his nose!

Hence, for all future time, the porker behaves himself with a sort of forced propriety; for in either nostril he carries a ring. It is, for the greatness of humanity, a saddening thought, that sometimes men must be treated no better than pigs." Job suffered the lectures of his wife during thirty years, and then used his time, after Mrs. C.'s lamented death, to set them down.

These "Lectures," I make bold to affirm, are known

to all the readers these pages are likely to attract; from the lecture on Caudle's loan of five pounds to a friend, to that which describes the fact that *Mrs. Caudle has taken Cold and gives the Tragedy of Thin Shoes.* Mrs. Caudle dies; and *Punch*, inditing a postscript to the "Lectures," declares that if he have supplied a solitary text to meet any of the manifold wrongs with which woman, in her household life, is continually pressed "by her tyrannic taskmaster, man," he feels that he has only paid back "one grain, hardly one, of that mountain of more than gold" it is his felicity to owe her. Very happy, too, are the concluding words, in which *Mr. Punch* sets himself right with the sex. He says, "During the progress of these 'Lectures' it has very often pained us, and that excessively, to hear from unthinking, inexperienced men—bachelors, of course—that very woman, no matter how divinely composed, has, in her ichor-flowing veins, one drop, 'no bigger than a wren's eye,' of Caudle; that Eve herself may now and then have been guilty of a lecture, murmuring it balmily amongst the rose leaves. It may be so; still, be it our pride never to believe it. NEVER!"

"Mr. Caudle's Breakfast Talk," which appeared subsequently in one of "Punch's Almanacs," attracted very little attention. Job was flat after his wife. The author, it has been said in print, took the popularity of "The Caudle Lectures" somewhat "sulkily," as he took his fame as the author of *Black-Eyed Susan*, for the simple and obvious reason that he knew he had written far better things than these; and that, consequently, his reputation was not fairly based. He would have been known as the author of "Clovernook," *Bubbles of the Day, Time Works Wonders*, the "Man Made of Money," and the

"Story of a Feather." But he was delighted—as delighted as the proprietors—to see the circulation of *Punch* grow even under the nightcap of Mrs. Caudle. He went, radiant, to the weekly *Punch* dinners; and was merry there in the midst of the men he had met, for years, over that kindly, social board.

Amid all these series, he still cast his keen weapons about him, in paragraphs, in lines, in two or three words. Up and down the broken lively columns of *Punch*, through thirty-four solid volumes, you may trace jokes and sarcasms hurled at social grievances; quaint allegories—now the "Boa and the Blanket," turning to proper ridicule Mr. Warren's "Lily and the Rose," and now the Burns Festival, in its shortcomings. Presently come trooping from his pen "Twelve Fireside Saints" to sit about men's Christmas hearths, in 1857. They are holy little presences these, with each her special shining virtue to be imitated. Any home shall be the better for looking at—for studying them. They were the author's last marked success in *Punch*—that is, the last things of his which the public seized upon, and welcomed, acknowledging their author.

Only ten days before his death Douglas Jerrold wrote for *Punch*. The *Punch* boy was announced at Kilburn Priory on Friday, the 29th of May, 1857, as he had been announced in the old contributor's study, every week, for the last seventeen years. There sits the author at his desk. A goodly bunch of flowers—culled this morning by his daughter Mary, and, to him, taking a special sweetness from this fact—lies in a green goblet before him. A pile of gaudy books for review are piled up at his side; his paper basket is brimmed; and upon his desk lie two or three little slips of blue paper with

writing upon them that is smaller than the smallest type.

The face is a little pale, and very white the hair looks to-day.

The few blue slips are neatly folded in an envelope; the "*Punch* boy" is told that he may go when he has dined; and the author puts down his favourite gold pen, having marked subjects he will treat in coming weeks.

Men are painting the iron steps that lead from the study window to the garden. He, for whose use these steps are designed—who promises himself the pleasure of walking down them into some shady place in the garden, in full summer—complains of the paint. He never could stand the paint. He has had the painter's cholera. Alas! it is not the paint this time!

CHAPTER X.

MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS.

THE "Story of a Feather," the "Q." articles, &c., which in the year 1843 were appearing in *Punch*, did not—even in addition to the demands of theatrical managers—wholly engross the industry of Douglas Jerrold. Returned from Boulogne at the end of 1841, he had established himself in a very pretty cottage in Park Village East, Regent's Park, where he had a study that was bowered by trees, away from the main road. Hither, to his busy hive, in the spring of 1843, came some gentlemen, proposing to him to enter upon a new field of action. He was as ready as ever. Friends would be about him; there were ideas to be gathered and worked out together, and happy meetings over the work, in the prospect. The notion was, *The Illuminated Magazine;* proprietor, Mr. Herbert Ingram, of *The Illustrated London News*. It was soon before the world—Douglas Jerrold, editor.

In this magazine an endeavour was made to combine the attractions of good authors and good artists. Two old, very old, friends figure in the list. Comes genial Laman Blanchard with "Nell Gwynne's Looking-glass;" and happy, conversational Meadows (to be understood yet), with the pencil that shall draw presently the glowing "Gratis" and the rotund Hermit of Bellyfulle. Peake

is here too. And come trooping after him, writers whom the kind-hearted editor knows, and whom he cannot refuse. He will chafe and fume as he reads their proofs—but *que voulez-vous?* Is there not something holy in the brotherhood of letters? and is it not a vital, cupboard matter that these things shall appear? Oh! for that NO that should have been said long ago—that should have been nailed as the best shield in flaming letters over the study door. The man within—whom the world calls stern and bitter—needs this word, more than any man I have known, above his door. The want of it shall be felt by him and his—has been felt—and bitterly. The men who shall owe him a kindness—to be paid in roses cast upon his grave—are gathering thickly about him. Some, the kindness accorded, to turn their back, with tongue in cheek. But what of that? Let them pass. The faith in good burns still, and you shall never quench it. The last thing that frail hand lying upon that green desk shall write, will be a good done to a fellow-man, which that fellow-man shall walk away with and forget, as though he had been carelessly sauntering down a lane, and had lopped a primrose from its stem!

But our business is with the new magazine. It appeared regularly through many months; and it will be remembered, many years after it failed, as the vehicle that gave birth to the "Chronicles of Clovernook," with Kenny Meadows' masterly illustrations of them; and to essays by the editor like "The Two Windows" (of a workhouse), "The Old Man at the Gate," "The Order of Poverty," "The Folly of the Sword," &c. &c.

I have spoken of the good nature that was warmed to enthusiasm—almost blind enthusiasm—when any one near or dear, or both, was concerned. I, a boy about

fourteen years of age at the time when the early numbers of *The Illuminated Magazine* appeared—I hoped to be an artist; and with enthusiastic fondness, my father occasionally dropped into my room to admire my studies from nature. We went together one day, in 1843, while he had a cottage a few miles from Herne Bay, across country, in lovely weather (and nowhere is lovely weather lovelier than over a Kentish landscape), through the village of Herne. We crossed the pretty churchyard, and went strolling up the rise in the rich park behind it. As we approached the summit of the gentle hill, amid splendid umbrageous trees, we saw in the distance, a long, low building, with two narrow windows in it. It was the workhouse. There might have been a splendid view from it. But blank walls were there, for paupers were within. My father could hardly contain his indignation. He wrote the essay on the morrow entitled "The Two Windows," and bade me illustrate it. The wood-block came from London. I did my best, and it is in the magazine, the unworthy heading to the essay. But he thought well of it, and I was proud indeed. This by way of illustration of his irrepressible leaning to all whom he loved, in any efforts of theirs.

The "Chronicles of Clovernook," "Chronicles of Goosequill"—a fragmentary record of a region no less real than the earth that is trod upon, "because only visited on wings"—are the papers which will, I take it, preserve *The Illuminated Magazine* from oblivion.

These "Chronicles" the author always put forth as the outspeaking of his real nature—of the poetry, the earnest love of the lovely—that was within him. The "Man Made of Money" may be more perfect as a work of art; but in the "Chronicles" lies the soul of the

writer, and all persons who knew him recognize this fact at once. That keen sense of the beauty of nature—the eye that loved to turn from the work-day world, and feed upon hedge-rows, and woody glades, and blue, fading distance—the spirit that rollicked in free, unconventional life, and bore the chains of city rules chafing and ill at ease—that love of the country, which was a true part of a thorough sailor nature—are here expressed—tinged with a devout religion, in no way shackled by formula, as the mummy is swathed in bandages. As I have elsewhere shown, the author pointed to a passage in "Clovernook," when talking with a friend, as that which expressed him better than any other passage of his many writings. Clovernook is a fairy land, with this difference from common fairy land—that it has root in the soil under our feet. It shows man, with plenty about him, the laws which govern plenty set aside. It shows men living in the warm arms of nature—nor chaffering, nor deepening nails in one another's throat. The Gratis is an inn where many would gladly tarry. About Clovernook are mossy fields—none softer nor more grateful to the foot of man. The Hermit—"Well," says Mr. Dickens, writing to the author, "a thousand thanks" for him. "He took my fancy mightily when I first saw him in *The Illuminated;* and I have stowed him away in the left-hand breast-pocket of my travelling coat, that we may hold pleasant converse together on the Rhine. You see what confidence I have in him."

The *Illuminated Magazine* lasted some two years, and then died. The editor, busy still with many projects, had removed from the Regent's Park to West Lodge, Putney Lower Common. In January, 1845, undaunted by a past failure, he started *Douglas Jerrold's Shilling*

Magazine with Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. The year 1845 was, perhaps, the most active twelvemonth Douglas Jerrold passed. In this year he wrote copiously in *Punch;* in his own magazine "St. Giles and St. James's," and the "Hedgehog Letters;" in the *Daily News*, just started, leaders; for the stage, *Time Works Wonders;* and it was in this year that he was first called personally before the public. The call was to Birmingham; but of this presently.

The *Shilling Magazine* achieved a great success, for the editor had become undoubtedly a powerful speaker on the Radical side, in the state. His story of "St. Giles and St. James's" was extremely popular. Its subject is told in its title; its treatment they can understand who know any thing of Douglas Jerrold's writings. It was said again, of course, that it was the object of the writer to set class against class—the easy taunt made by the flourishing against all who preach the cause of the suffering poor. When the story, revised, was presented to the public in a complete form, the author protested against the charge of "a cleaving desire to despoil the high for the profit of the low;" of "a besetting tendency to reverse as a sort of moral Robin Hood, stripping the rich of their virtues that only the veriest poor might strut in the plunder." From this verdict the author appeals, "somewhat confidently," to readers who may give his book "a dispassionate perusal." Yet here is the author's intention set forth in his own words: "It has been my endeavour to show, in the person of St. Giles, the victim of an ignorant disregard of the social claims of the poor upon the rich; of the governed million upon the governing few; to present—I am well aware how imperfectly—but with no wilful exaggeration of the portraiture—the picture of the

infant pauper reared in brutish ignorance, a human waif of dirt and darkness. Since the original appearance of this story, the reality of this picture, in all its vital and appalling horror, has forced itself upon the legislature, has engaged its anxious thoughts, and will ultimately triumph in its humanizing sympathies. I will only add that, upon an after-revision of this story, I cannot think myself open to the charge of bedizening St. Giles at the cost of St. James; or of making Hog Lane the treasury of all the virtues, to the moral sacking of Mayfair. . . . In conclusion, I submit this volume to the generous interpretation of the reader. Some of it has been called 'bitter;' indeed 'bitter' has, I think, a little too often been the ready word when certain critics have condescended to bend their eyes upon my page; so ready that, were my ink redolent of myrrh and frankincense, I well know the sort of ready-made criticism that would cry, with a denouncing shiver, 'Aloes, aloes!'"

Yet the purpose, the strong purpose, was not to be given up. The magazine had been started by its enthusiastic editor to make its voice heard, not in boudoirs, but in the high places, where action for the good of the people might be the result. It may be said that the machinery brought to bear upon so ambitious an operation was weak and poor; but it was all that could be done by the earnest man who put it forth, and it did its good, we may rest assured, for at one time some nine thousand persons bought the result every month.

"It is intended," said the editor, "that this work shall be mainly devoted to a consideration of the social wants and rightful claims of the PEOPLE—that it shall appeal to the hearts of the masses of England.

"With no expectation or wish to conflict with, or supplant any present publication, it is believed that a work popularly addressed to

the sympathies and common sense of the kingdom, must make for itself a large and hitherto unoccupied sphere of instruction, amusement, and utility.

"It is our belief that the present epoch is pregnant with more human interest than any previous era; as it is also our faith that the present social contest, if carried out on all sides with 'conscience and tender heart,' must end in a more equitable allotment of the good provided for all men. To aid, however humbly, in the righteous and bloodless struggle, is a truer, a more grateful glory, than any glory blatant in gazettes. And an aroused spirit begins to feel this. Awaking from a long vain dream, that showed the many created only to minister to the few, the said spirit believes—or says it believes—in the universality of the human heart. Hence it vindicates a common right to happiness; hence, in its new tenderness, it even 'babbles o' green fields' for the health and healthful thoughts of the people. So much the better.

"With politics, as party politics, we meddle not. The day is happily gone by when parties, like foul-mouthed vixens, assailed each other with unseemly epithets, that mutual abuse might hide mutual corruption and infirmity. We shall deal with politics only in their social relation, as operating for the good or evil of the community. Whig and Tory, Conservative and Radical, will be no more to us than the names of extinct genera.

"It will be our chief object to make every essay—however brief, and however light and familiar its treatment—breathe WITH A PURPOSE. Experience assures us that, especially at the present day, it is *by a defined purpose alone*, whether significant in twenty pages or in twenty lines, that the sympathies of the world are to be engaged, and its support insured.

"Whilst dealing with the highest social claims of our countrymen, we shall not exclude from our pages either sketch of character, tale, history, or romance. *Far otherwise.* It will be our earnest desire to avail ourselves of all and every variety of literature, *if illustrating and working out some wholesome principle.* Mere stories, made, like Twelfth-night heroes, of mere sugar, we shall certainly eschew.

"Neither would we have the 'light reader' take alarm at our graver subjects. They, too, it is hoped, may be discussed with no very violent call upon his wakefulness. It is not necessary that such themes, like bullets, should be cast in lead to do the surest service.

"Such was the pith of the prospectus that, six months ago, announced the publication of the present work. We then spoke, certainly, in the fulness of hope. We have now to acknowledge the success that has firmly established the 'SHILLING MAGAZINE' as a

public organ. It has made a sphere for itself. We nevertheless hope, with each succeeding volume to develop more strength, more various power, so that the book may be rendered more worthy of the sympathy and encouragement that, from the first number, so cordially welcomed it."

Few volumes appeared, however, and another and a more important organ was suddenly opened to Douglas Jerrold.

He gives his reasons for the new venture in a letter to Mr. Forster. He writes: "When last we met I had given up a project entertained by me for some week or two previous, and believed that I could eke out time to meet your wishes. Such project is again renewed (it is that of a Sunday newspaper), and therefore, with what I am already engaged in, will fully employ me. I am induced to this venture, first, by the belief that I can carry it out with at least fair success; and, secondly, that it affords to me the opportunity of asserting my own mind (such as it is), without the bitter annoyance (for I have recently felt it) of having the endeavours of some years negatived, 'humanized' away by contradiction, and what appears to me, gross inconsistency." He must have written also to Mr. Dickens on the subject, for, in a letter dated Geneva, October 24, 1846, Mr. Dickens writes: "I feel all you say upon the subject of the literary man in his old age, and know the incalculable benefits of such a resource. You can hardly fail to realize an independent property from such success, and I congratulate you upon it with all my heart and soul. Two numbers of 'The Barber's Chair' have reached me. It is a capital idea, and capable of the best and readiest adaptation to things as they arise," &c.

Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper appeared in the

summer of 1846. It was, for some time, a great success. The editor had undoubtedly become a literary power in the state, and the large masses of the people were on his side, and welcomed the elegance, the wit, and the fancy in which he knew, and knew alone in his time, how to clothe Radicalism. "The Barber's Chair," for instance, was a dialogue carried on among a barber and his customers on the affairs of the week—carried on with all the sparkle and tenderness of the author of *Bubbles of the Day* and *Time Works Wonders*. The leaders were strong outspeakings on the Liberal side—against all aristocratic pretension, against hanging, against flogging, against the Hugh M'Neales, and others. The hammer came with a heavy thump, for the smith was in downright earnest. "The Radical literature of England," one of his critics has justly remarked, "with few exceptions, was of a prosaic character. The most famous school of Radicalism is utilitarian and systematic. Douglas was, emphatically, neither. He was impulsive, epigrammatic, sentimental. He dashed gayly against an institution, like a *picador* at a bull. He never sat down, like the regular workers of his party, to calculate the expenses of monarchy or the extravagance of the civil list. He had no notion of any sort of 'economy.' I don't know that he had ever taken up political science seriously, or that he had any preference for one form of government over another. I repeat, his Radicalism was that of a humorist. He despised bigwigs and pomp of all sorts, and above all, humbug and formalism. But his Radicalism was important as a sign that our institutions are ceasing to be picturesque; of which, if you consider his nature, you will see that his Radicalism *was* a sign. And he did service to his cause. Not an abuse, whether from the corruption of something

old, or the injustice of something new, but Douglas was out against it with his sling. He threw his thought into some epigram which stuck. . . . Recommending Australia, he wrote, 'Earth is so kindly there that, tickle her with a hoe, and she laughs with a harvest.' This is in his best manner, and would be hard to match anywhere for grace and neatness. Here was a man to serve his cause, for he embodied its truths in forms of beauty. His use to his party could not be measured like that of commoner men, because of the rarity and attractive nature of the gifts which he brought to its service. They had a kind of *incalculable* value, like that of a fine day, or of starlight."

More may be said: it is this—that Douglas Jerrold was enthusiastic on the popular side, as Shelley was. He never cared to dabble in statistics proving the exact sum given away in sinecures—to weigh to a scruple the influence of the House of Lords in the House of Commons. He took broad, patent facts, great indisputable wrongs, and drove sharp epigrams into the heart of them, or entangled them in the mazes of some bright fancies, or heightened their hideousness to the dull public eye by dexterous and picturesque contrasts. This was the work accomplished in *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper* while Douglas Jerrold was its editor. But after a time the newspaper began to droop. Let us not inquire too narrowly how it fell. Whether again, men, ill adapted to the work, were fastened upon it by the good-natured editor, and bore it down; whether the editor himself, suddenly seized with a desire to be at rest somewhere on the sea-shore, and drawn irresistibly to Guernsey, to the sick bed of a beloved daughter, neglected it. But here is the fact. About six months after the paper was started, and

after it had achieved a most remunerative sale, it began to break down. Undoubtedly its editor was away; undoubtedly his pen was not often to be traced in its pages, and the newsboys began to poke their knowing heads between the damp sheets, to see whether there was a "Barber's Chair" that week before they gave their orders. This was sad, for the journal might have been a permanent property. Returned to town, to find the paper fallen;—now hardly profitable; Douglas Jerrold soon wearied of it. He could not help it. His nature was mercurial. Let him once look upon a thing as a failure, and it was all over with him. He must mount with the rocket, and shine in the high heavens—not fall with the stick.

In 1848, however, urged hotly by friends, yet himself not too well disposed to the expedition, he started, accompanied by Mr. George Hodder in the capacity of secretary, for Paris, there to tread the hot ground of the recent revolution, and give his vivid emotions back to the English public. But he was moody when he arrived. He was stirred mightily, it is true, by the noble position of De Lamartine, and was introduced to him; but he could not see his way clear—his heart was not in the work. He wandered about, saw Louis Philippe's portrait turned to the wall at Versailles, wrote one paper of impressions, and then prepared to return to London. He had gone armed with a bundle of letters of introduction. "There," said he, as he arranged his desk, giving a packet to Mr. Hodder, "burn that—they're my letters of introduction." And home he went. The paper fell rapidly afterwards, and at last its editor was saddled with a heavy debt, which was never paid till his death, and was then discharged by a life policy.

His name was withdrawn from the ghost of the journal, and it became the *Weekly News*, and was subsequently merged (if any thing remained to be merged) in the *Weekly Chronicle*. "The Hermit of Pall-Mall" and other series were begun in this journal while it remained in the hands of its original editor; but none were carried beyond two or three weeks. There was a cloud over the thing, and the editor shivered under it, and could not warm to his usual heat.

The magazine was continued, however, while the journal was in existence; but it was dying, like the newspaper. "Twiddlethumb Town," a remarkable beginning of a remarkable idea, was published in it, in its expiring moments, and gave perhaps, a short galvanic movement to it; but the seeds of death were in it, and it was soon put aside.

Then appeared the first number, in 1851, of "A Man Made of Money," the only story ever published, originally, in a separate form, by Douglas Jerrold. Speaking of this romance, the critic, whom I have already quoted, says:—

"It bids fair, I think, to be read longer than any of his works. It is one of those fictions in which, as in 'Zanoni,' 'Peter Schlemil,' and others, the supernatural appears as an element, and yet is made to conform itself in action to real and every-day life, in such a way that the understanding is not shocked; because it reassures itself, by referring the supernatural to the regions of allegory. Shall we call this a kind of bastard allegory? Jericho, when he first appears, is a common man of the common world. He is a money-making, grasping man, yet with a bitter savour of satire about him which raises him out of the common place. Presently it turns out

that, by putting his hand to his heart, he can draw away bank-notes—only that it is his life he is drawing away. The conception is fine and imaginative, and ought to rank with the best of those philosophic stories so fashionable in the last century. Its working out, in the every-day parts, is brilliant and pungent; and much ingenuity is shown in connecting the tragic and mysterious element in Jericho's life with the ordinary, vain, worldly existence of his wife and daughters. It is startling to find ourselves in the regions of the impossible just as we are beginning to know the persons of the fable. But the mind reassures itself. This Jericho, with his mysterious fate—is not he, in this twilight of fiction, shadowing to us the real destiny of real money-grubbers, whom we may see any day about our doors? Has not the money become the very life of many such? And, so feeling, the reader goes pleasantly on, just excited a little, and raised out of the ordinary temperature in which fiction is read, by the mystic atmosphere through which he sees things, and ends acknowledging that, with much pleasure, he has also gathered a good moral. For his mere amusement the best fireworks have been cracking round him on his journey. In short, I esteem this Jerrold's best book—the one which contains most of his mind. . . . 'A Man Made of Money' is the completest of his books as a creation, and the most characteristic in point of style—is based on a principle which predominated in his mind—is the most original in imaginativeness, and the best sustained in point and neatness, of the works he has left."

It was also the last. As a specimen of the picture-painting may we give the reader the deck of an emigrant ship? Still, it will be seen, the middy of Sheerness turns seaward. His last words in his last book are, "'' Bout

ship!' cries the captain. The yards swing round—the canvas swells as with the breath of good spirits. May such await the trusting and courageous hearts our vessel carries—await on them and all, who, seeking a new home, sail the mighty deep!"

But here is the ship's deck in dock:—

"Some dozen folks with gay, dull, earnest, careless, hopeful, wearied looks, spy about the ship, their future abiding-place upon the deep, for many a day. Some dozen, with different feelings, shown in different emotions, enter cabins, dip below, emerge on deck, and weave their way among packages and casks, merchandise and food, lying in labyrinth about. The ship is in most seemly confusion. The landsman thinks it impossible she can be all taut upon the wave in a week. Her yards are all so up and down, and her rigging in such a tangle, such disorder, like a wench's locks after a mad game at romps. Nevertheless, Captain Goodbody's word is as true as oak. On the appointed day, the skies permitting, the frigate-built Halcyon, with her white wings spread, will drop down the Thames—down to the illimitable sea.

"She carries a glorious freightage to the Antipodes—English hearts and English sinews—hope and strength to conquer and control the waste, turning it to usefulness and beauty. She carries in her the seed of English cities, with English laws to crown them free. She carries with her the strong, deep, earnest music of the English tongue—a music soon to be universal as the winds of heaven. What should fancy do in a London dock? All is so hard, material, positive. Yet there, amid the tangled ropes, fancy will behold—clustered like birds—poets and philosophers, history men and story men, annalists and legalists, English all, bound for the other side of the world, to rejoice it with their voices. Put fancy to the task, and fancy will detect Milton in the shrouds, and Shakspeare, looking sweetly, seriously down, pedestalled upon yon main-block. Spenser, like one of his own fairies, swings on a brace; and Bacon, as if in philosophic chair, sits soberly upon a yard. Poetic heads of every generation, from the half-cowled brow of Chaucer to the periwigged pate of Dryden, from bonneted Pope to nightcapped Cowper—fancy sees them all—all; ay, from the long-dead day of Edward to the living hour of Victoria; sees them all gathered aloft, and with fine ear lists the rustling of their bays."

Remains to be chronicled the last literary undertaking

to which Douglas Jerrold's name is attached. In the spring of 1852 he became editor of Mr. Lloyd's *Weekly Newspaper*. Critics were busy with the prudence of the step; but the new editor had made up his mind, this time, to speak to tens of thousands of readers, and that fervently and constantly. He saw in this engagement, which yielded him £1000 per annum, without risk of any kind, the ease that would enable him, with his *Punch* engagement, to afford himself the leisure which he had fairly won. The acres of paper he had covered—the dramas he had thrown out by the dozen—the fair successes he had achieved—and the position of honour in which he now found himself in intellectual society, all tended to make him less prodigal of his ink. He had much to say, however, to the people. Shams were still abroad to be battered and annihilated; there were oppressions still to beat down in behalf of the public; the gibbet still reared its sable head amid mobs of yelling savages before Newgate; the people over the water were under the iron thumb of the despot of the 2d of December; and in the highways of England were still pluralists and hoarding bishops. From his stern independence no minister could wring the shadow of a promise. He was said to be blind to his own interests; but he was true to his own noble, passionate heart. I find, neatly pasted in his scrap-book, and signed "N. W.," the following

"LINES ON LINES.

"Curved is the line of Beauty,
Straight is the line of Duty;
Walk by the last, and thou wilt see
The other ever follow thee."

These words vibrated harmoniously within him. When

he obtained from Lord John Russell a post for his son in the Treasury, he felt somewhat uneasy under the obligation. It chafed his spirit to think that, in any thing he might have to write on the future political conduct of the noble member for London, he might feel his pen embarrassed by this favour. But Lord John, it is right here to record the fact, was the only statesman in whom he thoroughly believed; and in whose conscientiousness, much as he disliked some of his lordship's political attitudes, he put faith.

Lloyd's Newspaper, under Douglas Jerrold's editorship, rose by thousands weekly. He was proud of the rise, and would talk happily of it over his study fire on Sundays—days on which I always made a point of dining with him—on which, indeed, he was grieved if all his children within reach, were not about him. Friends said that he would soon grow tired of the paper. But he held to it—even when ill—manfully. Now and then his pertinacious enemy, rheumatism, would be too much for him, and work was impossible. In the beginning of 1854, for instance, a severe attack in the eyes, during the violence of which he could hardly distinguish the window from the wall, prostrated him utterly. Then he left his weekly tasks to the humble writer of these pages—pleased and comforted, it is a happiness to remember, that in his own son he could find an interpreter. Then occasionally the passion for travel, of which I have yet to speak in a subsequent chapter, would seize upon him, and he would be off, leaving me a few lines, a few hints, and the editorship! But these rare occasions were separated by long months of constant and enthusiastic work. His leaders were unlike those of any other journal. If another paper went gravely to work, to prove how Mr. Cochrane and

his soup kitchens were not to be regarded altogether with reverence, the editor of *Lloyd's* threw out some humorous suggestion. Mr. Cochrane had become a verbose bore. Douglas Jerrold suggested that he should return to his soup kettle; and, added the adviser, "when he is fairly in it, may some discreet friend kindly put the lid on." For dabblers—with a strong dash of the mountebank, even when there was a basis of real good nature—of the Cochrane stamp, made Douglas Jerrold very angry. Any thing that looked like an endeavour to turn philanthropy into political capital, jarred in his soul. But when the stamp of patriotism looked genuine he was enthusiastic at once. Perhaps he was easily deceived. He could not go about the world probing the moral truth of men; he took such truth, in most instances, for granted. But just as you could not persuade him that a Kossuth, under any circumstances, could be a false man, so you could never prove to him that there was good in a Louis Napoleon. Indeed, he would not listen to your arguments; his indignation boiled over at once, and he would point vehemently to the damning spots, nor could you make his finger move from them.

Political truth was a passion with him. I remember a heated discussion that took place, the subject being the length to which a man might justly go in defence of his opinions. My father grew very excited in the course of the discussion—vowed that a man should sacrifice every thing for his opinions. Suddenly, his eyes flashing, he pointed to me, and said, "Why, if that dear boy and I were on opposite sides in a revolution, do you think he would not be justified in striking me down if he could, and I in striking at him?"

I was against the proposition, deferentially observing

that I, taking part in a revolution, might be on the wrong side, even while it was my firm conviction that I was on the right side. To strike a father was, beyond all doubt, wrong and wicked; whereas opinions were not infallible moral laws. To honour a father is undoubtedly a solemn duty—a duty beyond every political opinion whatsoever.

Well, in the third week in May, 1857, Douglas Jerrold was still at his post—editor of *Lloyd's Newspaper*—speaking to 182,000 subscribers. His notes for the ensuing week, written in his neat hand upon a transparent plate, are here sad relics to us, who knew and loved him.

And in parting from this division of my imperfect record, and the more important division, to treat of Douglas Jerrold the man, let me add that in the last undertaking in which he was engaged, he found unmixed pleasure. He spoke of Mr. Lloyd, on his death-bed, with the utmost tenderness, and begged to be most heartily remembered to him. I carried my dying father's words to the ears for which they were intended, and I now set them down in the last page of my father's literary life, for they command a place here, being part of the man from whom they came.

CHAPTER XI.

DOUGLAS JERROLD IN PUBLIC.

It was often a regret with the subject of this life, that while young he had not been called to the bar. But he would have made no figure in court. His *physique* would have betrayed him; the drudgery would have repelled him; and his nervousness in public would have been against him. His life was marred by the incessant wear of a painful disease. He often wrote while the movement of his pen was fierce pain to him. He dictated humorous articles while writhing in agony; he worked at his webs of quaint ideas when, in a dark room, he passed six weeks waiting for his sight. But though the spirit would have been strong to battle against these ills, he could not have commanded the body. He wrote for *Punch*, at the Malvern water-cure, whither he had been carried, motionless with rheumatism. He penned "A Day at the Reculvers," and some of the "Clovernook Chronicles," while his old enemy gnawed at his bones, and just before he was carried in an arm-chair on board the Herne Bay boat, bound for London. His spirit seemed to shine the clearer through the ills of his flesh. But an active life would have overtaxed his feeble body; an over-sensitive nature would have kept him in the background in a court of law. No; he ful-

filled the mission for which he was ordained by nature, and laid his noble head upon his pillow, the work at an end, tranquil in conscience—after a hard fight of forty years out of fifty-four—as a child. He a barrister! Why, even latterly the thought of making a public speech unnerved him. "Is your modesty really a confirmed habit," Mr. Dickens wrote to him in 1844, "or could you prevail upon yourself, if you are moderately well, to let me call you up for a word or two at the Sanatorium Dinner? There are some men (excellent men) connected with that institution, who would take the very strongest interest in your doing so; and *do* advise me, one of these odd days, that if I can do it well and unaffectedly, I may."

Nervously enough, in the following year, Douglas Jerrold accepted a public invitation to Birmingham, to preside at the annual Conversazione of the Polytechnic Institution, in that city. Mr. Dickens had presided on the previous occasion. It was on the 7th of May, 1845—('45, as I have already said, was the most active year of the author's life)—that he took the chair. But just as he was moving towards the hall, the "operatives in the fancy trade" in the town stopped him, and, drawing out an illuminated address, prepared in Mr. Gillott's establishment, read it to him, presenting to him, at the same time, a gold ring with an onyx shield. The recipient, so deeply touched by any mark of kindness—he who could fight against neglect or wrongful censure with keener weapons and a stouter heart than most men—he, whose mind was armed *cap-à-pie* against any enemy, felt his lance tremble in his hand, and his heart move and swell to his throat, as the head of the deputation said:—

"Dear Sir,

"Representing as we do the operatives engaged in the Birmingham fancy trades, we take the opportunity of your visit to Birmingham to express to you our admiration of your character and writings, embodying as they do sentiments of justice, exposure of tyranny, and defence of that class to which we ourselves belong; expressed, too, in that extraordinary style of satire, pathos, and truth, to which no other writer has ever yet approached. We beg to offer, as a mark of our esteem, a humble tribute to your worth, the intrinsic value of which, though small, we have no doubt will be accepted with the same feelings that it is offered; namely, those of kindness and affection, proving that the working men can feel kind and grateful to the kind and talented advocate of their often miserable position; and, owing to the progress of education thereby, giving to them the means of reading works like your own, they are enabled to appreciate the kindness of one that has so long and so ably contended for their welfare.

"That you may long enjoy health, happiness, and prosperity, is the prayer of ourselves and those we represent.

"S. F. Nicklin.
"Joseph Stinton.
"James Woolley.
"Charles Palmer.

"Birmingham, *May* 7, 1845."

This was the first public honour Douglas Jerrold had received; and he was overwhelmed by it. A worldly man would have taken it with a proper, regulated, conventional warmth; but he bore his heart upon his sleeve, and there it was. His mouth worked convulsively; but suddenly a few fiery words came, and you could almost see the heart upon the lip. He told them (the deputation) this was the first public tribute he had received; and so highly was it prized by him, that however Fortune—"the blind goddess"—might smile upon him in after-time, the present made to him by the people of Birmingham would be more dearly valued than any other he might receive. He then entered the hall, nervous, overpowered. "In Douglas Jerrold," says the report of

that evening, "there is the plain simplicity of a child, with all the mental reserve of careful thought. As he rose to speak he was timid and overpowered; not from any feeling of vainglory—for he seems far above any such feeling—but from the force of an overwhelming sense of a burst of public kindness and heartfelt appreciation of his good deeds—his talented and benevolent actions—for which, on his first public appearance before such a company, he was not at all prepared." Sentences and epithets are confused here, perhaps; but you see the meaning struggling through the tangled words. Then rising—his heart beating quick—amid the dense throng of people, his first public words trembled from his lips. He said:—

"Ladies and gentlemen,—Already embarrassed by the novelty of my position—for I am unskilled in the routine of public meetings—the welcome which you have just awarded me renders me even less capable of the duty which your partial kindness has put upon me. But I know—I feel that I am among friends—(hear, hear, and cheers)—and, so knowing, I am assured in the faith of your indulgence. Ladies and gentlemen, when I look throughout this hall, thronged as it is by the most valuable class of the community, I cannot but think that the great, the exalted cause which we meet here to celebrate this evening, is strongly beating at the hearts of the men and women of Birmingham. (Hear, hear.) Happily the prejudice is gone by, with a deal of the lumber of those 'good old times' which certain moral antiquaries affect to deplore (the why I know not, except, indeed, it is because they are old, just as other antiquaries affect to fall into raptures with the rust of the thumbscrew or the steel boot, although it strikes me they would be very loath to live, even for a minute, under the activity of either)—the prejudice is happily gone by which made it necessary to advocate the usefulness of institutions for the education of the masses. (Cheers.) Ladies and gentlemen, this is my first essay in public, and I feel so overcome, not only with your welcome here now, but with the welcome I have previously received, that I really feel quite unnerved and unable to proceed. I am sorry, most sorry, that it should have fallen to your lot to have experienced the first of my deficiencies; but so it is: I cannot help it. So far as I

have gone I thank you for listening to me; but I assure you at the present time I am quite unable to proceed any further." (Mr. Jerrold sat down amidst loud cheers.)

Overpowered, he could say no more. The mayor rose, and alluded to him as "the literary advocate of the oppressed," and the "scourger of the oppressor," amid loud cheers. A reverend gentleman pointed to him as one who had known how to mix wisdom with pleasure—reason with mirth—whose excellent lessons lost none of their force because his readers smiled while they learned. Then said a speaker, "Time Works Wonders." (Loud applause.) Then again, "Here is a maker of books, who, from his quiet closet, has spoken to the multitudes—has been understood and appreciated by them—and is now receiving at their hands that hearty welcome, that loud acclamation, which is due to his presence and his labours." Then again—a crowning embarrassment—Mr. Richard Spooner, M.P., turned to the trembling chairman, saying, "And now, sir, let me address a few words to you: be of good cheer and speak—there are no Mrs. Caudles in Birmingham." (Loud laughter and cheers.) No; the crowning difficulty was heaped upon the unhappy chairman's head when the Rev. George Dawson bade him try to speak again, and give the meeting, at once, a new number of *Punch!*

Then the chairman rose excitedly, and ended the matter (it was too much for him), saying:—

"Ladies and gentlemen,—If before I suddenly felt myself unable to give expression to my thoughts, how can I now be expected to remedy that defect, absolutely oppressed as I am by a sense of the unworthiness of the encomiums which have been heaped upon me? I cannot—I will not attempt to do it. But here standing, with all my deficiencies upon my head, I feel most strongly that the time will come—shall come (hear, hear), if I know any thing of myself—when I will

prove myself more worthy of the tolerance I have received at your hands. (Loud cheers.) Some mention has been made of a certain periodical with which I am unworthily connected (cheers), and it is really out of justice to others that I ought for some moments to consider that topic. It is the good fortune of every one—good fortune I will not say—it is, however, the fortune of every one connected with that periodical to receive, at times, a great deal more praise than what is justly his due. I am in that predicament this evening. I could wish that two or three of my coadjutors were here (cheers), that the praise which is so liberally bestowed on that work might be shared among them. Mrs. Caudle! (Loud cheers.) Your honourable member has said he does not believe there is a Mrs. Caudle in all Birmingham. (Laughter.) I will even venture to go further than he: I do not think there is a Mrs. Caudle in the whole world. I really think the whole matter is a fiction—a wicked fiction, intended merely to throw into finer contrast the trustingness, the beauty, the confidence, and the taciturnity of the sex. (Applause.) Ladies and gentlemen, I most respectfully thank you again for the tolerance with which you have borne me. I can only again repeat the conviction, that the time will come when I shall be more able to give expression to my gratitude—to my sense of your kindness—than I feel myself now enabled to do." (Great applause.)

The chairman returned, mortified, to London.

In the following year Manchester claimed him for a president; and here he gathered courage, and made a highly successful speech. But the effort was great; the nervousness remained with him. From his visit to Manchester sprang his idea—developed in his own journal by Mr. Angus B. Reach—of the Whittington Club. Earnest young men took up the idea, and on the 29th of February, 1847, a *soirée*, to celebrate the opening of the club, was held.

This was an institution of Douglas Jerrold's own creating; he felt strongly in its favour. Called to the chair before a dense audience of friends, he nerved himself to utter that which was within him. This, and another speech to be presently referred to, are the only speeches

of any length ever made by my father before an English public. To the friends of the Whittington Club he said:—

"Ladies and gentlemen,—The post of danger, it has been said, is the post of honour. I was never more alive to the truth of the saying than at the present moment. For whilst, from a consciousness of inability duly to perform the duty to which you have called me, I feel my danger, I must, nevertheless, acknowledge the honour even of the post itself. But it is the spirit of hope that has called us together on the present most interesting occasion, and in that spirit I will endeavour to perform the task, not rendered particularly facile to me by frequent practice. It is my duty, then, as briefly as I may, to dwell upon the purpose that brings us together this evening, and, as simply as lies within my power, to explain the various objects of our young institution—the infant Whittington. And even now it must be considered a most promising child—a child that has already got upon its feet; and though not yet eight months old—not eight months, ladies—is even now insisting on running alone. But, gentlemen, while you rejoice at the energy of this very forward child, I beseech you to have a proper humility, as becomes our sex in all such cases, and take none of the credit to yourselves. Indeed, no man can have the face to do so, looking at the fair faces before him; for therein he cannot but acknowledge the countenance that has made the institution what it really is. The growing spirit of our day is the associative spirit. Men have gradually recognized the great social truth, vital in the old fable of the bundle of sticks; and have begun to make out of what would otherwise be individual weakness, combined strength; and so small sticks, binding themselves together, obtain at once the strength of clubs. Now, we propose, nay, we have carried out such a combination, with this happy difference—that whereas such clubs have hitherto been composed of sticks of husbands and single sticks alone—we, for the first time, intend to grace them with those human flowers that give to human life its best worth and sweetness. I think I recollect an old copy-book text that says, 'Imitate your betters.' Now, I have a dark suspicion that, though this word 'betters' was in that text of early morality or copy-book text, it nevertheless signified *richer*. Well, in this—by no means obsolete—sense, we have, by the formation of the Whittington Club, only imitated our betters. We have paid them the respectful homage of following their example. The gold sticks and silver sticks, and chamberlain's rods, and black rods of high society, have bound themselves together for mutual advantage

and mutual enjoyment; and why not the humble wands of life? If we have clubs composed, I may say, of canes with gold heads—or, if not always with gold heads, at least with plenty of gold about them—if we have clubs of nobles, wherefore not clubs of clerks? For my own part, there are lions and tigers, even in the highest heraldry for which I have certainly not more respect than for the cat, the legendary cat, of Richard Whittington. Nevertheless, the proposed institution of our club has, in two or three quarters, been criticized as an impertinence—as almost a revolutionary movement, disrespectful to the vested interests of worshipful society. It has really been inferred that the social advantages contemplated by our institution would be vulgarized by being made cheap. These pensive prophets seem to consider the refinements of life to be like the diamond—rarity making their only worth; and with these people, multiply the diamonds, ten thousandfold; and for such reason, with them, they would no longer be considered fit even for a gentleman. These folks have only sympathies with the past. They love to contemplate the world with their heads over their shoulders, turned as far backward as anatomy will permit to them that surpassing luxury. Nevertheless, there is a tenderness at times, in the regret of these folks, for vested interests—a tenderness that makes it touching. Tell them, for instance, that this City of London is about to be veined with the electric telegraph; that wires vibrating with the pulse of human thought are about to be made messengers 'twixt man and man, and these people, 'beating their pensive bosoms,' will say, 'Yes, it's all very well—with these whispering wires—this electric telegraph; but if wires are to run upon messages, what—what's to become of the vested interests of the ticket porters?' Why, with these people the rising sun itself should be to them no other than a young fiery revolutionist, for he comes upon the world trampling over the vested interests—that is, the darkness—of the last night. However, to briefly scan the various purposes of our institution, we intend to establish two club-houses—two to begin with—whose members may obtain meals and refreshments at the lowest remunerating prices. Well, surely men threaten no danger to the state by dining. On the contrary, the greater danger sometimes is when men can get no dinner. In the most troublous times, knives are never to be made so harmless as when coupled with forks. Hence I do not see why the mutton chop of a duke at the Western Athenæum might not be imagined to hold a very affable colloquy with the chop of a clerk, cooked at the Whittington. We next propose to have a library and reading-room. We intend to place the spirits of the wise upon our shelves—and when did evil ever come of wisdom? It is true our books may not be as richly burnished as the books of

western clubs—our library may not have the same delicious odour of Russian leather—in a word, our books may not have as good coats on their backs; but it will be our own faults if they have not the same ennobling spirit in their utterance. It is also proposed to give lectures in the various branches of literature, science, and art. Well, I believe I am not called upon to say any thing in defence of this intention. There was a time, indeed, when lectures addressed to the popular mind were condemned as only ministering to popular dissatisfaction. The lecturer was looked upon as a meek Guy Fawkes dressed for an evening part; and his lectures, like *Acre's* letter, were pronounced 'to smell woundily of gunpowder.' This is past. Literature, science, and art are now open sources; the padlocks are taken from the wells —come and drink!

"Languages, mathematics, music, painting, will be taught in classes —in classes that I hope will, like the gourd, come up in their fulness in a night. Occasional entertainments, combining the attraction of music and conversation, will be given—such attractions being enhanced by the presence of ladies. And here I approach what I consider to be the most admirable, as it is the most novel, feature of the institution—the admission of females to all its privileges. I think the Whittington Club will enjoy the rare distinction of being the only club in London popular among its fair inhabitants. I know that this rule—the admission of ladies—has been made the subject of somewhat melancholy mirth. The female names already numbered best rebuke the scoffers; for have we not Mary Howitt—a name musical to the world's ear—a name fraught with memories of the gentlest and tenderest emotions of the human heart, voiced by the sweetest verse? Have we not, too, Mary Cowden Clarke, whose wonderful book, 'The Concordance to Shakspeare,' is a votive lamp lighted at the shrine of the poet—a lamp that will burn as long as Shakspeare's name is worshipped by the nations? But I feel it would be more than discourtesy to such names, further to notice the wit made easy of those who sneer at the principle which admits ladies as members of the Whittington Club. 'To employés and employed alike,' says the prospectus, 'the Whittington Club appeals with confidence for support.' Certainly to employers the institution offers the exercise of a great social duty, namely, to assist in a work that shall still tend to dignify the employed with a sense of self-respect—at all times the surest guarantee of honest performance 'twixt man and man. Nevertheless, whilst all such aid on the part of the richer members of the community must be cordially acknowledged by the less rich, the institution must depend, for a flourishing vitality, upon the energy of the employed themselves. Without that the institution cannot permanently suc-

ceed; and, further, it will not deserve success. Yes, I am sure you feel this truth—a truth that, it is manifest, has been widely acknowledged, from the fact that, at the present moment, the Whittington Club numbers upwards of a thousand names, and the list is daily, hourly, lengthening. May the spirit of Whittington wait on the good work! Yet, of Whittington, our patron—as I think we may venture to call him—how little do we truly know, and yet how much in that little! We see him, the child hero of our infancy, on Highgate stone—the orphan buffeted by the cruelty of the world—cruelty that is ever three parts ignorance—homeless, friendless, hopeless. He is then, in his little self, one of the saddest sights of earth—an orphan only looked upon by misery! And the legend tells us—and I am sure that there are none of us here who, if we could, would disbelieve it—the legend tells us that suddenly Bow bells rang out from London—from London, that stony-hearted mistress, that with threats and stripes, had sent the little wanderer forth. And voices floating from the far-off steeple—floating over field and meadow—sang to the little outcast boy a song of hope. Childish fancy dreamt the words, but hope supplied the music, 'Turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London!' And the little hero rose and retraced his steps, with new strength and hope, mysterious, in his little breast—returned to the city—drudged and drudged—and we know the golden end. In due time Bow bells were truest prophets. Such is the legend that delights us in childhood; but as we grow to maturity we see in the story something more than a tale. Yes, we recognize, in the career of Richard Whittington, that Saxon energy which has made the City of London what it is; we see and feel in it that commercial glory that wins the noblest conquests for the family of man; for the victories are bloodless. And therefore am I truly glad that our club carries the name—that when the idea of this institution rose in my mind, rose instantly with it—the name of Whittington. And I cannot think it otherwise than a good omen that one of our houses already taken—the house in Gresham Street—is a part of the estate of the little Highgate day-dreamer. Yes, we are, so to speak, tenants of Richard Whittington. And, in conclusion, let us hope that as, in the olden time, voices from Bow steeple called a hopeless wanderer to a long career of usefulness and fame, so may voices from this present meeting find their way to the hearts of many thousands of our mercantile and commercial brethren, crying to them, 'Join us—join us, Whittingtons!'"

Passing over minor occasions when a few words were said in public, I come to the last subject on which

Douglas Jerrold seriously addressed himself to an English audience.

I have already inferred that Louis Kossuth was a great hero in Circus Road, St. John's Wood. A peculiar link of sympathy held the devout student of Shakspeare to the ex-governor of Hungary. Kossuth, by the magic page of the bard of Avon, learned his remarkable mastery of the English language. On the 17th of November, the idea having just struck him, Douglas Jerrold wrote to the editor of the *Daily News* the following letter:—

"Sir,

"It is written in the brief history made known to us of Kossuth, that in an Austrian prison he was taught English by the words of the teacher Shakspeare. An Englishman's blood glows with the thought that, from the quiver of the immortal Saxon, Kossuth has furnished himself with those arrowy words that kindle as they fly—words that are weapons, as Austria will know. Would it not be a graceful tribute to the genius of the man who has stirred our nation's heart to present to him a copy of Shakspeare? To do this I would propose a penny subscription. The large amount of money obtained by these means, the cost of the work itself being small, might be expended on the binding of the volumes, and on a casket to contain them. There are hundreds of thousands of Englishmen who would rejoice thus to endeavour to manifest their gratitude to Kossuth, for the glorious words he has uttered among us—words that have been as pulses to the nation, &c.

"Douglas Jerrold."

This idea was caught up at once, and the author of it went enthusiastically through all the trouble of collecting the people's pence. Months were spent, but the money came in. And the volumes were bought, and sent to be bound. Then for the casket, for there was yet money to spare. Another idea! It should be a model of Shakspeare's house in inlaid woods, all beautifully worked. The casket was accordingly made, and a meeting was

called for the 8th of May, 1853, to present the gift of the nation to Kossuth.

I remember well the proud evening on which my father, having a small party about him, bore the beautiful model with the richly-bound books, into his study, and showed it to his friends. Again and again he opened it; again and again dwelt upon the enthusiasm with which the pence had been subscribed. But on the public evening, at the London Tavern, when one of the largest meetings ever gathered within even that spacious establishment, filled every cranny of the great hall, and when good-natured, well-intentioned Lord Dudley Stuart had spoken, I remember very vividly my father's excited manner when he was perched upon a chair, amid a storm of applause, his hair flowing wildly about him, his eyes starting, and his arms moving spasmodically. He bowed and bowed, almost entreatingly, as though he begged the audience not to overwhelm his powers as they had been overwhelmed seven years before in Birmingham. By slow degrees the applause, taking now and then a new vigour as it subsided, died away. And it was then that, gathering all his strength—this time determined not to be beaten by physical nervousness—in a sharp, clear voice the gatherer of the nation's pence to Kossuth, gave the following account of his stewardship:—

"Most unaffectedly do I wish," said the speaker, "that the duty imposed by the noble chairman on my feeble and unpractised powers had been laid upon any other individual more equal—he could not be less—to the due fulfilment of this difficult, but withal most grateful task. Sir (turning to Kossuth), when it became known to Englishmen, already stirred, animated by your consummate mastery of their noble language—when it became known to them that you had obtained that 'sovereign sway and masterdom' of English speech from long study of the page of Shakspeare—when it was known that your captivity had been lightened by the lesson you have since so

nobly set yourself, by the achievement of the lesson you have since so often, so faithfully, and so triumphantly repeated to admiring thousands—when this was known, your words, most potent in themselves, had to Englishmen a deeper meaning and a sweeter music; for they could not but hear, in the utterance of the pupil, an echo of his teacher—of the world's teacher—their own Shakspeare. It was then proposed to pay to you a tribute at once thankful and sympathetic. It was then proposed to offer for your acceptance a copy of the works of Shakspeare; and this is the result—a copy of the works of Shakspeare, enclosed in a case modelled after the house in which Shakspeare first saw the light. The case bears this inscription:—'Purchased with 9,215 pence, subscribed by Englishmen and women, as a tribute to Louis Kossuth, who achieved his noble mastery of the English language, to be exercised in the noblest cause, from the page of Shakspeare.' Sir, it is my faith that Shakspeare himself, whose written sympathies, like the horizon, circle the earth—it is my faith that Shakspeare himself may happily smile a benign, approving smile upon this small tribute, alike honourable to the many who give, as to the one who receives the gift. For, in the poet's own words,—

> 'Never any thing can be amiss
> When humbleness and duty tender it.'

And these pennies—subscribed by men and women of almost all conditions, these pennies are so many acknowledgments of your wonderous eloquence—are so many tributes to the genius that, seeking our language at the 'pure well of English undefiled,' has enabled you to pour it forth in a continuous stream of freshness and of beauty. There is not a penny of the thousands embodied here that is not the pulse of an English heart, sympathetically throbbing to your powers of English utterance. Very curious would it be to consider the social history, the household history, of many of these pennies; for among them are offerings of men of the highest genius, as of men whose human story is the story of daily labour—whose social dignity is the dignity of daily work. Represented by a hundred and twenty pennies, are here a hundred and twenty pilots, sailors, and fishermen of Holy Island. And it is to men such as these that your name has been musical at the fireside—has come a word of strength and strange delight over the English sea. Sir, it would be a long, and, with my doing, an especially tedious endeavour, to attempt even partially to individualize the penny tributes of which this testimonial is the product. But here it is, an enduring sympathetic record of your glorious task. Sympathetic, I say, for dull and sluggish must the imagination be that cannot, in some sort, follow you in the Shakspearian self-schooling of

your captivity—that cannot rejoice with you, the rejoicing scholar, as from the thick and cumbrous shroud of foreign words come forth a spiritual beauty, an immortal loveliness, to be thenceforth a part of your spiritual nature. It is, I say, impossible not to be glad with you, the Shakspearian pupil, as one by one you made not the acquaintance, but the life-long friendship, of the men and women of our immortal Shakspeare. It is impossible not to feel the triumph with you as all his mighty creations ceased to be golden shadows, half-guessed mysteries, standing revealed as great proportions, solemn truths. It is impossible, when at length the whole grandeur of our poet, like an eastern sunrise, broke upon you, not to sympathize with the flush, the thrill of triumph that possessed you—having mastered Shakspeare. It may be a rapture almost as full, almost as deep, almost as penetrating as that you felt when first you beat the Austrians. It is impossible not to sympathize with you in your hours of pupilage when you studied the language of our poet; it is equally impossible for free Englishmen not to admire and thank you for the glorious use you have made of a glorious weapon. Sir, on the part of thousands I herewith present to you this testimonial, in tribute of their admiration, their sympathies, their best wishes. And, sir, hoping, believing, knowing that the day will come when you shall again sit at your own fireside in your own liberated Hungary, we further hope that sometimes turning the leaves of these word-wealthy volumes, you will think of Englishmen as of a people who had for you and for your cause the warmest admiration and deepest sympathy; and, animated by these feelings, resented with scorn, almost unutterable, the dastard attempts to slander and defame you. The day will come—for it is to doubt the solemn purposes and divine end of human nature to doubt it—the day will come when the darkness that now benights the greater part of continental Europe will be rolled away, dispersed by the light of liberty, like some suffocating fog. The day will come when in France men shall reinherit the right of speech. The day will come when in Austria men shall take some other lesson from their rulers but the stick; and the day will come when in Italy the temporal power of the pope—that red plague upon the brightest spot of God's earth—will have passed away like a spent pestilence. That day must and will come. Meanwhile, sir, we wish you all compatible happiness, all tranquillity, all peaceful enjoyment of the sacred rights of private life in England—in this England that still denounces the political dictation of a foreign tyrant, as heretofore she has denounced and defied his armed aggressions; for to submit to the one is to invite the other."

Then the casket was presented to Kossuth. Kossuth

accepted it in a long and wondrous speech, and the cheers of the people travelled the length of Bishopsgate Street as he bore the magic volumes away with him.

To him, a great occasion had called Douglas Jerrold from his study. He returned to it, never wishing to appear again upon the platform. In this year, indeed, he had been invited to stand for Finsbury; but he said that the activity, the slavery of a member's duties, were incompatible with his own, and he would not be dazzled by the honour. No; amid friends he could talk and make whimsical, telling speeches enough, but not under the reporters' eyes. Mr. Dickens urged him, in 1856, to take the chair at the General Theatrical Fund Dinner, but he declined; the disturbance of mind which these public displays cost him made them repulsive to him. No; he would remain among his friends, and write, when he had any thing to say to the world.

CHAPTER XII.

DOUGLAS JERROLD AT HOME.

"LET me see a man at home," says the philosopher who wishes to know his subject *à fond*. Unquestionably, men may be studied advantageously in their dressing-gowns and slippers. When the cloak, fashioned to give a decent exterior to the world, is cast aside—when a man acts forgetful of his looking-glass and his critic—this is the time, if you want to know something of the heart behind its mask of daily public professions, when you must approach, and watch, and take notes.

I have endeavoured already, to set before the reader a methodical and candid report of the intellectual activity of Douglas Jerrold, from the time of his birth to the day when he put aside the pen for ever. I have shown the writer as he expressed himself to the world; but I hold that the world has a right to learn something more about one to whom a great reputation was accorded, and whose words are likely to live long in the minds of his fellow-countrymen. It is useful to know whether the greatly professing man before the world—the knight of the keen and well-poised lance, who tilted at the social meannesses and political dishonesty of his hour—retired from the fight to rest himself—was still the simple champion, regulating his own little petty suburban dominion, on the

high principles which he laid down for the acceptance of his erring fellow-countrymen. Be certain, if the public purist present a picture of laxity at his own fireside, his genius is not of the right ring after all. Look to him narrowly, and be cautious how you range yourself under his colours. Good precept and evil practice have been found in the preacher often, it is true, but not in the true, bold, and speculative reformer. The writer who should speak strongly against the habit we have, of putting upon our servants the badge of servitude, and at home should be served with a man in gorgeous livery, would deserve that his countrymen should suspect the sincerity of his opinions on all questions. No man has ever lived up to his aspirations; no writer has passed the life he has painted to himself as the pure and good life. For a man writes his aspirations, and lives in the midst of temptations and obstacles that blur and thwart them. But the world, when a great man dies, has a right to inquire whether he endeavoured constantly to shape his course somewhat in the direction to which he would have led the footsteps of his readers. The world is justified in knowing whether the opinions a writer set forth in print were his intimate convictions, or were arranged, in independence of conviction, to suit the passing taste of the market. For there is more value in the lightest paragraph of a sincere man, than in long pages, traced, as calico patterns are traced, to suit the whim of the Hindoo or the negro.

Now, it has been said of Douglas Jerrold, by all his friends who have written about him, that he was a man who wore his heart upon his sleeve. In no way, whether in company or alone, could you detect the great man, who made you conscious that you were in the presence of a gentleman whose name was a "household word." But

when he was alone with his wife and children—when even the intimate friend was gone, and the world had no word to say to him or of him—what was he? Let the reader watch him through the day.

It is a bright morning, about eight o'clock, at West Lodge, Putney Lower Common. The windows at the side of the old house, buried in trees, afford glimpses of a broad common, tufted with purple heather and yellow gorse. Gypsies are encamped where the blue smoke curls amid the elms. A window-sash is shot sharply up. A clear, small voice is heard singing within. And now a long roulade, whistled softly, floats out. A little, spare figure, with a stoop, habited in a short shooting-jacket, the throat quite open, without collar or kerchief, and crowned with a straw hat, pushes through the gate of the cottage, and goes, with short, quick steps, assisted by a stout stick; over the common. A little black and tan terrier follows, and rolls over the grass at intervals, as a response to a cheery word from its master. The gypsy encampment is reached. The gypsies know their friend, and a chat and a laugh ensue. Then a deep gulp of the sweet morning air, a dozen branches pulled to the nose here and there in the garden, the children kissed, and breakfast, and the morning papers.

The breakfast is a jug of cold new milk; some toast, bacon, water-cresses. Perhaps a few strawberries have been found in the garden. A long examination of the papers—here and there a bit of news energetically read aloud, then cut, and put between clippers. Then silently, suddenly into the study.

This study is a very snug room. All about it are books. Crowning the shelves are Milton and Shakspeare. A bit of Shakspeare's mulberry-tree lies upon the mantel-

piece. Above the sofa are "The Rent Day" and "Distraining for Rent," Wilkie's two pictures, in the corner of which is Wilkie's kind inscription to the author of the drama, called *The Rent Day*. Under the two prints laughs Sir Joshua's sly Puck, perched upon a pulpy mushroom. Turner's "Heidelberg" is here too, and the engraver thereof will drop in presently—he lives close at hand—to see his friend Douglas Jerrold. Ariadne and Dorothea decorate the chimney-piece. The furniture is simple, solid oak. The desk has not a speck upon it. The marble shell, upon which the inkstand rests, has no litter in it. Various notes lie in a row, between clips, on the table. The paper basket stands near the arm-chair, prepared for answered letters and rejected contributions. The little dog follows his master into his study, and lies at his feet.

Work begins. If it be a comedy, the author will now and then walk rapidly up and down the room, talking wildly to himself; if it be *Punch* copy, you shall hear him laugh presently as he hits upon a droll bit. Suddenly the pen will be put down, and through a little conservatory, without seeing anybody, the author will pass out into the garden, where he will talk to the gardener, or watch, chuckling the while, the careful steps of the little terrier amid the gooseberry bushes; or pluck a hawthorn leaf, and go nibbling it, and thinking, down the side-walks.

In again, and vehemently to work. The thought has come; and, in letters smaller than the type in which they shall presently be set, it is unrolled along the little blue slips of paper. A simple crust of bread and a glass of wine, are brought in by a dear female hand; but no word is spoken, and the hand and dear heart disappear. The work goes rapidly forward, and halts at last suddenly.

The pen is dashed aside; a few letters, seldom more than three lines in each, are written, and dispatched to the post; and then again into the garden. The fowls and pigeons are noticed; a visit is paid to the horse and cow; then another long turn round the lawn; at last a seat, with a quaint old volume, in the tent, under the umbrageous mulberry-tree.

Friends drop in, and join Jerrold in his tent. Who will stop to dinner? Only cottage fare; but there is a hearty welcome. Conversation about the book in hand. Perhaps it is old Rabelais, or Jeremy Taylor; not improbably Jean Paul's "Flower Fruit and Thorn Pieces," or his "Levana;" or, again, one of old Sir Thomas Browne's volumes. In any there is ample matter for animated gossip. At a hint the host is up, and on his way to discover to his visitor, the beauties and conveniences of his cottage. The mulberry-tree especially always comes in for a glowing account of its rich fruitfulness; and the asparagus-bed owes a heavy debt of gratitude to its master. The guest may be a phlegmatic person, and may wearily follow his excited host, as he wanders enthusiastically from one advantageous point to another; but the host is in downright earnest about his fruit-trees, as he is about every thing else. He laughingly insists that his cabbages cost him at least a shilling apiece; and that cent. per cent. is the loss on his fowls' eggs. Still he relishes the cabbages and the eggs, and the first spring dish of asparagus from his own garden marks a red-letter day to him. Perhaps he will be carried away by his enthusiasm as the sun goes down, and will be seen still in his straw hat, watering the geraniums, or clearing the flies from the roses. Dinner, if there be no visitors, will be at four. In the summer, a cold quarter of lamb and salad, and a

raspberry tart, with a little French wine in the tent; and a cigar. Then a short nap—forty winks—upon the great sofa in the study; and another long stroll over the lawn, while the young members play bowls, and the tea is prepared in the tent. Over the tea-table, jokes of all kinds, as at dinner. No friend who may happen to drop in now, will make any difference in the circle. Perhaps the fun may be extended to a game of some kind, on the lawn. Basting the bear was, one evening, the rule, on which occasion grave editors and contributors "basted" one another with knotted pocket-handkerchiefs, to their hearts' content. The crowning effort of this memorable evening was a general attempt to go heels over head upon haycocks in the orchard—a feat which vanquished the skill of the laughing host, and left a very stout and very responsible editor, I remember, upon his head, without power to retrieve his natural position. Again: after a dinner-party under canvas, the hearty host, with his guests, including Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Maclise, Mr. Macready, and Mr. John Forster, indulged in a most active game of leap-frog, the backs being requested to turn in any obtrusive "twopenny" with the real zest of fourteen! Never were boys more completely possessed by the spirit of the game in a seminary playground; and foremost among the players and laughers was the little figure of Douglas Jerrold, his hair flowing wildly, and his face radiant with pleasure. He could never dance a step, nor master a single figure of a quadrille; still, let there be dancing carried on in a hearty spirit, and you would presently find him borne away by the gayety of the scene, endeavouring to persuade a lady to try a step with him, and to prevent his "turning up in wrong places." Having fairly bewildered his partner, and vanquished all her efforts to keep him in his proper

position, he would at last take her back to her seat, convulsed with laughter over his own awkwardness. In any active grace he was singularly deficient. He could never draw a straight line, nor play any game that required manual skill; nor carve the plainest joint, nor ride a horse, nor draw a cork. He dashed gallantly at each accomplishment, but gave it up after a vehement but futile effort.

He was the most helpless among men. He never brushed his hat; never opened a drawer to find a collar; never knew where he had put his stick. Every thing must be to his hand. His toilet was performed usually with his back to the glass. It mattered not to him that his kerchief was awry. "Plain linen and country washing" he used to cite as containing all a man need care for, in the matter of dress. He was, however, passionately fond of any kind of new preparation for shaving—of any newly-invented strop or razor. He had these things in immense quantities, and seldom tried each more than once. If a thing did not succeed in the first trial it was cast aside for ever. Patent corkscrews, coffee-pots, matchboxes, knives, and lamps delighted him. If he saw something new he must have it instantly. Struck by a waistcoat in a shop-window, he must go in, try it on, and if it fit him, wear it on the spot, sending home that in which he left his house. One day he returned home with an instrument shaped like a horseshoe, within the magic circle of which were hooks to take stones from the equine hoof, little saws, a gimlet, a corkscrew, a boothook, &c. And he carried this curious instrument about with him for some time, highly pleased with the skill the workman had exhibited in cramming so many utensils in so confined a space. His evenings at home, when not devoted to

writing (and in the later years of his life he seldom wrote after dinner), were spent usually alone in his study, with some favourite author; or throwing off rapid letters of invitation, acknowledgments of invitations, or suggestions of service to friends, of which I venture to offer the reader a few examples:—

"My dear Dickens,

". . . . When, *when* we can count upon a dry afternoon, won't you, and the Hidalgo, and Mac—, and the ladies come down here to a cut of country lamb and a game at bowls? Our turf is coming up so velvety, I intend to have a waistcoat sliced from it, trimmed with daisies."

"We must have another quiet day here between the 17th and play. I find, on return, the garden out very nice indeed; and I wish you could only see (and eat) the dish of strawberries just brought in for breakfast by my girl Polly—'all,' as she says, 'big and square as pincushions.'"

"My dear Dickens,

"My wife has brought two little hats for two little girls at Broadstairs (we came home last night), and I am very much afraid that nobody can bring them to said Broadstairs so carefully as the elegant penman who now addresses you. Therefore, I wonder if some time next week—two or three days ere you return—I present myself with a modestly small portmanteau, I shall be asked to sit down. At all events, I have a good half mind to try. If the Dickens' Head be as full as the Dickens' heart, there is, nevertheless, an inn—if 'memory holds her seat in this distracted globe.' I hope you are all well, and brown as satyrs."

To Mr. John Forster, on the morrow of Shakspeare's birthday: "I hope you ate your mulberry yesterday with reverential pleasure." To the same: "I came from Chatsworth this morning, and it may surprise you (it does *me*) to know that I have committed bloodshed on the moors! The grouse will long remember—Yours ever."

"My dear Dickens,

". . . . I have received a letter from W—— (he is in the

Charter-House—so is M——). 'Tis an admirable establishment. Rooms, excellent fare, and £30 a year. Would P—— (I know he's an impracticable man) turn up his nose at this? It could, I hear, be easily obtained for him by making his case known to Prince Albert, and getting promise of next presentation. Vacancies occur once or twice, or more, in the year. This, with the additional annuity that would come to him from the playing, would put him belly high in clover. Will you think of it?"

Sometimes, but rarely, he would indulge in a long gossip upon paper. For him, the following was a huge epistolary effort:—

"My dear Dickens,

"Let me break this long silence with heartiest congratulation. Your book has spoken like a trumpet to the nation, and it is to me a pleasure to believe that you have faith in the sincerity of my gladness at your triumph. You have rallied your old thousands again; and, what is most delightful, you have rebuked and for ever 'put down' the small things, half knave, half fool, that love to *make* the failure they 'feed on.' They are under your boot—tread 'em to paste.

"And how is it that your cordial letter, inviting me to your cordial home, has been so long unanswered? Partly from hope, partly from something like shame. Let me write you a brief penitential history. When you left England I had been stirred to this newspaper.* ('Tis forwarded to you, and, I hope, arrives.) Nevertheless, the project was scarcely formed, and I had not *the least* idea of producing it before October—perhaps not until Christmas. This would have allowed me to take my sunny holiday at Lausanne. Circumstances, however, too numerous for this handbill, compelled me to precipitate the speculation or to abandon it. I printed in July, yet still believed I should be able to intrust it to sufficient hands, long enough to enable me to spend a fortnight with you. And from week to week I hoped this—with fainter hopes, but still hopes. At last I found it impossible, though compelled, by something very like congestion of the brain, to abscond for ten days' health and idleness. And I went to Jersey, when, by heavens! my heart was at Lausanne. But why not *then* answer this letter? The question I put to myself—God knows how many times—when your missive, every other day, in my desk, smote my ungrateful hand like a thistle. And so time went on, and 'Dombey' comes out,

* *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper.*

and now, to be sure, I write. Had 'Dombey' fallen apoplectic from the steam-press of Messrs. B —— and E ——, of *course* your letter would still have remained unanswered. But, with all England shouting 'Viva Dickens,' it is a part of my gallant nature to squeak through my quill 'brayvo' too.

"This newspaper, with *other* allotments, is hard work; but it is *independence*. And it was the hope of it that stirred me to the doing. I have a feeling of dread—a something almost insane in its abhorrence of the condition of the old, worn-out literary man; the squeezed orange (*lemons* in my case, sing some sweet critics); the spent bullet; the useless lumber of the world, flung upon literary funds while alive, with the hat to be sent round for his coffin and his widow. And therefore I set up this newspaper, which—I am sure of it—you will be glad to learn, is a large success. Its first number went off 18,000; it is now 9,000 (at the original outlay of about £1,500), and is within a fraction three fourths my *own*. It was started at the dullest of dull times, but every week it is steadily advancing. I hope to make it an engine of some good. And so much for my apology—which, if you resist, why, I hope Mrs. Dickens and Miss H —— (it's so long ago—is she *still* Miss?) will take up and plead for me. . . .

"You have heard, I suppose, that Thackeray is big with twenty parts, and, unless he is wrong in his time, expects the first instalment at Christmas. *Punch*, I believe, holds its course . . . Nevertheless, I do not very cordially agree with its new spirit. I am convinced that the world will get tired (at least I hope so) of this eternal guffaw at all things. After all, life has something serious in it. It cannot be all a comic history of humanity. Some men would, I believe, write the Comic Sermon on the Mount. Think of a Comic History of England; the drollery of Alfred; the fun of Sir Thomas More in the Tower; the farce of his daughter begging the dead head, and clasping it in her coffin, on her bosom. Surely the world will be sick of this blasphemy. . . . When, moreover, the change comes, unless *Punch* goes a little back to his occasional gravities, he'll be sure to suffer. . . .

"And you are going to Paris? I'm told Paris in the spring is very delectable. Not very bad sometimes at Christmas. Do you know any body likely to ask me to take some *bouilli* there? In all seriousness, give my hearty remembrances to your wife and sister. I hope that health and happiness are showered on them, on you, and all. And believe me, my dear Dickens,

"Yours ever truly and sincerely,

"DOUGLAS JERROLD."

Sometimes, tired of reading and letter-writing, he would join the family circle for half an hour before going to bed, and joke over the supper-table, listening to stories about the dog or parrot; or his door would be heard on the move, and his step on the stairs, on his way to bed, perhaps at ten o'clock. Occasionally he enjoyed a game at whist or drafts, in the winter; but his rule was a solitary evening in his study, with his books.

He had always some curious household story to tell—what some servant or one of his grandchildren had said, or how some ludicrous *contretemps* had happened. He delighted in these little social touches.

Thus, with tears in his eyes, he used to tell a story of his son Thomas, who, when the family were living in Boulogne, was a boy about nine years old. He had a rabbit, of which his father, as usual with all animals, had taken great notice. One morning, however, the boy burst bravely into his father's bedroom, holding the rabbit by the hind-quarters. "Here he is, papa," the boy shouted, "as dead as mutton!"

The animal fell heavily, *deadly*, on the ground. The sound smote upon the boy's heart, and, giving up his feigned indifference, he burst into tears, and blurted out amidst his sobs, "It had the snuffles when I bought it!" This bit of nature was never forgotten by "stern" Douglas Jerrold.

Another favourite story was of the footboy, who accompanied my father on his trip to Derbyshire. At the inn at Matlock "master" was praising a glass of port, when the boy chimed in, glad to hear the hotel praised:—

"Please, sir, I think they makes their own port. *I know* they brews."

His veterinary surgeon at Putney—a great character

—was a favourite subject. His bill, especially, was preserved as a most laughable curiosity, one of the items being put thus (referring to a sick horse) :—

"His nose was warm, his ears was cold, and every thing gave signs of approaching desolation. . . . . £0 5s. 0d."

Any thing that occurred in Douglas Jerrold's house that had a humorous touch in it, was given forth always as heartily and unreservedly as he would have told it to an absent child. He would never be a conventional host. You must sit at his table as though it were your own. He would ask you to condemn the wine or meats if he thought either bad, appealing to you as a perfectly free critic. Reserve, secretiveness, he could in no sense understand. Praise or blame must come in a free current from him. Just as he could amuse himself talking and joking freely with a child, he must be with every person who approached him. If he were angry, you were quite certain about it. The anger came forth in red-hot words, the meaning of which never admitted two interpretations. Pleased, he talked his inmost thoughts to you, and was astonished and disgusted whenever he learned that only half a truth or reason had been given to him. He always had, I repeat, some odd, humorous idea or story about his house—something about one of the inmates or their domestic pets. Thus, his daughter Mary's passionate love of birds and dogs was twisted daily into new and odd touches of humour. He writes from Boulogne in July, 1856: "I am sorry to hear of the death of the squirrel, and have dropped one tear. As I had no personal acquaintance of *ce petit monsieur*, I do not think that more can be expected of me. Give Jane my condolence—to her it is, no doubt, a real trouble.

I am afraid, my dear Polly, you will be very dull, unless Mouse (the terrier) becomes more conversational. The weather here would do credit to Manchester in October—dark and drizzling." Writing from Brighton within two months of his death, he ended with, "Love to all (Mouse included)." He used also to talk about a favourite cat, that would sit all day upon his table while he was writing, and watch slyly, purring, the movements of his pen. On Sunday afternoons he would take up his stick, after a morning spent alone, with his papers and his Bible (of which he was to the last a most diligent reader, calling it his church), and walk over to the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens. Here, watching the animals, and chatting with friends, he would spend two or three hours of exquisite pleasure. The growth of the hippopotamus, the death of the chimpanzee, the pretty gazelles, and the humours of the monkeys, interested him greatly. And he had always something brisk and sprightly to say as he stood surveying the cages. The mandril suddenly turned his back, revealing the rich colours of his hind-quarters. "That young gentleman," said Douglas Jerrold, "must have been sitting upon a rainbow." With his rich stores of natural history he could thoroughly enjoy these remarkable gardens.

Sometimes he would take one of his grandchildren with him, and find amusement and suggestions in its rapid prattle. And he would return home to dinner stored with the rich fruit of a child's ignorance, or the quaint wildness of its free speculations. Or he would come laughing into his study, after half an hour in the garden with a little prattling child, to tell how it had asked him to fetch its wheelbarrow, freely as it would have asked any little playmate; or how one rosy little

fellow had stood before him, and, staring at his bushy eyebrows, exclaimed, "I say, grandpapa, you wear your moustaches on your eyebrows!" No child ever left him without fruit or a book in its hand; and of babies he always wrote with almost a woman's tenderness. Young St. Giles is introduced in swaddling clothes—"a lovely human bud—a sweet, unsullied sojourner of earth, cradled on the knees of misery and vice." In its baby rags it is thus pathetically presented, in an imploring attitude, to the world:—

"The child is still before us. May we not see about it, contending for it, the principles of good and evil—a contest between the angels and the fiends? Come hither, statesman; you who live within a party circle; you who nightly fight some miserable fight—continually strive in some selfish struggle for power and place, considering men only as tools, the merest instruments of your aggrandizement; come here, in the wintery street, and look upon God's image in its babyhood! Consider this little *man*. Are not creatures such as these the noblest, grandest things of earth? Have they not solemn natures? Are they not subtly touched for the highest purposes of human life? Come they not into this world to grace and dignify it? There is no spot, no coarser stuff in the pauper flesh before you, that indicates a lower nature. There is no felon mark upon it, no natural formation indicating the thief in its baby fingers—no inevitable blasphemy upon its lips. It lies before you, a fair unsullied thing, fresh from the hand of God. Will you, without an effort, let the great fiend stamp his fiery brand upon it? Shall it, even in its sleeping innocence, be made a trading thing by misery and vice—a creature borne from street to street, a piece of living merchandise for mingled beggary and crime? Say—what, with its awakening soul, shall it learn? What lessons whereby to pass through life, making an item in the social sum? Why, cunning will be its wisdom; hypocrisy its truth; theft its natural law of self-preservation. . . . There is not a babe lying in the public street on its mother's lap—the unconscious mendicant to ripen into the criminal—that is not a reproach to the state—a scandal and a lying shame upon men who study all politics, save the politics of the human heart."

And here is the Prince of Wales in 1762 in his cradle,

over which the feather that told its tender story in *Punch*, is dandled, the chief of the three plumes.

"The Prince of Wales, a six-weeks' youngling, sleeps; and ceremony, with stinted breath, waits at the cradle. How glorious the young one's destinies! How moulded and marked, expressly fashioned for the high delights of earth, the chosen one of millions, for millions' homage! The terrible beauty of a crown shall clasp those baby temples; that rose-bud mouth shall speak the iron law; that little pulpy hand shall hold the sceptre and the ball. But now, asleep in the sweet mystery of babyhood, the little brain already busy with the things that meet us at the vestibule of life (for even then we are not alone, but surely have about us the hum and echo of the coming world), but now thus, and now upon a giddying throne! What grandeur, what intensity of bliss, what an almighty heritage to be born to! to be sent upon this earth, accompanied by invisible angels, to take possession of it! The baby king cooes in his sleep, while a thousand spirits meet upon the palace floor, sport in the palace air, hover about the cradle, and, with looks divine and loving as those that watched the bulrush ark, tossed on the wave of Egypt, gaze upon the bright new comer—on him that shall be the Lord's anointed. . . . Poor little child! hapless creature! most unfortunate in the fortune of a prince! Are such, indeed, the influences about your cradle? Will such, in very truth, be your teaching? Will you, indeed, be taught as one of earth—a thing of common wants and common affections? Will you be schooled in the open pages of humanity, or taught by rote the common cant of princes? Will you not, with the first dim glimmerings of human pride, see yourself a thing aloof from all; a piece of costly selfishness; an idol formed only for the knees of men; a superhuman creature, yea, a wingless deity? Will not this be the teaching of the court—this the lesson that shall prate pure nature from your heart, and place therein a swelling arrogance, divorcing you from all, and worshipping self in its most tyrannous desires, in its deepest abominations? Will you remain among the brotherhood of men, or will you be set apart only to snuff their incense and to hear their prayers? Splendid solitude of state! most desolate privilege of princes!"

These extracts about babies, taken at random from the writings of Douglas Jerrold, might be multiplied greatly. Indeed, he began a series in *Punch* on "Mrs. Bibs's

Baby," and wandered gracefully about the cradle, as he loved to wander, dropping a touch of poetic gum upon the paper, caught from the coral lips or the honeyed breath of sleeping infancy. He could spend an hour in his study, with a rosy little boy between his knees, playing with his watch seals, and listening to baby-questions, or telling nursery gossip. He hated a knowing child; what he loved was the fresh nature in childhood. A prodigy was his abhorrence.

Douglas Jerrold at home, might generally be found on Sundays surrounded, not by the big-wigs who would have been glad to find themselves in his society—not by old, serious professors of all branches of learning—certainly not—but by young men yet unknown to fame. He loved the buoyancy, heartiness, and the boldness of youth. It was his glory to have about him some six or seven youngsters, hardly reached their majority, with whom he could talk pleasantly, and to whom he poured out his jokes, grateful for the heartiness of the reception they got from warm blood. It was the main thing about his individuality that he was himself always young. "A man is as old as he feels," he insisted continually; and then casting back the solid flakes of his silvered hair, he would laugh and vow that few men of five-and-twenty were younger than he. His words, when he spoke seriously among his young guests, generally conveyed some generous advice, or some offer of service.

Many men date their literary advancement from the study of Douglas Jerrold. He would write a letter or toss a check off with the most sailor-like carelessness, turning the conversation rapidly off from any thing like business, to some literary anecdote or some book worth reading. Then he would pleasantly wander back to

his Sheerness days, and to the valiant struggle he had had with the world. But once launched into this subject, and it engrossed him for the rest of the sitting. He would recall the hour when, a friendless boy in London streets, he had stamped his foot angrily upon the pavement, and vowed that he would be somebody. He would quote with delight, and submit it to his young hearers, the valiant Brougham, who, when he mounted the coach in Edinburgh on his first trip to London, exclaimed, "Here goes for lord chancellor!" Then he would say, "Plain living and high thinking, my boys—that's the maxim." Then he would remember that he had not a name to which he could point as that of a powerful friend who had helped him when he was young, and help was wanted; and he would impress upon young men entering life with better fortune, the necessity of hard reading and modest bearing. One young friend, whom he regarded with great admiration, confessed to him that he had had the hardihood to attack him in a comic publication, before they were acquainted. This friend was Mr. James Hannay, the author of "Singleton Fontenoy," a writer also sprung from the salt. They were together, two ex-midshipmen, at Southend, when the young one made this confession to his companion. "Never mind, my boy," was the reply; "every young man has spilt ink that had better been left in the horn."

But we are round the study fire, where beech wood crackles, giving a rich odour, and the heat radiates pleasantly from a stove of the latest construction. The host is proud to display the capacity of the invention, and points heartily also to the crackling wood, as a happy mixture with sea-coal. Mouse, the terrier, creeps to her master's feet, and is instantly raised to the arm-chair, to

form the subject of some odd anecdote. Mouse will surlily leave the company, and look *doggedly* out of window, if her master pets the cat, or even a chubby little grandson. You may call her while the cat or child is being fondled; but she will not turn her head for a moment. But let one of the family fall ill, and Mouse will lie at the foot of the bed day and night, and be restless if turned thence for a few minutes. The company are asked to admire Mouse's eyes, and to say whether she does not beg "like a prince of the blood!" Other domestic talk bubbles lightly up. It is, perhaps, a story of a boy who was promoted by the kind-hearted host from the low degree of mudlark on the banks of the Thames (having promised to be all that a page should be), to the comforts of a well-warmed and well-filled kitchen, with light duties to perform. This boy was petted and spoiled. He tired of the restraint of regular employment. His whims were laughable. Let one suffice. He was sickly one day, and at once commanded the sympathy of his mistress. He was attended, and fed with dainties. The young rogue saw his power; and, being passionately fond of muffins, thought that the opportunity had come for indulging himself. Whereupon, at breakfast-time, he was about to toast some, when the indignant cook took the luxury from him. He instantly sent an appeal up to his mistress's bedroom by the maid, praying that he might have buttered muffins for his breakfast, as he felt that nothing else would do him good.

Such gossip would lead, perhaps, to stories of impostors, of whom the host had been the victim. There was the fellow found in an epileptic fit in Highgate Lane, to whom five shillings had been given, and who was discovered a fortnight afterwards going through the same

performance in Judd Street, New Road; there was the accomplished gentleman who talked many languages, and who had been compelled to pawn his regimentals, and who, having fortified his statement with a masterly array of corroborative facts, and shown how he should be ruined if he did not redeem his epaulettes, had cozened two guineas from his credulous listener, but appeared on the morrow, under the auspices of a sharp victim, at a police court; there was the gentleman who had died, and whose wife wrote for money to bury him, the dead gentleman very actively watching the return post, that he might enjoy the money forwarded for his own funeral!

But these sharpers were not the only "friends" who practised upon the warm heart of Douglas Jerrold. Let any man in difficulties find Douglas Jerrold at home and alone, and he had all he wanted, and more, very often, than it was prudent in the giver to cast from his slender store. There was a fatality about these helps given to friends. They were nearly always repaid in ingratitude or in indifference; hardly once did the gold sent forth find its way back to its owner. Large sums, the payment of which was spread over long years, and the last of which was paid not long before the liberal writer's death, were thus sent forth, in honest hope to help fellow-men, by the man whom the world obstinately regarded as a most spiteful cynic.

And to the friends whom he had known in youth was he especially kind. For some he obtained, through the late Duke of Devonshire and the present Earl of Carlisle, presentations to the Charter-House; for the widow of another, admission to the Blue-coat School. When any of these little triumphs had been obtained through the exercise of his influence, he was proud indeed. He

would help the new brothers to furnish the Charter-House quarters, and call them out frequently to his simple table—as simple for a lord, as for the humblest *convive*. It was for this same simplicity in Thomas Hood that he always cherished a great regard for this most tenderly humorous poet. The following letter was a cherished one, and deserves a place here:—

"17, Elm-Tree Road,
"St. John's Wood,
"*Friday* (1842).

"Dear Jerrold,

"Many thanks for your 'Cakes and Ale,' and for the last especially, as I am forbidden to take it in a potable shape. Even Bass's, which might be a Bass relief, is denied to me. The more kind of you to be my friend and pitcher.

"The inscription was an unexpected and really a great pleasure; for I attach a peculiar value to the regard and good opinion of literary men. The truth is, I love authorship, as Lord Byron loved England—'with all its faults,' and in spite of its calamities. I am proud of my profession, and very much inclined to 'stand by my order.' It was this feeling, and no undue estimate of the value of my own fugitive works, that induced me to engage in the copyright question. Moreover, I have always denied that authors were an irritable genus, except that their tempers have peculiar trials, and the exhibitions are public instead of private. Neither do I allow the especial hatred, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness so generally ascribed to us; and here comes your inscription in proof of my opinion. For my own part, I only regret that fortune has not favoured me as I could have wished, to enable me to see more of my literary brethren around my table. Nevertheless, as you are not altogether *Home's* Douglas, I hope you will some day find your way here. Allow me to thank you also for the *Bubbles*, and to congratulate you on your double success on the stage, being, I trust, pay and play—not the turf alternative. I am, dear Jerrold,

"Yours very truly,
"Thos. Hood."

The quiet life of Hood, his violent hatred of cant, his tender sympathies with the poor and lowly, could not but

endear him to the author of "Cakes and Ale." The "writer whose various pen touched alike the springs of laughter and the source of tears" was the man whose memory was always green in the heart of Douglas Jerrold. And his name bubbled up frequently over the study fire, and his verse was cited; and his noble "Bridge of Sighs" and "Song of the Shirt" were held up as literary glories of his time. For there were no half friendships, no half confidences before the crackling beech wood. A nettle was most emphatically a nettle, there. And all enthusiastic, downright workers of the time were there unhesitatingly applauded. Kossuth was a noble fellow; Mazzini a patriot; Louis Blanc a man to take heartily by the hand. With all, the enthusiastic host had spoken and corresponded. The handwriting of all three lies before me, acknowledging or asking support and sympathy. "I know that you would not fail me, if everybody did," writes Joseph Mazzini. And again: "But I know more; and it is that, whenever you do sympathize, you are ready to act, to embody your feelings in good, visible, tangible symbol; and this is not the general rule." Walter Savage Landor joins his acknowledgments to those of the patriot, and makes a suggestion to "dear Douglas Jerrold." "I am very delighted to receive even a few lines from you. Be sure it will gratify me to be one of the committee" (for the Kossuth Testimonial). "I enclose a paragraph from the *Hereford Times*. It contains a most interesting tale about the family of Kossuth. You possess the power of dramatizing it. Electrify the world by giving it this stroke of your genius."

The suggestion, given in the wild excitement of the moment, never bore fruit. It is possibly well that it

remains a simple suggestion, speaking chiefly for the honest enthusiasm of the writer; and it may be pleasant to him to learn that it was found with the very few letters kept by the dramatist, a precious relic to the end. Louis Blanc has "many hearty thanks" to offer for "kind remarks" on his answer to Ledru Rollin's manifesto.

Among the many men who came to the snug study was Thom, the weaver-poet of Inverary—a broad, brawny Scot, whose condition, rather than his genius, made him welcome. The kind heart of the host, although it was sorely tried by many impostures, still attracted to the last all men who wanted to say something to the world, and had not the opportunity—all men who, having said something or done something, were victims, or conceived that they were victims, of the world's ingratitude. Poles, Hungarians, Frenchmen, found their way to Putney and to St. John's Wood—now asking to be relieved, now imploring introductions that should give them work. They always had a kind reception, and help as far as it could be afforded. Many strange impostors came too; and these were met, when their trick was discovered, with an outburst of passionate reproach. The confiding man can make no terms with deceit. And when I remember the number of occasions on which the subject of this book was deceived—the fast friends who sought his help, and then avoided him—I cannot but wonder as I call to mind the freshness of his generosity even a week before his death. The last time he signed his check-book was to oblige a friend; the last letter he received was one in which the repayment of a loan was deferred. Now, he heard of a friend who had lost a wife, and was in difficulties. Instantly a

check was drawn, and a tender letter was written. One of these letters lies before me. The friend to whom it is addressed is reminded that "sorrow is the penalty we pay for life." From all sides, for all kinds of services, came letters of thanks. Sheridan Knowles says (February, 1851), "Your letter made me very happy; and, again thanking you for it, I am most faithfully, and with prayerful wishes for your happiness here and hereafter, your affectionate friend." W. H. Russell, the Pen of the War, as late as April, 1857, writes: "Thus see how one good turn entails a demand for another. But your kindness to me has been boundless, and believe me that I am sincerely yours always." "Jerroldo mio," writes Leigh Hunt, "a thousand thanks for the 'Blue Jar.' I guess it to be yours, by the old cedar woods," &c. He was ever, in truth, on the watch to do a service. Every dependent loved him; every old man in his neighbourhood who sought his help, had it. Opposite his window at Putney was a green lane, where an old man stood to open the gate. The man was the weekly recipient of Douglas Jerrold's bounty, and was playfully called his Putney Pensioner. He might have suggested to his benefactor the paper entitled "The Old Man at the Gate," which was published in *The Illuminated Magazine.*

My father could not see a yard of turf taken from the poor without a protest. In 1849 people in the neighbourhood began to cut the turf from Putney Lower Common, whereupon the tenant of West Lodge wrote to the Earl Spenser, lord of the manor:—

"My Lord,

"I cannot believe that you are aware of the extent to which Putney Lower Common (upon which it is my misfortune to be a

resident) is denuded of its turf. I have now no cattle of any order to be defrauded of common right. But there are many poor whose cows and geese are sorely nipped of what has been deemed their privilege of grass—none of the most luxurious at the best—by the system of spoliation carried on in your lordship's manor, and under your declared authority. At this moment a long stretch of common lies before my window, so much swamp. The turf has been coined into a few shillings, to the suffering, very patiently borne, of the cows aforesaid: and the philosophical endurance of the geese alone resisted. But I am sure your lordship has only to be made acquainted with wrongs of the useful and the innocent—wrongs inflicted under the avowed sanction of abused nobility—to stay the injustice.

"I have the honour to remain, &c.,

"DOUGLAS JERROLD."

Douglas Jerrold at home must be thoroughly set before the reader before he can comprehend the author of "The Man Made of Money," "Clovernook," and *Time Works Wonders*. All who met him insisted upon his great social human qualities. The author of "Tangled Talk" wrote lately: "Mr. Hepworth Dixon said, in the *Athenæum*, that if every one who had received a kindness from the hand of Douglas Jerrold flung a flower on his grave, the spot would be marked by a mountain of roses. Within these three years I have been once or twice his debtor for kind and encouraging words, and I would willingly throw my little flower. On the very few occasions upon which I saw him personally—not more than twice or thrice, and under his own roof—I found him the most genial, sincere, and *fatherly* of men; perfectly simple, a man who looked straight at you, and spoke without *arrière pensée*—without any of that double consciousness which makes the talk of some men of talent disagreeable—and most thoroughly *human*. That 'abounding humanity,' which I once said elsewhere is the distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Jerrold's writing, shone out conspic-

uously in all his behaviour. It was never necessary, as it is in conversing with too many, to say, by implication, 'Never mind the book, and the reputation, and the wit, and the wits, and what I am thinking of you—am I not *a man* and *a brother?*' Mr. Jerrold recognized the manhood and the brotherhood so fully at starting, that there was nothing to be said about it; and your intercourse with him went smoothly upon its true basis—the natural 'proclivity' of one human creature for another. The last time I saw him he spoke of Mr. Wilkie Collins among the living, and Mr. Laman Blanchard among the dead, with particular cordiality. I then knew little of the *personnel* of literature, and missed, I doubt not, the full significance of what he said about others of whom he spoke in kind terms.

"Mr. Jerrold had a peculiar fondness for children. On the same evening I heard him speak, with positive tears of gratification in his eyes, of a sketch of Mr. Leech, in which some gutter-bred little ones were represented doing the honours of a mock party among each other. No man that ever wrote has said so much about 'babies.' In the middle of a political leader you would find such an allusion as, 'sweeter than the sweetest baby.' And his writings are full of a gracious domestic purity, quite distinct from the claptrap of the playright or the novelist. The poetry that was in Mr. Jerrold has, I suspect, been much underrated by the general public. And I will conclude these unworthy words (I would willingly have deferred flinging my little flower till in a freer writing mood than at present, but it is better done at once) by quoting a very fine passage from his 'Chronicles of Clovernook,' which, he told me—as, indeed, any one might guess—contained more of his true self, as he would like to be

known and remembered, than any other of his writings:—

"At this time the declining sun flamed goldenly in the west. It was a glorious hour. The air fell upon the heart like balm; the sky, gold and vermilion-flecked, hung, a celestial tent, above mortal man; and the fancy-quickened ear heard sweet, low music from the heart of earth, rejoicing in that time of gladness.

"'Did ever God walk the earth in finer weather?' said the Hermit. 'And how gloriously the earth manifests the grandeur of the Presence! How its blood dances and glows in the Splendour! It courses the trunks of trees, and is red and golden in their blossoms. It sparkles in the myriad flowers, consuming itself in sweetness. Every little earth-blossom is as an altar, burning incense. The heart of man, creative in its overflowing happiness, finds or makes a fellowship in all things. The birds have passing kindred with his winged thoughts. He hears a stranger, sweeter triumph in the skyey rapture of the lark; and the cuckoo—constant egotist!—speaks to him from the deep, distant wood, with a strange, swooning sound. All things living are a part of him. In all he sees and hears a new and deep significance. In that green pyramid, row above row, what a host of flowers! How beautiful and how rejoicing! What a sullen, soulless thing, the Great Pyramid, to that blossoming chestnut! How different the work and workmen!. A torrid monument of human wrong, haunted by flights of ghosts that not ten thousand thousand years can lay—a pulsely carcass built of sweat and blood to garner rottenness. And that Pyramid of leaves grew in its strength, like silent goodness, heaven blessing it; and every year it smiles, and every year it talks to fading generations. What a congregation of spirits—spirits of the season!—it gathered, circle above circle, in its blossoms; and verily they speak to man with blither voice than all the tongues of Egypt. And, at this delicious season, man listens and makes answer to them—alike to them and all; to the topmost blossom of the mighty tree as to the greensward daisy, constant flower, with innocent and open look still frankly staring at the midday sun."

"'Evenings such as this,' continued the Hermit, after a pause, 'seem to me the very holiday time of death; an hour in which the slayer, throned in glory, smiles benevolently down on man. Here, on earth, he gets hard names among us for the unseemliness of his looks, and the cruelty of his doings; but, in an hour like this, death seems to me loving and radiant—a great bounty, spreading an immortal feast, and showing the glad dwelling-place he leads men to.

"It would be great happiness could we always think so. For, so

considered, death is indeed a solemn beneficence—a smiling liberator, turning a dungeon dóor upon immortal day. But when death, with slow and torturing device, hovers about his groaning prey; when, like a despot cunning in his malice, he makes disease and madness his dallying serfs —— '

"'Merciful God!' cried the Hermit, 'spare me that final terror! Let me not be whipped and scourged by long, long suffering to death —be dragged, a shrieking victim, downward to the grave; but let my last hour be solemn, tranquil, that so, with open, unblenched eyes, I may look at coming death, and feel upon my cheek his kiss of peace.'

"I think this passage will even add a zest to your enjoyment of the sunny July weather in which you will read it," adds the kindly writer of "Tangled Talk."

These pastoral passages were written during a joyous, splendid summer passed in a beautiful cottage not far from Herne village. The rich, fat landscapes of Kent delighted the author of "Clovernook" as he wandered about the shady lanes in his little pony phaeton, and gossiped with the stalwart Kentish men. For, let him turn up in a village alehouse to quench a summer thirst, and he must talk with the men he may find there, just as in a garden he must meddle with the flowers.

That gracefully tender recording tomb of roses, suggested by Mr. Hepworth Dixon, appeared to strike all Douglas Jerrold's friends as *the* thing to have said. It even travelled to Australia, and found a heart to receive it. Writing in the *Melbourne Note-Book* of September, 1857, Mr. R. H. Horne, the author of "Orion," says:—

"There is a claim which Douglas Jerrold has upon my memory. It is one of a personal nature, and is now mentioned for the first time. Even in private, whenever I alluded to the circumstance, he seemed to have forgotten all about it. Some friendly hand in England, after tracing a few outlines of his life, which I have seen extracted in one of the Melbourne papers, concludes in touching words to this effect—that, if every one who had experienced an act of kindness from Jerrold

were to throw a flower upon his grave, there would speedily arise a monument of beauty to embalm his memory. A votive offering of this kind have I now to send.

"I was, for a number of years, a director of the Mines Royal . . . Company, in London, and at a certain time the governor and some of the directors (all rich men excepting one), thought it judicious to cease paying any dividends during the ensuing twelve months. I certainly considered it, though by no means necessary, the most prudent course, and voted with those who proposed the measure, which was carried. At once, therefore, I saw myself without any fixed income during the coming year. I had never regarded literature in the light of a profession, but only as a pleasant addition. In this emergency I sent a few lines to Jerrold, telling him how the case stood, and proposing to write a novel for his magazine, to be completed within the twelve months. By the next post he wrote me: 'Dear H., come and take a chop with me, and let's talk it over.' I went, described the subject, the characters by which it was to be worked out, and the principles to be developed (he asked me to do this); sketched a sort of rough outline of my design, and was about to give the final result, when he suddenly anticipated me and shouted it aloud. It was the novel of 'The Dreamer and the Worker,' subsequently republished by Colburn. The publication of this, by monthly chapters, in *Jerrold's Magazine*, was the means of giving me peace of mind for a twelve-month. Those who have ever known what it was to expect a twelve-month of struggle and doubts, perhaps disappointments, and probably a thousand 'vexations of spirit' in dismal highways of the battle of life, and who have suddenly seen all this transformed into a sunny course for the fair exercise of the energies opened out before them, can best appreciate the kind and degree of such a service rendered at once, and in so frank and off hand a manner.

"The grateful memory of that year's peace of mind is the flower I now send half across the globe, to be affectionately laid upon the grave of Douglas Jerrold. Hail! and farewell!

"'Vale, vale! nos te ordine quo natura permittet sequemur.'

"Richard H. Horne."

And the offering is here most gratefully laid up.

Peeping still behind the walls of Douglas Jerrold's home, he may be found keeping up most affectionate greetings with his friends. He who was so ready to tender thanks for the smallest service, was happy—

thrice happy—when he, in his turn, had pleased a friend.

From Cremona Mr. Dickens wrote in 1844:—

"It was very hearty and good of you, Jerrold, to make that affectionate mention of the 'Carol' in *Punch;* and, I assure you, it was not lost upon the distant object of your manly regard, but touched him as you wished and meant it should. I wish we had not lost so much time in improving our personal knowledge of each other. But I have so steadily read you, and so selfishly gratified myself in always expressing the admiration with which your gallant truths inspired me, that I must not call it lost time either."

Two years later the friends are still exchanging friendly words. Mr. Dickens writes this time from Geneva:—

"My dear Jerrold,

"This day week I finished my little Christmas book (writing towards the close the exact words of a passage in your affectionate letter, received this morning; to wit, 'After all, life has something serious in it'), and ran over here for a week's rest. I cannot tell you how much true gratification I have had in your most hearty letter. F. told me that the same spirit breathed through a notice of 'Dombey' in your paper; and I have been saying since to K, and G., that there is no such good way of testing the worth of a literary friendship as by comparing its influence on one's mind with any that literary animosity can produce. Mr. W. will throw me into a violent fit of anger for the moment, it is true; but his acts and deeds pass into the death of all bad things next day, and rot out of my memory; whereas a generous sympathy, like yours, is ever present to me, ever fresh and new to me—always stimulating, cheerful, and delightful. The pain of unjust malice is lost in an hour. The pleasure of a generous friendship is the steadiest joy in the world. What a glorious and comfortable thing that is to think of!

"No, I *don't* get the paper * regularly. To the best of my recollection I have not had more than three numbers—certainly not more than four. But I knew how busy you must be, and had no expectation of hearing from you until I wrote from Paris (as I intended doing), and implored you to come and make merry with us there. I

* *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper.*

am truly pleased to receive your good account of that enterprise. I feel all you say upon the subject of the literary man in his old age, and know the incalculable benefit of such a resource. . . . Anent the 'Comic ——' and similar comicalities I feel exactly as you do. Their effect upon me is very disagreeable. Such joking is like the sorrow of an undertaker's mute, reversed, and is applied to serious things with the like propriety and force. . . .

"Paris is good both in the spring and in the winter. So come, first at Christmas, and let us have a few jolly holidays together at what Mr. Rowland, of Hatton Garden, calls 'that festive season of the year,' when the human hair is peculiarly liable to come out of curl, unless, &c. I hope to reach there, bag and baggage, by the twentieth of next month. As soon as I am lodged I will write to you.' *Do* arrange to run over at Christmas time, and let us be as English and as merry as we can. It's nothing of a journey, and you shall write 'o' mornings,' as they say in modern Elizabethan, as much as you like. . . .

"The newspapers seem to know as much about Switzerland as about the Esquimaux country. I should like to show you the people as they are here, or in the Canton de Vaud—their wonderful education, splendid schools, comfortable homes, great intelligence, and noble independence of character. It is the fashion among the English to decry them, because they are not servile. I can only say that, if the first quarter of a century of the best general education would rear such a peasantry in Devonshire as exists about here, or about Lausanne ('bating their disposition towards drunkenness), it would do what I can hardly hope in my most sanguine moods we may effect in four times that period. The revolution here just now (which has my cordial sympathy) was conducted with the most gallant, true, and Christian spirit—the conquering party moderate in the first transports of triumph, and forgiving. I swear to you that some of the appeals to the citizens of both parties, posted by the new government (the people's) on the walls, and sticking there now, almost drew the tears into my eyes as I read them; they are so truly generous, and so exalted in their tone—so far above the miserable strife of politics, and so devoted to the general happiness and welfare. . . .

"I have had great success again in magnetism. E., who has been with us for a week or so, holds my magnetic powers in great veneration, and I really think they are, by some conjunction of chances, strong. Let them, or something else, hold you to me by the heart. Ever, my dear Jerrold,

"Affectionately your friend,

"C. D."

Grateful, indeed, were these words to the earnest soul they sought. From Cremona, on the 16th of November, 1844, Mr. Dickens again "greeted" his friend lovingly, and signed himself "always your friend and admirer." From Paris, in 1847, still Mr. Dickens sends over hearty words of friendship and most pleasant gossip. One letter, dated the 14th of February, includes an anecdote that, through this letter, reached every paper in Europe. I give it in Mr. Dickens's words:—

"I am somehow reminded of a good story I heard the other night from a man who was a witness of it, and an actor in it. At a certain German town last autumn there was a tremendous *furore* about Jenny Lind, who, after driving the whole place mad, left it, on her travels, early one morning. The moment her carriage was outside the gates a party of rampant students, who had escorted it, rushed back to the inn, demanded to be shown to her bedroom, swept like a whirlwind up stairs into the room indicated to them, tore up the sheets, and wore them in strips as decorations. An hour or two afterwards a bald old gentleman of amiable appearance, an Englishman, who was staying in the hotel, came to breakfast at the *table d'hôte*, and was observed to be much disturbed in his mind, and to show great terror whenever a student came near him. At last he said in a low voice, to some people who were near him at the table, 'You are English gentlemen, I observe. Most extraordinary people these Germans! Students, as a body, raving mad, gentlemen!' 'O no!' said somebody else; 'excitable, but very good fellows, and very sensible.' 'By God, sir!' returned the old gentleman, still more disturbed; 'then there's something political in it, and I am a marked man. I went out for a little walk this morning after shaving, and while I was gone'—he fell into a terrible perspiration as he told it—'they burst into my bedroom, tore up my sheets, and are now patrolling the town in all directions with bits of 'em in their button-holes!' I needn't wind up by adding that they had gone to the wrong chamber."

And then the correspondence between the two friends would take a serious turn, the subject becoming no less solemn than the punishment of death. "In a letter I have received from G. this morning," Mr. Dickens writes

from Devonshire Terrace, on the 17th of November, 1849, "he quotes a recent letter from you, in which you depre cate the 'mystery' of private hanging.

"Will you consider what punishment there is, except death, to which 'mystery' does not attach? Will you consider whether all the improvements in prisons and punishments that have been made within the last twenty years have, or have not, been all productive of 'mystery?' I can remember very well when the silent system was objected to as mysterious, and opposed to the genius of English society. Yet there is no question that it has been a great benefit. The prison vans are mysterious vehicles; but surely they are better than the old system of marching prisoners through the streets chained to a long chain, like the galley-slaves in Don Quixote. Is there no mystery about transportation, and our manner of sending men away to Norfolk Island, or elsewhere? None in abandoning the use of a man's name, and knowing him only by a number? Is not the whole improved and altered system, from the beginning to end, a mystery? I wish I could induce you to feel justified in leaving that word to the platform people, on the strength of your knowledge of what crime was, and of what its punishments were, in the days when there was no mystery connected with these things, and all was as open as Bridewell when Ned Ward went to see the women whipped."

To which Douglas Jerrold made reply from Putney on the 20th of November:—

"My dear Dickens,

". . . It seems to me that what you argue with reference to the treatment of the convict criminal hardly applies to the proposed privacy of hanging him. The 'mystery' which, in our better discipline, surrounds the living, is eventually for his benefit. If his

name merge in a number, it is that he may have a chance of obtaining back the name cleansed somewhat.

"If it be proved—and can there be a doubt of such proof?—that public execution fails to have a salutary influence on society, then the last argument for the punishment of death is, in my opinion, utterly destroyed. Private hanging, with the mob, would become an abstract idea.

"But what I sincerely lament in your letter of yesterday, is that, in its advocacy of private executions, it implies their continued necessity. The sturdy anti-abolitionist may count upon it as upon his side. I am grieved that the weight of your name, and the influence of your reputation, should be claimed by such a party.

"Grant private hanging, and you perpetuate the punishment; and the mischief wrested from your letter is this: it may induce some—not many, I hope—willing, even in despair, to give up the punishment of death, *now* to contend for its continuance when inflicted in secrecy. . . . As to the folly and wickedness of the infliction of death as a punishment, possibly I may consider them from a too transcendental point. I believe, notwithstanding, that society will rise to it. In the mean time my Tom Thumb voice must be raised against any compromise that, in the sincerity of my opinion, shall tend to continue the hangman among us, whether in the Old Bailey street, or in the prison press-yard.

"Sorry am I, my dear Dickens, to differ from any opinion of yours—most sorry upon an opinion so grave; but both of us are only the instruments of our convictions."

Letters of invitation, too, came by scores to Douglas Jerrold at home. Now from Lord Melbourne, asking him to meet "the Gordons," Lord Morpeth, and others; now from Dr. Mackay, to meet Jules Janin; now from his old friend Thomas Landseer, "to take a chop at six;" now from Sir Joseph Paxton, to pass a quiet Sunday; now from Lord Nugent, to enjoy a few days at Lilies; now from Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, to pass some social hours at Knebworth; and now from poor Mr. Samuel Phillips, to have a chat at Hastings. The last letter from this early friend, dated from Brighton, is a very sad one; and I find it inclosed with the note, written only two days later,

from a mutual friend, announcing Mr. Phillips's death. Mr. Phillips's letter is dated October 12th, 1854. He writes :—

"My dear Jerrold,

"Thanks for the little book" (*The Heart of Gold* I infer), "which has been sent on to me to this place. I shall read the play to-morrow. I can no longer *see* one; and I lose nothing in this instance if your account of R—— be correct, as I believe it is. We are here until the 12th of December, when we go to *town*, where I have purchased a house as a permanent residence, close to Melbourne Terrace, and not far from you. So I hope we may oftener meet. Will you run down to Brighton for a couple of days during our stay? Do. We can give you bed and board and a hearty welcome, as you know. I should like to have a long chat with you over the fire; for it is an age since we met. Come to us if you can, and fix your own time.

"Ever yours,

"Sam Phillips."

To meet oftener! To have a chat over the fire! To be installed in a permanent residence! All is written in a clear, steady hand. And in two days Samuel Phillips was dead! The shock was a severe one to his friend. I was by when my father received the letter announcing the catastrophe. He could hardly express his emotion. He was about to pass his morning in his study at work; but in a few minutes his stick was in his hand, and he was sharply walking along the gravel path to the gate. He must be out—alone. He could not sit with the tumult that was in him.

And now another letter comes from W. H. Russell, the Pen of the War. "You are indeed a leal and kind good friend to me, my dear Douglas Jerrold." And Douglas Jerrold *was* the friend of the great "Pen," and admired him profoundly.

These warm friends were wanted to strengthen Douglas Jerrold's heart against the world that still perversely

would misunderstand him. And he took them enthusiastically to his heart, and bade them be about him always. Sunday was a day, with him, sacred to hospitality. On that day there was a knife and fork for any friend who might choose to use them. "Cottage fare," he would say again and again, as he received the droppers-in. And then an afternoon in the garden if possible, when he would wander past the flower-beds, rather proud of the botanical knowledge which he had been storing all his life, and delighted when he saw that a friend took particular interest in any alteration, or was very happy in a shady, rustic retreat. He could hardly exist in a house that had no garden. He could not understand men who set down their household gods in the smoke and noise of London. To Lady Morgan, who said that she should like to call upon him, but that he must have so many visitors, his house out of town must be like an hotel, he answered "Your ladyship will be always welcome to the Jerrold Arms."

When he suddenly returned from Boulogne, even in the bitter December of 1843, he must take a cottage in the Vale of Health, Hampstead; whence, on the 1st of January, 1843, he wrote to his friend Mr. Forster:—

"A happy new year to you! I have at last a tranquil moment, which I employ in jotting a few words to you. I should have called upon you when I came to see Alexander" (for rheumatism in the eyes, that had almost cost him his sight), "but was summoned back to Boulogne, where I found my dear niece—a lovable, affectionate creature, little less to me than a daughter—in her coffin at my house. She had died of typhus at school—died in her fourteenth year. I found my wife almost frantic with what she felt to be a terrible responsibility; for we had brought the child only the last April from her heart-broken mother, to Boulogne. I assure you I have been so harassed by bodily and mental annoyance, I might say torture, that I have scarcely any notion of how the time has passed since I last saw you. We are, however, now settling down into something like tran-

quility. I am myself much better, with the healthful use of my sight. I have taken a house near Regent's Park (Park Village), and hope to be in it in a few days, with all my family. . . . Possibly we may meet at Talfourd's on Thursday."

Now and then foreign celebrities appeared at his gate; but, unless he knew something of them beyond their book, he received them shyly. He had a horror of those concocters of travel books, who make their way behind the scenes of known men's homes, and then note how many times their distinguished host was helped to peas, and how many flounces his wife had to her skirt. I will not rank Ludwig Kalisch in this list, for he appeared to wish to see the *author* whom he admired, and to exchange thoughts with him. However, he described an interview with Douglas Jerrold at home, which appeared in the *Cologne Gazette*, August 12th, 1855. The description is worth translating, as affording very true glimpses of its subject's literary appreciations.

"Douglas Jerrold," writes Ludwig Kalisch, "is little known in Germany, and little read and little appreciated in England. Yet he is a considerable writer. One of his books, which chanced to fall into my hands, impressed me greatly in his favour. I found in this book —'A Man Made of Money'—much wit, very many fresh thoughts, and real humour. It led me to read many more of Jerrold's works, in which I almost always detected an originality of investigation and a connection of expression rarely met with in modern English authors. I stated this to Thackeray, who fully concurred with me. I then expressed to him my desire to make the acquaintance of Jerrold. Thackeray said he would gladly ask him to dinner, and afford me thus the best opportunity of originating a friendship, as at table he was most confidential, most talkative, most witty; 'but,' he added, 'Jerrold was not always to be counted upon.' I should, therefore, do best in going to him with a line of introduction. I accepted this proposition.

"Douglas Jerrold then lived at Putney, a village on the right bank of the Thames, to the westward of London. You go by steamer to the village, &c. . . . Douglas Jerrold, who loves solitude, did not, however, live in the village itself, but at a little distance from it. His house was situated on a charming plain, upon which broad-headed

cattle were comfortably grazing. A small wood, about a hundred paces from the house, fringed the plain most charmingly; and in front of the wood lay gypsy families, picturesquely grouped around their carts, which constituted their homes, and contained all their possessions. Mr. Jerrold's house itself stood in a small, but carefully kept garden.

"Having delivered Thackeray's note, I was shown into a very cheerful room, to wait the host's arrival. He came in a few minutes. Never did I see a handsomer head on an uglier body. Douglas Jerrold is small, with stooping shoulders; but the head placed upon those shoulders is truly magnificent. He has the head of a Jupiter on the body of a Thersites. A high, broad, cheerful, arched forehead; a very fine mouth; a well-shaped nose; clear, heaven-blue eyes; make the face of Jerrold one of the handsomest.

"He conducted me to his library, and in a few minutes we were deep in conversation, to which Thackeray's 'Lectures on the English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century' gave rise. I observed that those humorists, of whom the English are so proud, were now rarely or never read by Englishmen; and that the present youth of England hardly knew the names of 'Tristram Shandy,' 'Tom Jones,' 'Humphrey Clinker,' and 'Peregrine Pickle.'

"'For that,' said Jerrold, 'there are good reasons. Those humorists were as nude as the times in which they lived. Their ideas were clothed in tatters; their phrases went about on stilts, with beauty spots upon rouged cheeks; or they were rough and vulgar, like those shadowy creatures who nightly prowl about the darker streets of London. Our literature takes its tone, more than foreigners imagine, from the court. Our present court is a pattern of quiet, modest, home life, where good manners reign in conjunction with the strictest ceremony. The romance writer, in some measure a literary currency, must, therefore, be particularly guarded. The novel that cannot now be read aloud by the cheerful winter hearth in the family circle, before the youth of both sexes, can no longer expect to hold an educated public.'

"'It is a pity,' said I, 'that in England, Prudery, sitting in judgment, should so often drive out wholesome human understanding. I am, however, no great admirer of the humorists, now the subjects of Thackeray's lectures. Swift, properly, is a humorist, as great as he is unedifying as a satirist; his worldly estimate is comfortless. To him mankind is an unimprovable robber-band. For him there are too few gallows on the earth, and he seems to rail constantly at Justice for allowing so many mortals to go unhanged. Smollet is rough, and the much-prized Sterne a great hypocrite, who calculated the

exact effect of every sentence. His tears, shed over a dead ass, may move the public; but his artistically prepared sentimentality, speculating so cunningly on public sympathy, touches not me. Fielding is by far a greater humorist, but he is too broad. The flow of his prose has too many inequalities. But there is one among your humorists of the last century whom any literature might envy you; I mean the good, ingenuous, childlike Oliver Goldsmith, of whom Johnson truly said, *Adornavit quod tetigit.* Where is the literature that includes a book as admirable as *The History of Dr. Primrose?* It is the most charming and delightful village history that was ever poetized. Here is true poesy! Here is true humour! And, in its narrow compass, it is one of the most successful of manner-pictures.'

"Scarce had I finished, when Jerrold, taking a book from the table, exclaimed, with animation, 'That outweighs them all! How I regret my inability to read it in the original!'

"It was a recently published English translation of Jean Paul's 'Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces.' Jean Paul now became the subject of conversation. Jerrold was astonished when I told him that this author was little read amongst us. He could not understand it, and remarked several times that *Siebenkäs* contained more thoughts than the collected works of very many English novelists. . . .

"We now came to speak of one of Jerrold's smaller works, which, even in Germany, has got pretty well known, but which has obtained an extraordinary degree of celebrity in England, viz: 'Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures.'"

The German visitor, it will have been remarked by the reader, left little time for his host to speak, and was not embarrassed in describing the appearance of his sitter; but the result has a friendly meaning in it, and we are not to go about the world all our lives through, questioning the taste when we should be satisfied with the motive.

Of the many home incidents which Douglas Jerrold used in his writings, the story of a peacock and peahen which were given to him by a friend connected with the Surrey Zoological Gardens is, perhaps, the most humorous. I remember the birds well upon the lawn in Thistle Grove, Chelsea; how the male bird spread out the glories

of his tail before the breakfast-room window; and how he dragged his tumbled splendour, on wet days, under the tea-tree that grew against the stables. But he was a noisy bird, and he was continually wandering into fields and neighbours' gardens, and was brought back by boys or men, who asked heavy gratuities for the capture. A friend had long admired the birds, and at last it was resolved that this friend should be presented with them. He said his grounds would be greatly enlivened by the peacock.

Not many weeks, however, after the birds had been sent to their new home, a member of Douglas Jerrold's family happened to call at a poulterer's shop near the residence of the peacock's new master. The conversation turned to the peacock. Possibly the customer inquired whether the poulterer had heard any complaints of the bird in the neighbourhood. The poulterer smiled; he had dealt with peacock and peahen long since; they had reached his shop almost direct from Thistle Grove, and had been exchanged by their new master, for fowls and ducks, for the table. It was this peacock, however, that furnished the material for the following incident, as related by Douglas Jerrold in the *Freemason's Quarterly Review* in 1837:—

"The goddess Fortune, playing at blind-man's-buff, had, in a sportive mood, thrown her wanton arms about Abel Staff. She had suddenly given him a happy competence—a comfortable wife. He who had lived upon the voice and finger of others was now himself a master. He was the lord of a house which, in the words of the Prince of Auctioneers, 'advanced a peculiar claim to the epithet of snugness'—one of those suburban cottages with which giant London, 'like a swart Indian with his belt of beads,' stands girted. Abel wanted nothing—nothing, when, in an evil hour, the Prince of Darkness, pointing to him the fatal glory in the yard of a dealer, cried, 'Abel, Abel, buy a peacock!'

. . . . . .

"It was about eight in the morning, and our hero sat at his breakfast. A neighbour dashed into the parlour, and, holding in his hand something for the inspection of Abel, asked, 'Pray, sir, do you think this is to be borne?'

"Abel, tucking his crossed arms under the tails of his coat, looked, acutely as a gypsy, into the hand of the querist, and saw there an inanimate chicken of about a week old, with a hole in its head.

"'I ask you, sir, if you think anybody can continue to endure this?'

"'Not more than once,' said Abel, looking at the mortal hole in the head of the murdered.

"'That peacock of yours, Mr. Staff——' But the gentleman with the chicken could say no more, his sentence being cut short by the discordant scream of the creature on the lawn. (Had the radiant tail of the bird been used to wing a bundle of arrows at the head and heart of Abel, his sorrows had been less. The peacock of Abel Staff proved to him a raven, nay, a very harpy.)

"'That peacock of yours, Mr. Staff,' again cried the neighbour, and again the bird screamed, as if conscious of the notice.

"'I am very sorry,' said Abel, looking at the dead bird for the third time, 'very sorry. How many are killed, sir?'

"'Eight, sir, eight; and every one with a hole in its head, pecked by that infernal peacock, and every hole in the same place.'

"'Curious,' said Staff, evidently struck by the sagacity of the destroyer. 'I declare, just like a Christian.'

"'Mr. Staff,' said his wife, 'that bird will be the ruin of you.'

"'Pretty creature!' cried Abel; and he turned to look at his future ruin, at that instant spreading his tail to its full extent. Yes, at that moment the ruin of Abel was displayed before him to its utmost verge, and yet he smiled and said, 'Pretty creature!'

"'Eight, sir—the whole eight.' And the owner of the dead returned to his loss.

"'Well, Sally, you know Newgate Market? Here's a guinea; will you oblige me—how old were the chickens, sir? One month; very good—will you oblige me by ordering to the house of Mr. Calf eight chickens not less than six weeks?' Saying which, Abel pulled himself up, buttoning his breeches pocket with the air of a conqueror.

"'Eight chickens—what, mere chickens?' exclaimed Mr. Calf.

"'You'd never have the conscience to expect turkeys? And Lucy, my dear, I know you like broth—send next door for the other seven.' And Abel turned again to his ruin.

"'Mr. Staff,' cried Mr. Calf, and his strips of whiskers stood on

end, and his face grew more firey; 'Mr. Staff,' and he laid two fingers on the cold breast of the bird, 'do you know where these chickens came from?'

"'Eggs,' said Abel, and his eyes stared coldly as beads.

"'Eggs, sir!' exclaimed Calf, as if repelling so low and common an origin; 'eggs!' and, as he reiterated the syllable, a cock in the next ground crowed very shrilly. 'Do you know what cock that is, sir?'

"'I'm not much of a judge,' replied Abel; 'but isn't it real dunghill?'

"'Dunghill, sir! It came from the East Indies—from the East Indies, sir!'

"'Well, I suppose there's dunghills all over the world. It isn't game, is it?'

"'The real jungle cock, sir—not another in Europe. Was given to me by the secretary of the Rajah of Singapore.'

"'Umph! a long voyage for poultry,' remarked Abel. 'However, Sally, mind you get the best in the market.' And again the peacock screamed, as if anticipating new victims.

"'Hear me, Mr. Staff. I am very sorry that, as a neighbour, this should have happened; but, if money can at all compensate for the loss of my birds ——'

"'Haven't I given this woman a guinea to replace them?' asked Abel, pointing to his servant, who unclosed her hand to exhibit the coin to Calf.

"'A guinea! I estimate my loss at five-and-twenty pounds—I might say guineas at least,' said Mr. Calf.

"'What! for chickens?' asked Mrs. Staff.

"'Chickens, ma'am! This is a breed that lays——'

"'Golden eggs, I should think,' dryly observed Abel; and again he turned to look at his strutting peacock.

"'But no matter, Mr. Staff; fortunately there is law. This is a matter that shall go before the judges—yes, before the tribunals of our country: it shall be seen whether there is any liberty of the subject.' Saying which Mr. Calf sought his house, bearing with him his dead.

"'Now, who could think that people would be such fools as to make pets of chickens? or, indeed, to have any such whims with any such sort of creatures? Look, Lucy, look'—and Abel brought his wife by the wrist, nearer to the object—'look at that pretty dear spreading its tail! Was there ever any thing so handsome?'

"'Oh, Abel! depend upon it, that peacock will be the ruin of you,' said Mrs. Staff.

"'Pretty creature!' said Abel.

"'Mrs. Thrush, ma'am, if you please, from the next house,' said the servant.

"'Pray let her walk in,' said the gladdened Mrs. Staff. 'Oh, Abel! she is such a nice body—we shall be such good friends. My dear Mrs. Thrush, how d'ye do? I declare you don't look well.'

"'Oh, Mrs. Staff! how do you expect people can look well who can get no sleep?'

"'That brute Thrush,' said Mrs. Staff, aside to her husband, 'never comes home till four in the morning.'

"'Too bad,' said Staff, 'too bad,' with the austere gravity of a regular and early man.

"'I haven't had a wink since four—that nasty bird,' said Mrs. Thrush.

"'Quite a nuisance,' said Abel. 'I heard it myself.'

"'And it isn't enough to be worried with it in bed, but when Rosa's music master comes to give her a lesson you can't tell one from the other—the bird or the child. Do—pray do, Mr. Staff—wring its neck.'

"'I'm sure I would with all my heart,' said Abel; but there's mischief done already; only eight chickens have been killed since yesterday.'

"'Chickens! What! were we to be screamed out of our houses? How many filthy peacocks are we to have?'

"'Peacocks!' cried Abel; 'you don't mean—no, surely you don't mean my peacock?'

"'What should I mean, Mr. Staff? What do you imagine has kept me awake these three nights?'

"'That jungle cock—the East Indian poultry of Mr. Calf!' exclaimed Abel.

"'No, sir, no; nothing but your screeching, screaming peacock: and I've only called in to say that, unless you wring the bird's neck, I'll make Mr. Thrush indict you for a nuisance.' Saying which the sleepless neighbour swam from the room.

"'I told you, Abel, that bird would be your ruin,' said Mrs. Staff.

"But Abel was again at the window—again the peacock displayed its tail—and again its master cried, 'Pretty creature!'

"It mattered not to Abel that the peacock plunged him into law, and made him an outcast from his neighbours; though suffering in pocket, and wounded in spirit by the silence of his former acquaintance, he would stand and watch his plague, and, as it screamed and showed its tail, cry, 'Pretty creature!'

"How many a man, rich in all the gifts of life, with nought to

wish for, will in some way or the other, to his own discomfort, and the discomfort of his friends, persist in having his—peacock!

"D. J."

Let me close this attempt to present my father to the reader *en robe de chambre*, with an anecdote. While living at Putney he ordered a brougham—plain and quiet—to be built for him. He went one morning to the coach-builder's shop to see the new carriage. Its surface was without a speck. "Ah!" said the customer, as he turned to the back of the vehicle, "its polish is perfect now; but the urchins will soon cover it with scratches."

"But, sir, I can put a few spikes here, that will keep any urchins off," the coach-maker answered.

"By no means, man," was the sharp, severe reply. "And know that, to me, a thousand scratches on my carriage would be more welcome than one on the hand of a footsore lad, to whom a stolen lift might be a god-send." "I always loved Jerrold after this," adds the gentleman to whom I am indebted for this incident.

CHAPTER XIII.

OUT OF TOWN.

THERE was hardly a spot of the earth which Douglas Jerrold, at some time of his life, had not longed to visit. He never travelled far in reality, but with every spring his imagination took wing, and bore him half over Europe. Now he was going on a cruise to Portugal; and now, among the vines, he was to pass a few happy weeks in the Italian palazzo of Charles Dickens; and now he was to sail about the Mediterranean with Lord Nugent. He even projected a visit to Constantinople; but, giving it suddenly up, he turned sardonically to his wife, and said, "Well, my dear, if it can't be Constantinople, what do you say to Highgate?" And forthwith he sallied out on a walk through the fields that lie between Hampstead and Highgate Hill—now talking to the children picking the buttercups, and now picking one himself, and dissecting it. "If they cost a shilling a root how beautiful they'd be," he would say, and cast the stem away. One dog, at least, would be at his heels.

He had passed far on his pilgrimage, however, before he was able to see any of the places of which he had dreamed. He spent a few weeks with his brother-in-law at Doncaster about 1833–34,* and paid a flying visit to

* Here, he wrote to Mr. Forster, he intended to write "such a comedy!"

the Rhine, a few years later, with his friend Mr. Gould, a *farceur* as celebrated in his day as Vivier in the present. This was his first trip; and he had wonderful stories of the jokes played by his companion, on the way.

He had already, as I have shown, been forced to Paris for a month or two; but there he had been shut up by the cold, and work had pressed heavily upon him; whereas his notions of being out of town were based on a perfect emancipation from the daily duties of his most arduous profession. He accomplished a short trip to Boulogne (to fetch myself and brother from school) in the summer of 1839, in the company of Mr. Kenny Meadows and the late Mr. Orrin Smith. I remember his arrival well —how he took us from our school, and sallied forth into the country with us, on a donkey expedition—he, not the oldest boy present. Every thing was delightful. He chatted gaily with the *paysanne* of a roadside *auberge* on the Calais road, and joked upon her sour cider. He listened laughingly to our stories of school-fights, and to our disdain for the juvenile specimens of our lively neighbours. My brother described a hurt one of the boys had received. My father asked anxiously about it; whereupon my brother, to turn off the paternal sympathy, and prove in a word that the matter was not worth a moment's thought, added sharply, "Oh! it's only a French boy, papa!" Then a burst of laughter.

We crossed back from Boulogne to Rye by steamer, and so to Hastings and London by coach. How the laughter of the happy party echoed along the road—free, joyous spirits, for the time independent of the world's cares, and drinking in the rich air of the fields:—the cool breeze of the sea! I hold a vivid remembrance of that happy day outside the London stage.

Again, in 1841, Douglas Jerrold turned happily from London to his favourite seaport, Boulogne. He had turned his back upon the great city for some months, full of great projects, to be achieved in a quiet lane opening to the sweet Vallée du Denacre. Ay, poor Mrs. Jordan's old cottage is to let. The trees are green and shady about it; from the windows of the little room that shall be the study, and where the *Prisoner of War* shall flow from the brain of the new tenant to the point of his pen, a pretty terraced garden may be seen. Opposite lies, basking in the sun, a snug farmer's wealth of pigs and cows, and geese and turkeys. A three minutes' walk hence into the corn-fields, and you may look over the tumbling waves of that precious channel, "the best thing," as the new tenant of Mrs. Jordan's old house says, "between England and France," not excepting the alliance. Here shall many happy months be passed, with friends who shall drop across the salt sea to visit the lively hermit; and go gypsying with him; and spend happy afternoons with him, in the leafy, terraced garden, over syllabub, for which the sweet-breathed cows opposite are ever ready to provide the new and foaming milk. Many were the happy mornings, when you might have seen some half dozen donkeys buried under sheepskin saddles, bobbing their patient noses between the green railings of Mrs. Jordan's old house. Within, the bustle and talk were wild. Hampers were being packed; the strictest injunctions were being given to the young gentlemen of the party, to respect all and every description of pie-crust, till the party should meet at Souverain Moulin; the salad mixture was being guarded as something sacred in a picnic, and bottles could not have been more carefully clothed, had they been babies.

Then the merry party bound forth! Hampers, and baskets, and bags are tied to the sheepskin saddles; ladies are adjusted upon the asses, and off for the day. The patient animals, under the fire of incessant jocosities from the gentlemen behind, amble along the narrow paths, and now perplex fair riders by walking through rapid streams; and now, arrived at their destination, trot into mine host's kitchen at Souverain Moulin, calmly as they would pass into a field. Merrily the hours dance along—a laugh will answer even if the salad mixture have been spilt. And the cool evening will find the same party trotting homewards. Days like these; then snug dinners at home (there is always a well-loved flesh melon cooling inside one of those garden-terraces); evenings at the pier-head, watching the London boat's black hull and twinkling cabin-lights fade under the western clouds; mornings of constant, cool-headed work; before dinner, strolls through the crowds of chattering market people—and all this in country guise (here is one of the charms of it)—these are the features of two happy summers. To be darkened at last, unhappily.

The happy dramatist sauntered one evening to the pier-head, with a book in his pocket. It was autumn, and the wind had a touch of ice in it. Still, he sat down and read. He read long enough, too, to feel a chill. He walked rapidly home, and in a few days the old enemy, rheumatism, attacked his eyes; the shutters of his room were closed (he had moved to Capecure lately), and he lay upon his back, most sorely oppressed. And a French doctor came to him, and treated him as a horse might be treated. He was blistered, and again blistered. He shrieked if the light of the smallest candle reached him; yet he could, if the chord were touched, say a sharp

thing. This French doctor had just been operating upon the patient. The patient had winced a little, and the operator had said, "Tut! tut! It's nothing—nothing at all!"

Presently some hot water was brought in. The doctor put his fingers in it, and sharply withdrew them, with an oath. The patient, who was now lying, faint, upon the sofa, said, "Tut! tut! It's nothing—nothing at all!"

This illness lasted for five weeks, and at length the patient's eyes got better. At this moment he wrote, but in sad spirits, to Mr. Forster. It was now November, 1842. He wrote:—

"In dread of a relapse, I have resolved to avail myself of the first fair day (for here the weather continues very bad), and start for England. I have tried for several mornings to work, but cannot. After half an hour's application, or less, reading or writing, thick spots obscure my sight, and then come all sorts of horrid apprehensions. Yet I strive to think it is nothing but weakness, which rest, and rest only, will remedy. On this, however, I come (and have resolved to settle in England) for advice. I now despair being able to complete 'Rabelais,' for, though I might still eke out sight enough for it without any permanent evil, yet the nervous irritability which besets me, weakens every mental faculty. You will, I hope, believe me truly distressed at the inconvenience I shall draw upon you, which, at no small risk, I would, if possible, prevent. If, however, I am to work again, 'Rabelais' shall be the first thing I complete. I shall see you in a few days.

"Yours ever most truly (and sadly),

"D. JERROLD."

The allusion to Rabelais needs explanation. Douglas Jerrold was a most diligent, a most enthusiastic student of the great Frenchman. Mr. Forster reminds me that my father never tired of talking over Rabelais with him, through all the years of their intimacy. "And," Mr. Forster adds, "I never, in my experience, found an understanding of, and liking for, Rabelais other than the

sure test of a well-read man. Your father had read and studied a great deal more than those who most intimately knew him would always have been prepared to give him credit for." Mr. Forster was, at the time now referred to, the editor of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, and wished his friend to write an article on their favourite, for the review—a wish that was never fulfilled.

At the end of 1842 Douglas Jerrold, as I have noticed in the preceding chapter, returned to London—weak from illness—in low spirits; for he had just buried a niece who, as he said, was almost a daughter to him. But the spring burst in 1843 only to make him turn from his cottage in Park Village, Regent's Park, towards the country. Some friends lived near Herne Bay. He had heard that the place was quiet—the country about, rich Kentish landscape. This was enough. He eagerly sped thither, taking a beautiful cottage about two miles from the Bay—a cottage buried in ivy, and encompassed by glowing parterres. A pony and chaise for the green lanes—for he could not walk far—and here was enough to enjoy the summer. Let us include some magnificent strawberry beds on a farmer's grounds opposite; and Henry Mayhew, deep in a great dictionary at a farm-house near at hand, whence he strode across fields, as the sun touched the western horizon, pipe in mouth, to talk of books and men; and a visit now and then from London;—and the picture is complete. It dwells in my memory—as a very sunny picture too. Our happy excursions to Grove Ferry; our jaunt to Canterbury; that wondrous evening of games in a near village, the prizes given by Douglas Jerrold and friends, including jumping in sacks, &c.;—all make up an unclouded, hearty summer. Closed, alas! like the last, in sickness.

Mr. Dickens was, it would appear, among the friends whom Douglas Jerrold endeavoured to tempt to his cottage. Here is some gossip he sent to his friend from his Kentish snuggery:—

"My dear Dickens,

"I write from a little cabin, built up of ivy and woodbine, and almost within sound of the sea. Here I have brought my wife and daughter, and have already the assurance that country air, and sounds, and sights will soon recover them.

"I have little more than a nodding acquaintaince with Maclise, and therefore send the inclosed to him through you. I cut it out of the *Times* last summer in France, with the intention of forwarding it. Since then it has been mislaid, and has only turned up to-day with other papers. It appears to me to contain an admirable subject for a painter; and for whom so specially as Maclise? What an annoyance, too, it is to know that good subjects, like the hidden hoards of the buried, are lying about, if we only knew where to light upon them. This, to be sure, is only annoying to those who want subjects or money; and then, again, of these Maclise is not. Nevertheless, upon the fine worldly principle of leaving £10 legacies to Crœsus, I send the inclosed to Mr. M. I am about to take advantage of the leisure of country life, and the inspiration of a glorious garden, to finish a comedy begun last summer, and to which rheumatism wrote, 'To be continued,' when rheumatism, like a despotic editor, should think fit. By the way, did they forward to you this month's *Illuminated Magazine?* I desired them to do so. As for 'illuminations,' you have, of course, seen the dying lamps on a royal birthday night, with the R burned down to a P, and the W's very dingy W's indeed, even for the time of the morning. The 'illuminations' in my magazine were very like these. No enthusiastic lamplighter was ever more deceived by cotton wicks and train oil, than I by the printer. However, I hope in another month we shall be able to burn *gas.*"

Mr. Dickens replies:—

"Herne Bay. Hum! I suppose it's no worse than any other place in this weather; but it *is* watery, rather, isn't it? In my mind's eye, I have the sea in a perpetual state of smallpox, and the chalk running downhill like town milk. But I know the comfort of getting to work 'in a fresh place,' and proposing pious projects to one's self, and having the more substantial advantage of going to bed early, and

getting up ditto, and walking about alone. If there were a fine day, I should like to deprive you of the last-named happiness, and to take a good long stroll."

But the fine day never came, and the dull one did. Rheumatism racked the body of the host who had been the life, and soul, and sunshine of the Herne Bay cottage; and we bore him away to his London home, carrying him to the carriage and to the boat, in our arms.

Malvern—the hills and exercise—cured for a time, the rheumatism. The bent, immovable figure that left us, to submit to the water cure, came back happily into Park Village with a light, easy step, and was most joyously received. Spring burst again: 1844. "Come," wrote Mr. Dickens, temptingly, "come and see me in Italy. Let us smoke a pipe among the vines. I have taken a little house surrounded by them, and no man in the world should be more welcome to it than you." It was a happy dream to the recipient of these words, even to think in sleep, that he might reach Italy. How he pondered—fought with himself, tried with all his might to see his way clear; but no, the daily chains lay hard and cold—it could not be, *now*, at any rate. Then again from Cremona (November, 1844) the same tempter writes:—

"You rather entertained the notion once, of coming to see me at Genoa. I shall return straight on the 9th of December, limiting my stay in town to one week. Now, couldn't you come back with me? The journey that way is very cheap, costing little more than £12, and I am sure the gratification to you would be high. I am lodged in quite a wonderful place, and would put you in a painted room as big as a church, and much more comfortable. There are pens and ink upon the premises; orange-trees, gardens, battledores and shuttlecocks, rousing wood fires for evenings, and a welcome worth having. . . .

"Come! Letter from a gentleman in Italy to Bradbury and Evans in London. Letter from a gentleman in a country gone to sleep, to a gentleman in a country that would go to sleep too, and never wake

again, if some people had their way. You can work in Genoa—the house is used to it; it is exactly a week's post. Have that portmanteau looked to, and when we meet say 'I am coming!'"

Very galling was this letter to the expected guest, I know—a song of freedom to a bird in a cage. It might not be. Once, just so far as Ostend, could the midshipman, who had helped to land armed men there in 1815, go, to meet his illustrious friend on his return, and have a few days' stroll about Belgium. He, too, who dreamed of Italy, and all that belonged to Italy! It was a hard fate to have longings so intense, and fetters so heavy!

In 1846, again, Mr. Dickens is off to Switzerland, and still would tempt his friend in his wake. "I wish," he writes, "you would seriously consider the expediency and feasibility of coming to Lausanne in the summer or early autumn. I must be at work myself during a certain part of every day almost, and you could do twice as much there as here. It is a wonderful place to see; and what sort of welcome you would find I will say nothing about, for I have vanity enough to believe that you would be willing to feel yourself as much at home in my household as in any man's." Could any thing be more provokingly tempting to a man tired of London, and panting ever for new air—with longing eyes, seeking for new scenes? But it might not be. A solemn promise had indeed been given; but iron difficulties barred the way. Mr. Dickens, meantime, has arrived at Lausanne, and writes that he will be ready for his guest in June. "We are established here," he says, "in a perfect doll's house, which could be put bodily into the hall of our Italian palazzo. But it is in the most lovely and delicious situation imaginable, and there is a spare bedroom wherein we could make you as comfortable as need be.

Bowers of roses for cigar-smoking, arbours for cool punch-drinking, mountain and Tyrolean countries close at hand, piled-up Alps before the windows, &c., &c., &c." Then follow business-like directions for the journey.

These reached Douglas Jerrold at West Lodge, Putney, whither he had removed; and once more sorely tempted him. He was busy with his paper, and with his magazine, and he felt that these could not be abandoned even for a few weeks. Well, could he reach Paris for Christmas, asked kind Mr. Dickens, and spend that merry time with his friend? "Paris," writes Mr. Dickens, "is good both in the spring and the winter; so come, first at Christmas, and let us have a few jolly holidays together, at what Mr. Rowland, of Hatton Garden, calls 'that festive season of the year,' when the human hair is peculiarly liable to come out of curl, unless, &c. . . . It's nothing of a journey, and you shall write 'o' mornings,' as they say in modern Elizabethan, as much as you like." But all was of no avail. *Punch*, *The Shilling Magazine*, *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper*, held the overtaxed author fast to London. Early in 1847, however, he thought he saw his way clear to Paris, where his friend was still established. "We are delighted at your intention of coming," writes Mr. Dickens, giving the most minute details of the manner in which the journey was to be performed; but even this journey was never accomplished. Only once, I repeat, after all these promises and invitations, and that for two or three days, did Douglas Jerrold escape from the cares of London literary life, to meet Mr. Dickens at Ostend, on the return of this gentleman from Italy. But I remember that my father enjoyed the few days heartily, and that he returned one night, bringing with him, not his personal

luggage (that was to follow), but a large packing-case. He came eagerly into the house, and bade me open the case. He stood over me, his eyes following those of my mother and sister. He was as excited as a child that has bought a present for its mother with its pocket money. Presently the case was opened, and he lifted out a beautiful workbox of sandal wood, decorated with fine original paintings—a most exquisite piece of art and workmanship. He placed it before my mother, with an intensity of delight that I shall never forget. He looked from one to the other, inviting our enthusiasm. He could never understand regulated admiration. He felt how his heart and soul had been in the business when he had bought this present—how he had jealously watched it across the water—how he had left his luggage behind, that he might bear it with him to his home; and I fear that he was disappointed with the quantum of admiration it elicited.

In the autumn of 1847 he was in Guernsey, at the sick bed of his daughter, Mrs. Henry Mayhew. Away from London, even under the most pleasant circumstances, he was not disposed to sit before his desk. New scenes created a tumult in him. He must be out and seeing all that was going on, So in Guernsey he could write little. He must wander about the island, and, when his daughter's health had improved, must tempt the salt sea again, as in the second chapter of this book I have related. Sark, whither he directed a cutter in the company of his son-in-law, enraptured him with its wild solitudes. He laughingly talked of buying the island with a few friends, and retiring thither away from the world. "I am here," he wrote to Mr. Forster on the 9th of August, "in this most wild, most solitary, and most beau-

tiful place. No dress—no fashion—no respectability—nothing *but* beauty and grandeur, with the sea rolling and roaring, at times, 'tween me and Fleet Street, as though I should never walk there again." It was nearly so. Had not the traveller been an old midshipman, that sea, beating round the rocky coast of desolate Sark, would have claimed him and his.

Returning to London, he was recognized in the railway carriage by a gentleman who wished—seeing the enthusiasm with which my father pointed to the beauties of the landscape—to ingratiate himself by the assumption of an equal enthusiasm. But the counterfeit was plain and revolting. "I take a book," said the stranger, "retire into some unfrequented field, lie down, gaze on God's heaven, then study. If there are animals in the field so much the better; the cow approaches, and looks down at me, and I look up at her."

"With a filial smile?" asked the stranger's annoyed listener.

Returned to London from the Channel Islands, Douglas Jerrold remained at home for many months, always full of projects for travel, but never realizing them. He went for a few days to the Lakes of Killarney with his friend Mr. Charles Knight, and paid a flying visit to Miss Martineau at Windermere (a letter from the hostess lies before me, asking her visitor to pass that way again); but he carried out none of his planned journeys to the south of France, Italy, or Germany. In 1849, however, he returned to his favourite old place, Boulogne, intending to write *The Catspaw* there. But he got into lodgings where the ground floor gave lessons on the violin; and his work was thrown up. He looked upon the time spent here as so many days wasted. He chafed under

the fiddle infliction, but was not altogether displeased secretly, to see a good excuse for donning his straw hat early in the morning, and seeking the fresh air.

The following summer was spent in a beautiful cottage perched upon a rock, about a mile from Hastings. Fairlight Glen lay below, and the sea was before the sloping garden. From the drawing-room windows you could see Beechey Head. The delighted tenant would tell any visitor who opened the gate, that he could walk from his door out upon the beach in his slippers. More—before breakfast, on fine days, he could go among the solitary rocks yonder, and have a morning bath. Then Winchelsea and Rye were not far off—odd, dead places to take a mug of ale in, after a good ride through leafy lanes.

The summer heat of 1851 found Douglas Jerrold and family at Eastbourne, where, as related in the opening chapter of this book, the author gave a strolling troupe a bespeak—here, where more than half a century ago his father had trod the boards!

It was not till the year 1854, however, although dozens of projects had been framed and broken in the meantime, that my father, whose thirst for travel was incessant, and who felt, with a keenness that was almost painful, the pleasure of witnessing new scenes, and studying fresh manners—that he who could never walk into a pretty spot of earth without wildly throwing back his hair, sniffing the scent of the flowers, and exclaiming that there he should like to live and die—at last found himself really and truly, in his fifty-second year, *en route* for Switzerland. Nor in 1854 would he have accomplished the journey, I verily believe, had he not had a travelling companion as firm of purpose as Mr. Hepworth Dixon. Together, with their respective wives, they set

forth to see Switzerland, and return by the Rhine. They had marked Italy on their programme; but, on going to the Austrian Consul in London for the visa of my father's passport, this functionary had remarked that he had orders not to admit Mr. Douglas Jerrold within the Austrian territory.

"That shows your weakness, not my strength," said the applicant to the consul. "I wish you good morning."

So Italy was given up; but remained—free Switzerland. And thither, in the highest spirits, journeyed the little party, resolved to see the sunny side only of any fruit of travel that might lie in their road. My father wrote here and there by the way,—but short letters only.

On August 26th he wrote to me from Geneva: "Dear William,—We arrived here last night. A most delightful run through Burgundy, and by the Rhône, to Aix-les-Bains, Savoy—wondrously beautiful. . . . Love to all." Mr. Hepworth Dixon sent letters to his eldest son, of which my father was often the subject. Thus from Fontainbleau:—"Godpapa has a great love for trees, and woods, and gardens; indeed, we can't tell if he loves even books better than flowers, of which he knows all the names, English and Latin, and all the verses that have ever been written about them." From Aix, in Savoy: "'Any thing to declare?' asks a pompous gentleman, all button and tobacco. 'Yes,' says Godpapa, who will have his bit of fun, 'a live elephant—take care!'" (*See* APPENDIX VI.)

He returned in a few weeks full of health and spirits—full, too, of the beauties he had seen. He would absolutely pass a winter in the south, now he had tasted

of its sweetness. As for 1855, that year should shine upon him in Rome. He actually reached Paris in this year, tempted, perhaps, by the Universal Exhibition; and he went suddenly one morning on the appearance of Mr. Dixon, who was ready for the south, to the various embassies, to have his passport viséd for the states through which he had suddenly resolved to pass. It was a beautiful day, and he was flushed with the bright prospect of gazing on the Mediterranean before he died. He had telegraphed for his wife and daughter to come to Paris and bid him good-by—he would not go without. We all went to bed that night very early, for there remained much to be done on the morrow, in the evening of which the two travellers were to proceed on their journey. But the sunrise brought wet weather, and the wet weather a change in the temperament of Douglas Jerrold. He could not help it—weather had an irrepressible effect upon him. No, he would not go to Rome; he would return to Boulogne. In vain it was represented to him that so good an opportunity might not occur again; the rain poured down, and he turned the horses' heads towards the Northern Railway Terminus.

He was in Boulogne again. And hither was he destined to come during the next two summers. One or two more picnics in the pretty valley near at hand; a few more rubbers at whist with M. Bonnefoy; a few more quiet, peaceful months of early rising, and early sleep, and cheerful gossip upon the port; badinage with the market-women; some dear old friends again to taste Virginie's excellent cuisine; and then, after à Beckett's death in the autumn of 1856, home;—for now there is the atmosphere of a charnel-house about the place to sensitive Douglas Jerrold. He would never tarry in

Boulogne again. Not there should his future summers be passed, he wrote to Mr. Forster. Not there, in truth.

Dreams of sunny Rome—pictures of happy Nice and its orange-trees—hopes that still the streets of Florence may be trod—longings to stand upon English oak dancing upon the Mediterranean—all fade as the Folkestone boat, this heavy autumn afternoon in 1856, bears the sad author to his English home. He shall cross that channel no more.

CHAPTER XIV.

CLUBS.

THE neighbourhood of Covent Garden has been, and is, sacred to clubs—from the "Finish," frequented by George IV., down to the pleasant social meetings still held within its cheerful precincts. It has been made a place of pleasant memories by Wycherley, who dwelt in Bow Street, hard by; by Sheridan; by vocal Captain Morris. Here have more hearty intellectual nights been spent than in any other part of London. Names of happy memory throng upon you as you walk about the byways of the old market. Under the Piazzas you may almost hope to hear the echoes of hearty laughter. Most pleasant, most intellectual and refined converse, and wise merriment, keep the old spot cheerful now-a-days.

It was near here that, about thirty-four years ago, some young men met, the spirit that brought them together being Shakspeare! Very young, not rich, working with patient earnestness towards a future of which they had great dreams. They had a simple room in an humble tavern (the Wrekin), where they talked and read. Shakspeare was the common idol; and it was a regulation of this club that some paper, or poem, or conceit, bearing upon Shakspeare, should be contributed by each member. A fair-haired, boyish-looking young man was introduced to the company about the end of 1824.

He was soon joined by an intimate friend of his. The pair were Douglas Jerrold and Laman Blanchard. They had their enthusiasm for the great bard, and they could make their offering. Douglas Jerrold had even a name for the club. It should be called THE MULBERRIES. Agreed! The book of contributions to be written by members should be called MULBERRY LEAVES. Agreed again! In the list of ayes were the names of William Godwin; Kenny Meadows, the future illustrator of Shakspeare; William H. Elton, the Shakspearian actor; and Edward Chatfield, the artist. Mr. Meadows is one of the few men who live to tell of the merry evenings the Mulberries passed. And there are no public notices of its gatherings before the world save that penned by Douglas Jerrold when Elton was drowned. Then the surviving member, publishing two poems—"Mulberry Leaves" left by the unfortunate actor—took occasion to say of the club:—

"The lines were among the contributions of a society—the MULBERRY CLUB—formed many years since, drawn into a circle by the name of Shakspeare. Of that society WILLIAM ELTON was an honoured and honouring member. Noble men had already dropped from that circle. The frank, cordial-hearted WILLIAM GODWIN, with an unfolded genius worthy of his name, was smitten by the cholera. EDWARD CHATFIELD, on the threshold of a painter's fame, withered slowly into death. . . . .

"The society in which these poems were produced is now dissolved. In its early strength it numbered some who, whatever may have been, or may yet be, their success in life, cannot look back to that society of kindred thoughts and sympathizing hopes without a sweetened memory—without the touches of an old affection. My early boy-friend, LAMAN BLANCHARD, and KENNY MEADOWS, a dear friend too, whose names have become musical in the world's ear, were of that society—of that knot of wise and jocund men, then unknown, but gaily struggling.

"I have given a place in these pages" (*The Illuminated Magazine*) "to the following poems, not, it will be believed, in a huckstering

spirit, to call morbid curiosity to the verses of a drowned actor, but as illustrative of the graceful intelligence of the mind of one, for whose fate the world has shown so just a sympathy. Poor Elton! He was one of the men whose walk in life is nearly always in the shade. Few and flickering were the beams upon his path. The accident that led to the closing of his life was only of the same sad colour as his life itself. He was to have embarked in a vessel bound direct for London. She had sailed only half an hour before, and he stepped aboard that death-ship, the Pegasus. If however, the worldly successes of Elton were not equal to his deserts, he had a refined taste and a true love of literature—qualities that 'make a sunshine in a shady place,' diminishing the gloom of fortune. As an actor, Elton had not sufficient physical power to give force and dignity to his just conceptions. In his private character—and I write from a long knowledge of the dead—he was a man of warm affections and high principle, taking the buffets of life with a resignation, a philosophy, that, to the outdoor world, showed nothing of the fireside wounds bleeding within."

The Mulberry Club lived many years, and gathered a valuable crop of leaves—contributions from its members. These contributions were kept in a book, and it was arranged that the last member who attended should have it. It fell into Mr. Elton's hands, and is now in the possession of his family—a relic that may be precious presently. The leaves were to have been published; but the club dead, it was nobody's business to see them through the press, and to this hour they remain chiefly in manuscript. The club did not die easily, however. It was changed and grafted before it gave up the ghost. In times nearer the present, when it was called the Shakspeare Club, Charles Dickens, Mr. Justice Talfourd, Daniel Maclise, Mr. Macready, Frank Stone, &c., belonged to it. Respectability killed it. Sumptuous quarters were sought; Shakspeare was to be admired in a most elegant manner—to be edited specially for the club by the author of the Book of Etiquette. But the new atmosphere had not the vigour of the old, and so, after a long struggle, all the

Mulberries fell from the old tree, and now it is a green memory only to a few old members.

Douglas Jerrold always turned fondly to these Shakspearian days, and he loved to sing the old song he wrote for the Mulberries, in that soft, sweet voice, which all his friends remember. This song was called "Shakspeare's Crab-Tree," and these were the words:—

"To Shakspeare's mighty line
Let's drink with heart and soul;
'Twill give a zest divine,
Though humble be the bowl.
Then drink while I essay,
In slipshod, careless rhyme,
A legendary lay
Of Willy's golden time.

"One balmy summer's night,
As Stratford yeomen tell,
One Will, the royst'ring wight,
Beneath a crab-tree fell;
And, sunk in deep repose,
The tipsy time beguiled,
Till Dan Apollo rose
Upon his greatest child.

"Since then all people vow'd
The tree had wond'rous power:
With sense, with speech endow'd,
'Twould prattle by the hour;
Though scatter'd far about,
Its remnants still would blab:
Mind, ere this fact you doubt,—
It was a female crab.

"'I felt,' thus spoke the tree,
'As down the poet lay,
A touch, a thrill, a glee,
Ne'er felt before that day.
Along my verdant blood
A quick'ning sense did shoot,

Expanding every bud,
And rip'ning all my fruit.

"'What sounds did move the air,
Around me and above!
The yell of mad despair,
The burning sigh of love!
Ambition, guilt-possess'd,
Suspicion on the rack,
The ringing laugh and jest,
Begot by sherris-sack!

"'Since then, my branches full
Of Shakspeare's vital heat,
My fruit, once crude and dull,
Became as honey sweet;
And when, o'er plain and hill,
Each tree was leafless seen,
My boughs did flourish still
In everlasting green.'

"And thus our moral food
Doth Shakspeare leaven still,
Enriching all the good,
And less'ning all the ill;—
Thus, by his bounty, shed
Like balm from angel's wing,
Though winter scathe our head,
Our spirits dance with spring."

"Shakspeare at Bankside" * was also the fruit of the Mulberry Club meetings. Herein a vision of Shakspeare's creations is told in few words. Scene—before the Rose playhouse:—

"First passes one bearing in his hand a skull; wisdom is in his eyes, music on his tongue—the soul of contemplation in the flesh of an Apollo—the greatest wonder and the deepest truth—the type of great thoughts and sickly fancies—the arm of clay wrestling with, and holding down, the angel. He looks at the skull as though death had written on it the history of man. In the distance one white arm is

* See "Cakes and Ale."

seen above the tide, clutching at the branches of a willow 'growing askant a brook.'

"Now there are sweet, fitful noises in the air: a shaggy monster, his lips glued to a bottle, his eyes scarlet with wine—wine throbbing in the very soles of his feet—heaves and rolls along, mocked at by a sparkling creature couched in a cowslip's bell.

"And now a maiden and a youth, an eternity of love in their passionate looks, with death as a hooded priest, joining their hands. A gay gallant follows them, led on by Queen Mab, twisting and sporting as a porker's tail.

"The horns sound—all, all is sylvan! Philosophy, in hunter's suit, stretched beneath an oak, moralizes on a wounded dèer, festering, neglected, and alone; and now the bells of folly jingle in the breeze, and the suit of motley glances among the greenwood.

"The earth is blasted—the air seems full of spells—the shadows of the fates darken the march of the conqueror—the hero is stabbed with air-drawn steel.

"The waves roar like lions round the cliff—the winds are up and howling; yet there is a voice louder than theirs—a voice made high and piercing by intensest agony. The singer comes, his white head 'crowned with rank fumitor'—madness, tended by truth, speaking through folly.

"The Adriatic basks in the sun—there is a street in Venice—'a merry bargain' is struck—the Jew slinks like a baulked tiger from the court.

"Enter a pair of legs marvellously cross-gartered.

"And, hark! to a sound of piping, comes one with an ass's head wreathed with musk roses, and a spirit playing around it like a wildfire.

"A handkerchief, with 'magic in the web,' comes, like a trail of light, and disappears.

"A leek—a leek of immortal green—shoots up.

"Behold! like to the San Trinidad, swims in a buck-basket, labelled 'To Datchet Meads.'

"There gleam two roses, red and white—a Roman cloak stabbed through and through—a lantern of the watch of Messina!

"A thousand images of power and beauty pass along.

"The glorious pageant is over."

Then there is another paper by the enthusiastic member of the Mulberry Club, entitled "Shakspeare in China"—a paper for which a passage from Godwin's "Essay on

Sepulchres" * furnishes the motive. The passage runs as follows: "I cannot tell that the wisest mandarin now living in China is not indebted for part of his energy and sagacity to Shakspeare and Milton, even though it should happen that he never heard of their names."

Men who have been pleased, wearing very starched neck-cloths themselves, to fall foul of gentlemen given to a Byronic looseness of collar, may be fairly asked whether social evenings spent by young literary men, and even by their elders, say under the creaking sign of an old-fashioned tavern, are so very wickedly spent after all. Something of that merry wisdom described in the "Chronicles of Clovernook," some touches of the humanities practised at the Gratis, belong to the literary clubs whereof I speak. In the Rationals, for instance, a club not so highly touched as the Mulberries, still including many intellectual men, there was a jocund spirit which the Quaker might not understand, but which had nothing coarse or vicious in it nevertheless.

But with clubs of more recent date—with the Museum Club, with the Hooks and Eyes, and lastly, with Our Club—Douglas Jerrold's name is most intimately associated. It may be justly said that he was the life and soul of these three gatherings of men. His arrival was a happy moment for members already present. His company was sought with wondrous eagerness whenever a dinner or social evening was contemplated; for, as a club associate said of him, "he sparkled whenever you touched him, like the sea at night." That "true benevolence of wit," as he himself described it in *Bubbles of the Day*, "to shine but never scorch," was the ruling spirit of club conversation. Professor Masson, who was a club compan-

* "Cakes and Ale."

ion, wrote of him: "There was, perhaps, no conversation in which Mr. Jerrold took a part that did not elicit from him half a dozen good things. To recollect such good things is proverbially difficult; and hence many of Jerrold's died within the week, or never got beyond three miles from Covent Garden. Some, however, lived, and got into circulation—a little the worse for wear—in the provinces; and not a few have been exported. One joke of his was found lately beating about the coasts of Sweden, seeking in vain for a competent Swedish translator; and the other day a tourist from London, seeing two brawny North Britons laughing together immoderately on a rock near Cape Wrath, with a heavy sea dashing at their feet, discovered that the cause of their mirth was a joke of Mr. Jerrold's, which they had intercepted on its way to the Shetlands." Another club friend of Douglas Jerrold's, writing about him in the *Quarterly Review*, said, "In the bright sallies of conversational wit he has no surviving equal." Mrs. Cowden Clarke dedicated her noble "Concordance to Shakspeare" to "Douglas Jerrold, the greatest wit of the present age, this book, by the greatest wit of any age, is dedicated by a woman of a certain age, and no wit at all."

"His place among the wits of our time is clear enough," wrote Mr. Hepworth Dixon, who also knew him in the intimacy of the Museum and other clubs. "He had less frolic than Theodore Hook, less elaborate humour than Sydney Smith, less quibble and quaintness than Thomas Hood; but he surpassed all these in intellectual flash and strength. His wit was all steel points, and his talk was like squadrons of lancers in evolution. Not one pun, we have heard, is to be found in his writings. His wit stood nearer to poetic fancy than to broad humour."

He was thus greatly acceptable in all social literary clubs. In the Museum Club, for instance (an attempt made in 1847 to establish a properly modest and *real* literary club), he was unquestionably *the* member; for he was the most clubbable of men. He cared little about pretentious luxuries; hated liveried servants; liked simple, solid furniture, and plain, clean service, and wisely cheerful men—men, for instance, with whom he could talk and banter in conversations such as that which, by the happy industry of a pencil and a note-book that chanced to be present on a certain evening, I am enabled to present to the reader. It is simply, as the reporter saith,—

A FRAGMENT OF TABLE TALK.

By a disciple of Captain Cuttle, who made a note on't.

A charming night at the Museum Club—every body there.

C. said he was writing about Shakspeare.

Now, Jerrold ranks Shakspeare with the angels, if not above them; and *G.*, paraphrasing Pope's line on Bacon, says, "Shakspeare has written the best and the worst stuff that was ever penned;" whereupon *F.* says, "But then comes the question, What did Shakspeare write? Not all that is printed under his name."

G. Ah! I don't refer to the doubtful plays; I take the best: *Hamlet, Othello* ——

Jerrold. Well, then, choose your example.

G. There, this is in bad taste—where Othello is about to murder Desdemona. He bends over her, and says she is a rose, and he'll smell her on the tree ——

C. Stop! Here is the passage:—

"Put out the light; and then —— Put out the light?
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister!
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd the rose

I cannot give it vital growth again:
It needs must wither. I'll smell it on the tree."

G. Exactly, that's what I object to: the confusion of image is only surpassed by the want of taste.

Jerrold. My God! You don't call it bad taste to compare a woman's beauty to a rose?

G. Ha! he says she is a rose—and he'll smell her—and on the tree. It is the license of wanton and false imagery common to the early Italian poets.

H. Your illustration is not happy. I need not tell *you* that Shakspeare's characters are national as well as individual—true to the race as well as to the unit. Othello is a Moor, not only in face, but in imagination—in his modes of expression as in his range of ideas. His passions, bright, vivid, and desponding—are all Oriental, and his caste of thought is that of the far east. Confusion of images! His fancies are many, but not confused. Your Oriental always gives you his image naked. Othello's language has all the tenderness, the fire, the sensuousness, the multiplicity, the exaggeration, of the eastern poets. But truly this exuberance is its charm. This Moor lives in Venice, among a money-making people. His words are addressed to northern ears; yet how gorgeous are his hopes, his illustrations!

"O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympian high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven!"

What grand, what impossible hyperbole! Compare these with the exclamations of Lear:—

"Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage, blow!
Ye cataracts and hurricanes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunberbolts,
Singe my white head!"

Talk of the Caucasian races—here you have them living, speaking, acting. Othello merely meeting his wife after a gale; yet how sublime his exaggeration. Lear is "reft of all;" yet his imagination never dreams of the winds blowing till they waken death—only, indeed, till they crack their cheeks. In the Koran you find the same profusion of images, the same exaggeration, the same defiance of logic.

Wordsworth was mentioned. Jerrold spoke of him in the warmest terms; indeed, he ranks the man of Rydal Mount next to Shakspeare and Milton. "No writer," he said, "has done me more good, excepting always Shakspeare. When I was a lad I adored Byron—every lad does. Of course I laughed at Wordsworth and the Lakers, and, of course, without knowing them. But one day I heard a line quoted:—

> 'She was known to every star in heaven,
> And every wind that blew.'

These lines sent me to Wordsworth, and, I assure you, it was like a new sense. For years I read him eagerly, and found consolation—the true test of genius—in his verse. In all my troubles his words have been the best medicine to my mind."

G. Some of his things are good; but he will only live in extracts.

H. I am of your opinion. I have not read him through; I cannot. But his "Tintern Abbey," his "Yarrow Revisited," and some of his short poems, are above praise. My objection to him, as to Southey, is political. I detest his principles, and therefore have to strive to like his poetry.

Jerrold. Never mind his principles. Wordsworth, the man, may have been a snob and a scoundrel. Dear Hood once asked me to meet him, and I would not. I hated the man; but then the poet had given me grand ideas, and I am grateful. Separate the writer from the writing.

H. I cannot do that. I cannot think of the artist and the art—the creators and the creations—as things of no relation. In an early number of the *Spectator*, Addison described his staff—and he was right. People *do* like to know if their teachers are black or white. The reader likes to give and take; you ask his confidence, and he naturally inquires into your character.

Jerrold. You are quite wrong. A truth *is* a truth—a fine thought *is* a fine thought. What matters it who is the mouthpiece? When Coleridge says,—

> "Old winter slept upon the snowy earth,
> And on his smiling face a dream of spring"—

what do I care for his being a sot and a tyrant?

D. I do care. To me a Gospel delivered by a demon is no Gospel: the orator is a part of the oration. Surely the founts of true inspiration must be true: fresh water cannot run from foul springs. I refuse to accept an oracle from a charlatan. . . .

Jerrold. I agree it would be better for the poet to be a good man,

but his poem would be the same. The inductive method is not false because Bacon took bribes and fawned on a tyrant. The theory of gravitation would be true if it had been discovered by Greenacre. Siddons was a great actress, irrespectively of her being a good mother and a faithful wife. The world has no concern with an artist's private character. Are the cartoons less divine because Raphael lived with a mistress? Art is art, and truth is truth, whatever may have been their agents.

A jest ended the talk. Somebody mentioned the Jews in connection with Rachel, and Jerrold exclaimed, as somebody once said in the House, "We owe much to the Jews."

H. told a story. There was a meeting in the City to receive a report from the missionaries sent to discover the lost tribes of Israel. Lord —— was asked to take the chair. "I take," he replied, "a great interest in your researches, gentlemen. The fact is, I have borrowed money from all the Jews now known, and if you can find a new set I shall feel very much obliged."

Then, possibly, members dropped in, and sharp shots were exchanged. Let me string a few together that were actually fired within the precincts of the Museum Club—fired carelessly, and forgotten.

A friend—let us say Barlow—was describing to my father the story of his courtship and marriage—how his wife had been brought up in a convent, and was on the point of taking the veil when his presence burst upon her enraptured sight. My father listened to the end of the story, and by way of comment said, "Ah! she evidently thought Barlow better than nun."

Then a dinner is discussed. Douglas Jerrold listens quietly, possibly tired of dinners and declining pressing invitations to be present. In a few minutes he will chime in, "If an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow, the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event."

A friend drops in, and walks across the smoking-room to Douglas Jerrold's chair. The friend wants to enlist

Mr. Jerrold's sympathies in behalf of a mutual acquaintance who is in want of a round sum of money. But this mutual friend has already sent his hat about among his literary brethren on more than one occasion. Mr. ——'s hat was becoming an institution, and friends were grieved at the indelicacy of the proceeding. On the occasion to which I now refer, the bearer of the hat was received by my father with evident dissatisfaction. "Well," said Douglas Jerrold, "how much does —— want this time?" "Why, just a four and two noughts will, I think, put him straight," the bearer of the hat replied. *Jerrold.* "Well, put me down for one of the noughts."

An old gentleman, whom I will call Prosy Very, was in the habit of meeting my father, and pouring long pointless stories into his impatient ears. On one occasion Prosy related a long limp account of a stupid practical joke, concluding with the information that the effect of the joke was so potent, "he really thought he should have died with laughter." *Jerrold.* "I wish to heaven you had."

The *Chain of Events*, playing at the Lyceum Theatre, is mentioned. "Humph!" says Douglas Jerrold, "I'm afraid the manager will find it a door-chain strong enough to keep everybody out of his house."

Then some somewhat lack-a-daisical young members drop in. They opine that the club is not sufficiently west; they hint at something near Pall Mall, and a little more style. Douglas Jerrold rebukes them. "No, no, gentlemen; not near Pall Mall; we might catch coronets."

Another of these young gentlemen, who has recently emerged from the humblest fortune and position, and, exulting in the social consideration of his new elevation,

puts aside his antecedents. Having met Douglas Jerrold in the morning while on horseback, he ostentatiously says to him, "Well, you see I'm all right at last!" "Yes," is the reply, "I see you now *ride* upon your cat's-meat." The conversation turns upon the fastidiousness of the times. "Why," says a member, "they'll soon say marriage is improper." "No, no," replies Douglas Jerrold, "they'll always consider marriage good breeding."

A stormy discussion ensues, during which a gentleman rises to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hands majestically over the excited disputants, he begins: "Gentlemen, all I want is common sense ——" "Exactly," Douglas Jerrold interrupts; "that is precisely what you *do* want." The discussion is lost in a burst of laughter.

The talk lightly passes to the writings of a certain Scot. A member holds that the Scot's name should be handed down to a grateful posterity. D. J.: "I quite agree with you that he should have an itch in the Temple of Fame."

Brown drops in. Brown is said by all his friends to be the toady of Jones. The appearance of Jones in a room is the proof that Brown is in the passage. When Jones has the influenza, Brown dutifully catches a cold in the head. D. J. to Brown: "Have you heard the rumour that's flying about town?" "No." "Well, they say Jones pays the dog-tax for you."

Douglas Jerrold is seriously disappointed with a certain book written by one of his friends, and has expressed his disappointment.

Friend. "I hear you said —— was the worst book I ever wrote."

Jerrold. "No, I didn't. I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote."

A supper of sheep's heads is proposed, and presently served. One gentleman present is particularly enthusiastic on the excellence of the dish, and, as he throws down his knife and fork, exclaims, "Well, sheep's heads for ever, say I!"

Jerrold. "There's egotism!"

In rapid retort of this description I believe my father was held, even by his enemies, to be without a rival. I have endeavoured to arrange some of the more remarkable of his sallies and witticisms in a separate volume; but, looking over the volume, and remembering the many occasions on which dozens of "good things" were thrown off, I am disheartened in my endeavour to convey to the reader a sense of the power the speaker had in this direction. I have elsewhere dwelt upon his appearances in public, and on his strong distaste for public speaking; but I can call to mind many times when, as chairman of small social gatherings, he threw out graceful images, happy turns of thought, and sparkling *mots* that kept his audience enchanted with him throughout the evening.

A dinner was given to Mr. Leigh Hunt at the Museum Club. The task of proposing the guest devolved upon Douglas Jerrold. He spoke fervently, and wound up by saying of the veteran essayist, poet, and Liberal politician, that "even in his hottest warfare his natural sense of beauty and gentleness was so great that, like David of old, he armed his sling with shining pebbles of the brook, and never pelted even his fiercest enemy with mud." To which Mr. Hunt replied that, "if his friend Jerrold had the sting of the bee, he had also his honey."

The Museum Club did *not* catch coronets, but discordant elements found their way into its snug rooms, and the gallant company were ousted. Then succeeded the Hooks and Eyes; then *Our Club*, a social weekly gathering, which Douglas Jerrold attended only three weeks before his death. Hence some of his best sayings went forth to the world. Here, when some member, hearing an air mentioned, exclaimed, "That always carries me away when I hear it." "Can nobody whistle it?" asked Douglas Jerrold.

My father ordered a bottle of old port. "Not *elder* port," he said.

Asking about the talent of a young painter, his companion declared that the youth was mediocre. "Oh!" was the reply; "the very worst ochre an artist can set to work with."

Somebody talked with him about Mr. Robson's wonderful "get up" as Jem Baggs in the *Wandering Minstrel.* Presently this wonderful actor was introduced. "I hear your rags were wonderful," said the dramatist. "Why not, for your benefit, advertise that you will play the part with *real* vermin?"

Walking to the club with a friend from the theatre, some intoxicated young gentlemen reeled up to the dramatist and said, "Can you tell us the way to the Judge and Jury?" "Keep on as you are, young gentlemen," was the reply; "you're sure to overtake them."

The laughing hours when these poor gatherings fell from the well-loaded branch, are remembered still in the rooms of Our Club, and the hearty laugh still echoes there, and will, it is my pride to believe, always live in the memory of that genial and refined circle.

My father took the chair at one of the anniversary

dinners of the Eclectic Club—a debating society consisting of young barristers, authors, and artists. The *pièce de resistance* had been a saddle of mutton. After dinner the chairman rose and said: "Well, gentlemen, I trust that the noble saddle we have eaten has grown a woolsack for one among you."

CHAPTER XV.

THE 8TH OF JUNE, 1857.

We touch the end! We advance valiantly, cheerfully, through the days, building up rich palaces of hope in the future—with most daring sight looking down a lengthy vista of years to come (and on each year hang golden purposes, and pleasures:—clustering grapes, upon our tree of life), when suddenly the ice of death floats over our summer sea, and we are gone—mute and cold, and so much food for worms.

When, in the golden autumn of the year 1856, Douglas Jerrold removed his books and household gods from the Circus Road, St. John's Wood, to Kilburn Priory, having bought the lease of his new house—when he stood there in his new study, projecting improvements, and, as he said, "weeding" his library—then, when he insisted that every fresh visitor should go over the house and garden, remarking especially the noble bed of rhododendrons, in the centre of the lawn, that the coming summer sun was to make a glory to the enthusiastic tenant's eyes, as he sat at his desk—in this hopeful time it would have been difficult to recognize, in the warm and generous life of the hopeful householder, a touch, a hint, of the approaching 8th of June, 1857. Every morning found him in the garden, taking a turn before breakfast, watching the leaves

drop—victims of the frost. Every morning—when again the spring had unbound from the earth, winter's icy girdle—discovered him, true to his long passionate love of nature, welcoming the first snowdrops, and peering into the bursting buds of the rose trees. There was one tree especially that attracted his notice. It appeared weak and sickly; and, sorely tried as he had been with the rheumatism during the past twenty years, he went, awkwardly enough, to work to prop it up. And he would, of evenings, suddenly issue from his study, and, fetching a can of water, refresh his favourite tree with a welcome shower. If in the morning he saw a green bud peeping upon it, he would give the news at the breakfast table. But the trees were not alone his care. He would peer into the aviary, and inquire about the progress of the young milk-white pigeons he had received from Chatsworth. Vic, the tawny bull terrier—savage to strangers, but to him gentle as a kitten—must be patted upon the back. Here, there is a daily bit of comedy. For Mouse, who is following closely at her master's heels, amuses him by turning sulkily away as he pats Vic; or Mouse barks at the ferocious Vic—Vic not condescending to take the least notice of the angry little pet. Then there is a gullyhole in the gravel walk, down which it is the laughable custom of Mouse to stare for the hour together; her master, with his glasses on his nose, watching her from time to time from his study window, and laughing like a child, and speculating on the reason which has attracted the little terrier to this hole.

Winter evenings are given to friends, or to an occasional game at whist. Over the sparkling fire dreams of the coming summer find a welcome place. Every plan is eagerly caught up. Now it is Portugal, now Rome, now

Nice. It has been so always, and is so still. "Next winter shall be spent in the sunny south," says the laughing host. Next winter!

On New Year's eve, 1856, a party of very intimate friends assembled about Douglas Jerrold's study fire, to see the old year out and the new year in. Throughout the evening the host was the merriest of the party, and even tried to dance. His words sparkled from him, and kept us all very happy. The last minutes of the old year, however, found the jocund host, with his friends gathered about him, at a large circular supper table, in his study. With his watch in his hand, he rose very serious; sharply touched now. There was not a bit of gayety in that pale face, set in the wild, white mane of hair. But you might see a deep emotion, if you knew the speaker, in the twitching of the mouth, and in the eyes that seemed to swell in their endeavour to drink in the sympathy of all around. Very few words were said, but there was a peculiar solemnity in them that hushed the guests, as a master hushes a school. The hope was that 1858, at that board, if they were all spared, should have his birth celebrated. If they were all spared! If thoughts of death crept icily into the marrow of any there, not to the speaker—that cup brimmed with warm life—did death point.

Dr. Wigan, in his book on the "Duality of the Mind," gives the following remarkable anecdote of my father's energetic will dominating a feeble body:—

"That mysterious and incomprehensible thing, the *will*, has, we know, an important influence on the whole animal economy, and many instances have come before us where it has staved off insanity; others where it has aided in restoring health. I will cite a case which is well known

to me, and which exemplifies this action, although unconnected with insanity. A celebrated man of literature, dependent for his income on the labours of his pen—feeding his family, as he jocularly calls it, out of an inkstand—was in the advanced stage of a severe illness. After many hesitations, he ventured to ask his medical attendant if there remained any hope. The doctor evaded the embarrassing question as long as possible, but at last was compelled sorrowfully to acknowledge that there was none.

"'What!' said the patient, 'die, and leave my wife and five helpless children! By——, I won't die!'

"If there be oaths which the recording angel is ashamed to write down, this was one of them! The patient got better from that hour."

But did he feel secret, faint warnings of the coming 8th of June? It is impossible now to answer. It is true that now and then he talked of death; that, in an illness he had had the winter before, he had wept to think that he should have to leave the dear ones about him; but his mercurial temperament bounded so rapidly from sadness to high spirits—he so greatly enjoyed the first days when he could leave his room, and he saw the creeping plants begin to poke the pale green of their spring leaves into his window once more—that he turned ever again with a bounding spirit to the world, and was deep in its woes and joys, its struggles and its victories—a most human, impressionable soul, still eager to do battle as before, and to leave this world, if possible, and according to his humble means, somewhat better than he had found it.

He turned gayly, and for the last time, to his old favourite haunt, Boulogne, in the summer of 1856; and he roamed about its bright streets, talked as of old with the

merry *poissardes*, went laughing through the fruit-market around St. Nicolas, or sauntered in the dusty lanes of the Wimereux Camp, with his old friend, M. Bonnefoy, at his elbow generally, at whom he would thrust laughingly some playful anti-Gallican arrows. He was as ready as ever for a picnic on donkeys through the Vallée du Denacre, or to listen in the Café Vermond to the vivacious conversation of the camp officers. He could gossip, as I have related, with his loquacious old cook Virginie by the hour; entering with her into the trials she had undergone with her parrot, which she had brought from Algeria, and which, when her old master, a Bonapartist, wanted to teach it to cry *Vive l'Empereur!* replied invariably *Cochon!*

This was all very merry; but a cloud came at last. His friend Gilbert à Beckett, whom we had met in the Rue de l'Écu, after his return from Paris, only three or four days before, died in the Rue Neuve Chaussée. Douglas Jerrold's mirth was at once at an end. He wrote to Mr. Forster, describing the event:—

"A little more than a fortnight since I never saw à Beckett look stronger, more hearty. He left, in that terribly hot week, for Paris; and there, I fear, the mischief was done. When he returned he complained of violent headache; and this was, doubtless, increased by his anxiety for his boy, then stricken with putrid sore throat. I called and found that à Beckett had been ordered a blister to his neck—determination of blood. The misery of the poor wife and mother between *two* deathbeds is not to be described. . . . Nothing could exceed the tenderness and care of the eldest son—'*c'est un ange*,' said the people at the boarding-house.

"We had accounts three or four times a day; and, strange as it may seem, I felt reassured for à Beckett, when the boy died. He never knew of his boy's death. Indeed, it was only at rare intervals, and for a brief time, that he had any consciousness. On Friday I had lost all hope; and on Saturday, six P.M., all was over. For myself, from what I have gathered from the doctors, I do not believe that his death

was produced by any local causes: it was the murderous heat of Paris, with the anxiety for his boy. Never was a family so united, so suddenly and so wholly made desolate. Competence, position, mutual affection, 'all that makes the happier man,' and all now between four boards! We leave next week (there is a charnel taint upon this place, and I never tarry here again), abridging our intended stay by a fortnight. My wife, though made nervous and much agitated by this horror, is, on the whole, much better."

There is a gloom in this letter that remained with the writer long after it was written; and had he lived many years afterwards, he would never have set foot in the Rue de l'Écu again.

He wrote a tender farewell to his friend—he penned that friend's epitaph; and then he turned to that now home, where he promised himself some years of quiet comfort, in the midst of his books and flowers.

The spring of 1857, I repeat, found Douglas Jerrold as cheerful, as watchful of his garden, as full of projected travel, as he had ever been. He was out much among his friends, at Our Club, at the *Punch* dinners, once or twice at the Reform (where he had been recently elected), and in his desk he had the plans of two or three books that he intended to write at his leisure. Assured of the success of the journal which he had now edited during five years, beyond pecuniary anxieties, and most popular in the midst of a large and continually increasing circle of friends, he had never, perhaps, seen the life before him with a sunnier foreground or distance. How busy, too, as the spring was ripening into summer, was he at home! He had occasional twinges of pain—he knew his heart was affected (his assurance policies told him that), but he felt no serious warnings. The clematis he planted that spring at his garden door, would, it was his belief, give an olive shade yet over his

gray head, and drop its sweet blossoms at his feet, in autumns some way off. I call him to mind as I saw him for the last time, upon his lawn. He was contemplating the effect of some light iron steps that workmen were adjusting, to lead from his study window direct upon the sward. These steps were necessary to his comfort. He must have a direct way to a solitary ramble from his desk.

Time was wearing towards the end of May then. On the last Sunday in the month, Douglas Jerrold was to be one of Mr. W. H. Russell's dinner party at Greenwich. He was ailing the day before. The men had been painting the iron steps at his study window, and he attributed his indisposition to the smell; for paint always affected him acutely. In Thistle Grove, Chelsea, when his house was being partly redecorated, he was seized with the painter's cholera. Indeed, his sense of smell was extraordinarily developed. On entering the hall of his house, he would sniff and say, "There are apples somewhere in the place; let them be taken away." Paint, therefore, to this keen olfactory sense, would be strongly offensive.

Mr. Dickens met him, on the morning of the Greenwich dinner, at the Gallery of Illustration, in Regent's Street. They had been advising their friend Mr. Russell in the condensation of his Lectures on the War in the Crimea; and they had engaged with him to go over the last of the series, at the Gallery, at one o'clock that day. "Arriving some minutes before the time," Mr. Dickens tells me, "I found your father sitting alone in the hall.

"'There must be some mistake,' he said. No one else was there; the place was locked up; he had tried all the doors; and he had been waiting a quarter of an hour by himself.

"I sat down by him in a niche on the staircase, and he told me that he had been very unwell for three or four days. A window in his study had been newly painted, and the smell of the paint (he thought it must be that) had filled him with nausea and turned him sick, and he felt weak and giddy, through not having been able to retain any food. He was a little subdued at first, and out of spirits; but we sat there half an hour talking, and when we came out together he was quite himself.

"In the shadow I had not observed him closely; but when we got into the sunshine of the streets I saw that he looked ill. We were both engaged to dine with Mr. Russell at Greenwich, and I thought him so ill then that I advised him not to go, but to let me take him, or send him, home in a cab. He complained, however, of having turned so weak (we had now strolled as far as Leicester Square) that he was fearful he might faint in the cab, unless I could get him some restorative, and unless he could 'keep it down.' I deliberated for a moment whether to turn back to the Athenæum, where I could have got a little brandy for him, or to take him on to Covent Garden for the purpose. Meanwhile he stood leaning against the rails of the inclosure, looking, for the moment, very ill indeed. Finally, we walked on to Covent Garden, and before we had gone fifty yards he was very much better. On our way Mr. Russell joined us. He was then better still, and walked between us unassisted. I got him a hard biscuit, and a little weak, cold brandy and water, and begged him by all means to try to eat, He broke up and ate the greater part of the biscuit, and was much refreshed and comforted by the brandy. He said that he felt the sickness was overcome

at last, and that he was quite a new man. It would do him good to have a few quiet hours in the air, and he would go with us to Greenwich. I still tried to dissuade him; but he was by this time bent upon it; his natural colour had returned, and he was very hopeful and confident.

"We strolled through the Temple on our way to a boat; and I have a lively recollection of him, stamping about Elm-Tree Court (with his hat in one hand, and the other pushing his hair back), laughing in his heartiest manner at a ridiculous remembrance we had in common, which I had presented in some exaggerated light to divert him. We found our boat, and went down the river, and looked at the Leviathan which was building, and talked all the way.

"It was a bright day, and as soon as we reached Greenwich we got an open carriage, and went out for a drive about Shooter's Hill. In the carriage Mr. Russell read us his lecture, and we discussed it with great interest. We planned out the ground of Inkermann on the heath, and your father was very earnest indeed. The subject held us so that we were graver than usual; but he broke out, at intervals, in the same hilarious way as in the Temple, and he over and over again said to me, with great satisfaction, how happy he was that he had 'quite got over that paint.'

"The dinner-party was a large one, and I did not sit near him at table. But he and I had arranged, before we went in to dinner, that he was to eat only of some simple dish that we agreed upon, and was only to drink sherry and water. We broke up very early, and before I went away with Mr. Leech, who was to take me to London, I went round to Jerrold, and put my hand upon

his shoulder, asking him how he was. He turned round to show me the glass beside him, with a little wine and water in it.

"'I have kept to the prescription; it has answered as well as this morning's, my dear old boy. I have quite got over the paint, and I am perfectly well.'

"He was really elated by the relief of having recovered, and was as quietly happy as I ever saw him. We exchanged 'God bless you!' and shook hands.

"I went down to Gad's Hill next morning, where he was to write to me after a little while, appointing his own time for coming to see me there. A week afterwards, another passenger in the railway carriage in which I was on my way to London Bridge, opened his morning paper, and said, 'Douglas Jerrold is dead!'"

This last meeting with my father naturally sent his friend's thoughts back to the time when they first met. Mr. Dickens's first impressions of his friend so strengthen that estimate of Douglas Jerrold's character which I have endeavoured to set before the reader, that I cannot forbear from inserting them here.

"Few of his friends," Mr. Dickens writes, "I think, can have had more favourable opportunities of knowing him in his gentlest and most affectionate aspect than I have had. He was one of the gentlest and most affectionate of men. I remember very well that when I first saw him, in about the year 1835, when I went into his sick room in Thistle Grove, Brompton, and found him propped up in a great chair, bright-eyed, and quick, and eager in spirit, but very lame in body, he gave me an impression of tenderness. It never became dissociated from him. There was nothing cynical or sour in his heart, as I knew it. In the company of children and young peo-

ple he was particularly happy, and showed to extraordinary advantage. He never was so gay, so sweet-tempered, so pleasing, and so pleased as then. Among my own children I have observed this many and many a time. When they and I came home from Italy, in 1845, your father went to Brussels to meet us, in company with our friends, Mr. Forster and Mr. Maclise. We all travelled together about Belgium for a little while, and all came home together. He was the delight of the children all the time, and they were his delight. He was in his most brilliant spirits, and I doubt if he were ever more humorous in his life. But the most enduring impression that he left upon us, who are grown up—and we have all often spoken of it since—was, that Jerrold, in his amiable capacity of being easily pleased, in his freshness, in his good nature, in his cordiality, and in the unrestrained openness of his heart, had quite captivated us.

"Of his generosity I had a proof within these two or three years, which it saddens me to think of now. There had been an estrangement between us—not on any personal subject, and not involving an angry word—and a good many months had passed without my even seeing him in the street, when it fell out that we dined each with his own separate party, in the STRANGER'S ROOM of a club. Our chairs were almost back to back, and I took mine after he was seated and at dinner. I said not a word (I am sorry to remember), and did not look that way. Before we had sat so long, he openly wheeled his chair round, stretched out both his hands in a most engaging manner, and said aloud, with a bright and loving face that I can see as I write to you, 'For God's sake let us be friends again! A life's not long enough for this.'"

I am grateful to Mr. Dickens for this frank and tender revelation. It is a powerful answer to the writers who have perseveringly endeavoured to present the subject of this memoir to the world as a bitter cynic. Let me now turn back to that Sunday of sad memories at Greenwich.

"It was on Sunday week," Mr. Russell wrote to me from Liverpool on the 9th of June, 1857, "he came into town (London) early, to hear me rehearse my lecture with Dickens; and when I saw him, he complained of being affected in throat, stomach, and head, by paint; and said he could not join my party at Greenwich (May 31st). But it struck Mr. Dickens and myself that it would do him good to come out with us. We went down in the boat to Greenwich, then drove into the country, and returned to dinner, at which he was very cheerful, though he ate and drank very little. He left about eleven, and went to town with Dr. Quain, in his carriage, to whom he complained again of the paint. He was cheerful as was his wont, and he left Dr. Quain in good spirits, with the exception of the complaint I have mentioned." And not one of the least consoling hours in that bitter month of June at Kilburn Priory, was that in which I read the warm words that welled from Russell's heart over his lost friend. "With all the affection of his nature," said the great Pen of the War, "he, in his new-sprung friendship for myself, bound me to him, and this by eternal ties. I cannot ask to join in your sorrows, but believe me that my own are acute. But what are my losses—though a friend, such as one may live ages for in vain, is gone from me—to those of the family to which I offer my deepest sympathies and condolence? My dear, good, kind friend, I can scarce credit it." Mr. Han-

nay relates, too, how he had met my father in May: "In the evening of the 26th of May I met him, as I frequently did on Saturday evenings, and on no evening do I remember him more lively and brilliant. Next Saturday, I believe, he was at the same kindly board (Our Club), but some accident kept me away. I never saw him again. . . . He was getting up in years, but still there seemed many to be hoped for him yet. Though not so active in schemes as formerly, he still talked of works to be done, and at Our Club, and such-like friendly little associations, the wit was all himself, and came to our stated meetings as punctually as a star to its place in the sky. He had suffered severely from illness, especially from rheumatism, at various periods of life, and he had lived freely and joyously, as was natural to a man of his peculiar gifts. But *death!* We never thought of the brilliant, radiant Douglas in connection with the black river. He would have sunk Charon's boat with a shower of epigrams, one would have fancied, if the old fellow, with his squalid beard, had dared to ask *him* into the stern-sheets."

On the morning of the 1st of June he was in bed. Vomiting and violent pains in the stomach were the chief symptoms, and he was much depressed. Still, not the most despondent of his family, at that time, believed that there was any danger. Undoubtedly the heart was affected, but not to the extent that would give friends any apprehension of a near catastrophe. On the following day he was not worse—a little weaker, perhaps; but when I went to his bedside he had all the day's newspapers about him, and had marked out subjects for the week's paper. He had even cut paragraphs neatly, as usual, and put them, in an orderly manner, in clips. The

heading of a leading article was written, too, in a firm hand. To oblige a friend, he had just written a check—his last! He talked cheerfully of the topics of the hour—gave me subjects to treat for him, as he felt he should not be equal to his editorial task that week. But he should be all right next week, he said.

On the Thursday I was sitting at his desk, making a poor substitute for him, when, to my great astonishment, he appeared at the door. He was bent—weak; his face was very white. But he had suddenly got out of bed, and dressed himself, determined to lie upon his study sofa, within sight of the garden. "I sha'n't disturb you, my boy," he said faintly, as he cast himself upon the couch. His breath came, I could hear, with difficulty. He *did* disturb me. I could only look at him as he lay, with his white hair streaming upon the pillow, and his thin hand upon the head of little Mouse, who had followed him from his bedroom, and was lying by his side.

I finished my task presently, and he asked me for the heads of the subjects I had treated. And then he started from the sofa, came to the desk, took his chair, and would himself put the copy in an envelop, and direct it to the printer. The effort with which this was done was painful to witness; and my mother, who had now entered the room, looked at me with an expression of imploring inquiry. He even wrote a short note; and then he was coaxed into the drawing-room, as a cooler place than his own study. Some hours afterwards, lying quietly there, he seemed much better. He spoke hopefully—so hopefully, indeed—of his recovery, and of his ability to write his leaders the next week, and he appeared so cheerful, that I presently left him, to return to my own home.

On the following morning I was summoned early to

his bedside. He was clearly worse than on the previous day. He had said that he felt his time was come—had said it calmly, and almost cheerfully. Mr. Augustus Mayhew was with me when we entered his room. He was cheered, and talked even rapidly to us; and again said that he felt better. There was a hectic flush upon his cheek, and he breathed with difficulty. The doctor still believed that there was no danger; that is, that chances were greatly in favour of a recovery. But, from time to time, the sufferer appeared excessively weak; the breath was still bad, and, alone, he was depressed, and shed tears, continually asking whether we were all in the house. All were there, and he appeared content. So matters wore on till Saturday—the pain in the stomach, the short-breathing, lasting. Then the weakness increased, and no nourishment was taken. More advice was called in. "Very ill," said the doctors; "but there is hope." To the patient, however, there was clearly none. "I'm going from you," he said, in a calm voice; and he reproved sobs, adding, "It must be so with us all." And then, with tears in his eyes, he would kiss both mother and children, and hold them convulsively to his bosom.

"Be quiet, be good, my dear," he would say, reproving gently, any burst of grief. His bedside was never without a child to watch it. How eagerly, too—I shall never forget them—his eyes wandered from one dear face to the other, as though he were counting them! Then, gently as a child, he would take the medicine or the refreshment offered him, and his lips left the spoon or glass only to say "Thank you."

On the Sunday morning, after a night of anxious watching, during which he had hardly slept five minutes,

to believe that he might recover, was to hope against hope. *He* would not hear of the possibility. But still the doctors—in kindness, chiefly—put some hopeful courage in the children and mother about the bed. It was a lovely June morning, and the breeze played through the open window upon the couch. Still the sufferer called for air. His breathing was shorter and more painful. He kept his eyes fixed upon the trees and sky he could see, and talked about the beauty of the day. He complained again and again of the heat, but the doctors had prescribed warmth. Perspiration was to be kept up, and there was no more painful duty to perform, by the children at the bedside, than to resist his imploring look when the clothes he kept casting from his chest, were gently put back. He ate a little jelly—but very little. Still he talked at intervals, when his difficult breathing would permit it, of things about him—of death too—with a cheerful calmness. His youngest child, Thomas, never left his bedside, and moved him about, overwhelmed with grief, with the tenderness of a woman.

Towards evening, while the family were downstairs, a movement was heard in the bedroom, and a minute afterwards my brother bounded down and burst upon us. His face was convulsed, and he could not speak. But he beckoned us to follow him, and rushed back to the bedroom.

The sufferer was seated in an arm-chair before the open window, and the setting sun threw a strong, warm glare over the room. The sufferer's breath came and went rapidly; his face was bloodless; and his white hair hung wildly, nobly, about it. He was calm, and kissed all tenderly. Little Mouse came with the rest, and sat before him. His eye fell upon the little creature, and he

called her faintly. Then his eyes wandered hungrily from one well-loved face to the other, and then again to the window, where the trees were golden with the sunset. In a sad, lingering voice he said, "The sun is setting."

Then he spoke, as his short breath would permit him, of friends not about him. "Tell the dear boys," he said, referring to his *Punch* associates, "that if I've ever wounded any of them, I've always loved them." Horace Mayhew, who was near, gently said to him, referring to an estrangement that had existed between him and a relative, "You are friends with H——?" "Yes, yes. God bless him!"

Then he talked of his worldly goods. The effort, however, was great; and, as he finished, all about him thought that he had spoken his last word. The doctor arrived at this moment, and, having administered some stimulants to the patient, asked him how he felt. He answered faintly, "As one who is waiting—and waited for."

When the doctor presently suggested that he must not despond—that he might be well again—those blue eyes seemed to borrow a last flash, and to express almost scorn. He saw the falsity spoken in kindness, and repelled it, for he had no fear of death. Then a faintness came upon him again, and he gasped for air, motioning all from the window. "Let me pass—let me pass!" he almost whispered.

But not yet. He was carried to bed—the sun went down. Dr. Wright had determined to remain with his patient throughout the night. He was easier—but sinking now—beyond all doubt. You could hardly believe it, in the night, when his calm voice sounded again to speak of friends, to remember everybody, and to send

kind messages to all. One child was away—in America; and he sent him his blessing. Then in the depth of the night, during the intervals of applying bags of hot salt to his feet, he even talked of his newspaper, and bade me endeavour to carry on his name in it. Then he would lie back and murmur prayers; and then, as the kind physician hung over the bed, he would cry again and again, "Dear doctor! dear doctor! but it's no use." And then he would ask the hour—for he had a belief that he should die at midnight. Midnight came, however, and the gray dawn crept coldly into the sick room, and still the sufferer lay begging for fresh air.

We cast the window open, but this was not enough; we seized every fan that could be found, and waved them before him. "Why tease a dying wretch?" he said presently to the doctor, who was insisting upon giving him medicine. Then when the breath got worse, and it appeared that in the next minute he must be suffocated, he cried, "Christ! Christ!"

The sun mounted the heavens slowly upon some most unhappy people that day. Wife and daughters had passed the night, sitting, sobbing in the dressing-room, the open door of which led to the sufferer's bed. He could not bear their tears; but at frequent intervals asked for one, then the other, and clasped them to his heart. In the morning his sister arrived from the country. He kissed her—then looked over her shoulder. He could hardly speak above a whisper now; but he was seeking the second sister, to whom he had always been tenderly attached. She was not there. With a son on either side of him, with the kind doctor still leaning over him, he seemed at perfect peace—resigned. Still we waved the fans about him, giving him air; and still, at intervals, he talked faintly, but most collectedly.

The dawn grew into a lovely summer morning. At ten o'clock the patient was cupped. He could hardly move in the bed, and said again, "Why torture a dying creature, doctor?" But the cupping took no effect, and the doctor went away to return in a few hours. We were left alone with a dying father. Friends were hushed in the rooms downstairs, listening for a faint word of hope. Daughters, sister, wife, were sobbing in the dressing-room. For a moment, to fetch something for the patient, my brother left me alone in the room. My arm was about the dear sufferer, propping his pillow as he moved restlessly. He looked with a terribly eager look at me, then at the opposite side of the bed, for the moment without the face of the dear boy who had watched there night and day. His mouth moved, and I could read the deep emotion that possessed him. He said again and again, "Yes, yes," still looking at me, and then at the opposite side of the bed. I bent down to listen, but he said no more. Then, as I raised a spoon filled with iced water to his lips, his eyes for the first time wandered. My brother returned, and held him with me. We saw a dreadful change. We called to the dear ones in the next room, and in wild agony they gathered about the bed. For a moment again his eyes regained their light; he saw all about his death-bed; his head leaned against my breast; he looked up, and said, as one hand fell in mine, and my brother took the other, "This is as it should be."

In a moment, without a struggle, peacefully as a child falls asleep in its nurse's arms, he fell into his long rest, with a smile upon his face.

The friends who came and knelt at that bedside, and kissed the hand as it hung still warm over it, and said a "Good-by, dear Douglas!" shall never be forgotten by

me or mine. The stout men who fairly wept when the sad news reached them shall hold a green place in my memory always. The kind friends who gathered about us, and bore the pall, have, through good and evil report, my honest, hearty thanks to the end. Even his faithful little serving-boy, who wept and begged for a "last look at master," is not forgotten.

I will not close this record of a life but as its subject laid down that life—in perfect good-will. I accept the "Remembrance" efforts of Mr. Dickens and others—all angry words forgotten—on behalf of my father's family, without a touch of rancour or a qualifying word. Hands have long since been heartily shaken all round; and I put my labour forth, sensible of its many shortcomings, but assured that not a few friendly eyes will wander over it, and give me credit, at least, for the filial love which moved me to undertake it.

We determined to lay the remains of Douglas Jerrold near those of his dear friend, Laman Blanchard. It was a wet morning when, accompanied by my brother-in-law, I wandered over the turf of Norwood. There was Blanchard's tomb, but tenants had come all about it. Only on the opposite side of the path could space be found; and here, on Monday, the 15th of June, 1857, we laid the mortal part of a most tender husband and father —of a most generous and enthusiastic friend.

Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Monckton Milnes, Mr. John Forster, Sir Joseph Paxton, Mr. Charles Knight, Mr. Horace Mayhew, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, and Mr. Shirley Brooks, bore the pall; and hundreds of sympathizing friends stood about the open grave, on that fine June afternoon, when that noble head was

given back in sorrow to mother earth. No marble, nor photograph, nor oil painting, has given the fire that was in that face; but the nearest approach to the truth has been made by the graceful chisel of Mr. Baily, the engraving of which accompanies this volume.

REMAINS.

[The following chapters are fragments of a story of village scandal—the sufferers being the maidens Maybee, who incautiously hung a man's hat in their hall, that thieves and vagrants might be frightened from their doors.]

THE MAIDENS MAYBEE.

CHAPTER I.

The hurricane ravages Crumpet House. The Maidens Maybee deliberate and decide.

THE night of the — of July, in the year 18—, is an historical night—a night of tempest that lives in the memory of the generation it roared over, and is preserved in the reading of the decently born and decently taught since that blusterous event; namely, the tempest that had alike levelled several oaks that had dropped acorns before the swine that came in before the Conqueror, and had stricken, shivered to the earth, the three chimney-pots of Crumpet House. The oaks received the funeral honours of type in at least one journal; the decease of the Saxon Hamadryads was decently chroni-

cled; but, although the Misses Maybee palpitatingly perused every attainable account of the awful effects of the hurricane, as laboriously collected and minutely delivered, not a paragraph—not a line, spoke of the ruin that sat upon the door-step of Crumpet House.

"But it's like the world," said Miss Bertha Maybee, a little curdled. "Whoever thinks of three lone women?"

"Nobody," replied the younger Dorcas, with emphatic derision.

"And the wind a roaring—and the thunder a rolling—and not a man in the house—and the very bed under one a rocking like a cradle," said Mary Peggs, administratrix of all work, and third lone woman.

This dialogue took place at least a week after the tempest. The household gods had become somewhat composed—had begun to teach themselves a fireside fortitude; the better that the smoke that had refused to go up the chimney unless it could make its exit through the crowning pantile, had returned to a sense of its duty with the returning cylinder. If, however, the terrors of the tempest were subsiding like the waters, other and greater fears knocked at the door of Crumpet House, and clamoured at its casements. It was the dread of thieves—a dread multiplied by three lone women. So considered, what was a hurricane to a burglar—what a thunderbolt to a crowbar? And what—what if they should come together?

Of late, calamity had fallen upon Crumpet House. Assassination had done its work—had cleared the way for the purposes of the despoiler. Whistle had been murdered. Whistle, a small terrier of invincible fidelity and unbounded appetite, had been poisoned. With that dear creature in the house at night, not so much as a flea

could stir but the dog—it was so averred of him—would know it. But Whistle died just one week before the tempest. Science, speaking through the person of Mumps, equine and canine doctor, declared the death of Whistle to be the result of natural decay, somewhat hastened by unlimited diet and confinement to the hearth-rug. Its mistresses knew better; the dog was a pattern of frugality, and took just as much exercise as was good for it. They did not care; the dog might be opened twenty times, and twenty to that—the dear creature had been poisoned. And why? Merely that Crumpet House might be placed at the mercy of the invader. Thieves would have had to walk over the dead body of that dog, and now what was there to defend them? They were three lone women!

Mr. Mumps benevolently suggested the immediate accession of another dog. *Whistle est mort—vive Whistle!* The ladies shuddered at the thought. There never could be such another dog—never; at least, not at present. The female heart is prodigal of good gifts; hence was Whistle endowed with virtues very foreign to its nature. Whistle, however, had two qualities in perfection. It loudly barked and boldly begged. Assuredly no Chancellor of the Exchequer could get upon his legs and ask more confidently than that terrier.

Well, Whistle, the guardian of Crumpet House, had been dead a fortnight, and there had been a devastating tempest, destructive of chimney-pots, succeeded by manifold thefts and latch-liftings in the neighbourhood. Felony, perhaps murder, would, in a night or two, draw its crimson circle around the fatal Crumpet House.

"More thieves, mum," said Mary Peggs, returning from the gate, and balancing a loaf on her hand, the loaf

just left, with the newest news, by the baker; "more thieves, mum. Mrs. Brettle's garden has been climbed over, and a white counterpin that was a bleaching, gone off with."

"Mercy upon us!" said Miss Bertha. "Why, they're coming closer and closer."

"More than that mum. Yesterday, in broad, staring light, they took away Miss Mango's parrot, which was brought up with her in the Ingies, and hung out at her window, from under her very eyes. Nobody's safe."

"And there is not a man in the house!" said Miss Bertha.

"Not in the least," said Peggs.

"Of course not," cried Dorcas, a little rebukingly. "What do we want with a man in the house?"

"Nothing, mum, of course," answered Peggs. "Only, when all is said and done, it must be owned it's a confidence like."

"I tell you what, henceforth, must be our line of operation," observed Miss Dorcas; and her superior strength of mind was at once allowed in the attentive air of her sister—in the deferential, hopeful looks of Mary Peggs; for Miss Dorcas Maybee, albeit the younger sister, had a vigour of understanding—as she often declared—and a promptitude of resource, that she was too ingenuous to deny, that made her the oracle and the authority of Crumpet House. In fact, Miss Dorcas Maybee had been known, more than once in her life, to express her wonder that she had not been born a man! Possibly, could we go down the backstairs of centuries for the fact, the same wonder may have stirred the breastplate bosom of Queen Bess.

"I tell you what we must do," said Miss Dorcas, elevating her voice as the wisdom of the thought still broke upon her, "as the thieves are becoming so audacious; I tell you what we must do—we must burn a candle."

Small and uncertain are the rewards of the giver of good counsel. The elder Miss Maybee merely tossed her head. Mary Peggs, with her apron before her mouth, contemptuously curled her lip.

"Besides this," said Dorcas, who felt the indifference of her audience, "besides this, I will this very morning go out and buy a rattle. They now make rattles, I am told, of two-mile power."

"Of course, mum, you know best," said Peggs; "but when the house is forced, and you're woke up in your papers, and see two or three monsters of thieves standing by your bedside with pistols, asking for your spoons, and your money, and nobody knows what besides—I should like to know then, mum, what's the use of a rattle?"

"Very true, Peggs," observed Bertha. "None that I see—positively none."

"Guilt," remarked Miss Dorcas, with her own calm wisdom, "guilt is ever cowardly."

"You know best, mum," said Peggs, deferentially; "but, for my part, I've always found the wickedest folks the scarciest."

"No, Dorcas," mused Bertha, "the candle may be something, and there may be something in the rattle; but, after all, they leave us just as we are—three lone women."

"With never a man in the house," said Peggs. "Not so much as a boy."

Dorcas was beginning a very severe frown, when her

eyebrows were lifted by a sharp, short pull at the gate-bell. "Who's that?" cried the two sisters.

Peggs took her way to the gate, and, with old precaution, opened the wicket. No sooner was it opened than it went back with a snap as though it would have bitten the long, thin, Hebraic nose visible through the bars. "It's nobody," said Peggs, returning; "nobody but a old clothes man." And again the bell was rung with an energy quite commercial. Peggs, flushed and frowning, trotted back to the gate, and again opened the wicket; again beheld the patriarchal nose,—the nose descended from the noses that, in the glorified past, sniffed the flesh-pots of Egypt. "I tell yer we've got nothin, and there's an end." Again snap went the wicket; and hardly had Peggs returned to the house, when again the bell was pulled by the resolute merchant without. Peggs at once put a case to her mistresses. "Did you ever know any thing like his impidence?" Again Peggs swung herself round, and was sweeping from the step to make another and a crushing descent upon the Jew, when she was stayed by the cold, calm, decided manner of Dorcas.

"I'll dispose of the creature," said the firm spinster, and she slowly swept towards the gate. She did not condescend to open the wicket. No; she would confront and tower above the revealed full length of the audacious Hebrew. Hence she threw wide the gate, and stood face to face with the Jew, who was in no way humbled or abashed by the lofty demeanour of Miss Dorcas Maybee. And yet no heroine ever parleyed from battlement, or issued forth from castle-gate, with greater, higher presence than was displayed in the figure of Dorcas; in the small, but very fiery eye; in the sharp nostril, curved, and endeavouring contemptuously to work. And yet,

we say it, the nature of that invincible Jew was proof against all such influence. As Achilles in Styx, so had the Jew been dipped in legendary Houndsditch, with the further advantage—he had gone souse over, heels and all.

"Any old clo'?" asked the Jew; and with the question the Jew strode into the garden, and dropped his bag upon the path, letting it fall with an emphasis that, if Dorcas could have understood the Hebraic mind, would have greatly impressed her with the determination of that determined Jew. He had taken possession of the place; he had shut the garden gate between the outside watch and Crumpet House, and was there and then prepared to give the gentlewomen the very highest price—for he knew their husbands were out, at their counting-houses in the City—the highest price for the cast-off garments of each fallen Adam.

"I tell you we have nothing of the kind," said Miss Bertha.

"Not a thread," said Peggs.

The accommodating Jew, willing and hopeful, would buy any thing. "Any old shirts?"

"Go along, my good man, we have nothing of the sort. We are three lone ——"

But here the monitory thumb and finger of Dorcas, pressed on the thick of the arm of Bertha, nipped the sentence in the bud.

"Hadn't got a hold 'at?" asked the Jew.

"Well, I should think you'd 'ats enough," said Peggs, "that is, supposin you haven't another head to put 'em on." For, be it known, the Jew carried a triple crown of felt, and that with a humility that ought not to have been lost upon any pope alive, could he have looked upon the meekness.

"Three hats!" said Dorcas, raising her contemplative eyes to the three-piled crown, musingly, as though she looked upwards at the cupola of St. Peter's.

"Buy a 'at?" asked the Jew; and with the words he bared his head, and took hat out of hat; and now, coaxingly passing his right arm around hat after hat, he now held one and now another before the women temptingly, as though hats were apples.

"Go away, my good man; I tell you we want nothing of the sort. What should we want with hats," asked Miss Bertha, with increasing energy, "when ——"

Miss Dorcas Maybee slowly stretched forth her hand and took a hat. She threw an eagle glance into it, laid it aside, and took the second hat; this, too, she surveyed with a flash of light and thought, and put apart, taking the third hat. The third hat she held gently, even tenderly, by the brim, and, looking down into it, she slightly smiled.

"She'll sartinly buy that 'at," thought the Jew.

"My good man," said Dorcas mildly, "we can't make up our mind in a minute. You may be going about the neighbourhood. Would you object to leave these hats with us a little while?"

"Dorcas!" cried Bertha.

"If they was untould goold I wouldn't mind it," said the Jew; and with a lively commercial air he swung his bag round upon his shoulder, and made his way to the garden gate. "I'll be back in a hour," added that courteous Hebrew, suddenly determining to bring with him a full suit of masculine attire, to match and complete the beaver hat, in all the firmness of his soul, he had determined to sell to Miss Dorcas Maybee. "In a hour," said the Jew; and the garden gate closed behind him,

and soon the sound of "Old clo'!" was heard, *diminuendo*, in the distance.

"Mary Peggs, bring in the other hats," said Dorcas, she herself leading the way, and carrying what already seemed the chosen beaver, into the cottage.

"Why, Dorcas, dear," said Bertha, "what *has* come to you?"

"Place them here," said Dorcas, and the hats were placed upon the sofa. "And now, Bertha, sit down, and let us choose."

"Choose a hat!" cried Bertha. "Why, what can we do with a hat ——?"

"With not a man in the house?" cried Mary, with a sigh.

"That's it; and that's why I'm determined—it's better than nothing—to have a hat!"

"La, bless us!" said Mary, hopelessly.

"What *do* you mean, Dorcas?" asked the earnest Bertha, looking over into the face of her mysterious sister.

"Why, isn't it plain, plain as a man himself? We have nothing to fear from the people who know us; it's the marauders, the strangers—the idle creatures who come with excuses to the gate. Now, if they see a hat upon a prominent peg in the passage ——"

"To be sure," said Mary, "they'll think it the master of the house!"

"Exactly so," said Dorcas pleasantly.

"Whereas," rejoined Bertha, "we are only three lone women."

"Well," said Mary, "after all, a 'at's a something to begin with."

CHAPTER II.

Hymen, looking in at the parlour window of Crumpet House, would certainly have believed that he beheld two spinsters agitated by the thoughts of wedlock. Truly, Dorcas and Bertha Maybee had, in their eyes, a puzzled future, for their souls peeped forth, looking anxiously into the three beavers. Hymen, we say, must have thought the maidens in search of flesh to become of their flesh, and bones to ossify with their bones. Now, they entertained no such embodying idea. They did not, palpitatingly, mediate the selection of a husband; certainly not. They had hitherto lived in independence of the aid of man, and, wishing to be proud of their singleness, they would die and be buried without him. They shuddered at the bare idea of a husband; but they were made, by the whirlwind force of destiny, to entertain the fiction of a spouse. Thus, whilst they shivered at a man, they dilated towards a man's hat.

The three hats were placed, each hat on its crown, upon the carpet. Dorcas and Bertha sat themselves in opposite chairs, and, with a slight compression of lips, folded their arms across their virgin bosoms. Mary Peggs, by virtue of her office, was permitted to be present at the counsel, upon the accepted terms that she was to keep her opinions to herself. She might think as she pleased—a privilege that, vouchsafed to a menial, touchingly proved the liberality of the spinsters Maybee. Mary Peggs, then, a little retired behind Miss Dorcas, stood upon her full centre of gravity, with a corner of her apron raised to her lips. Never, perhaps, was there so conscious a statue of silence at six pounds a year!

For a time—at least two minutes—Dorcas and Bertha sat back in their chairs, with cast-down eyelids, their eyes passing from hat to hat. We confess that such scrutiny may seem, to the volatile crowd that elbow at church doors, a most ridiculous, if not a most wicked waste of time. For how many a maiden of average decision, to say nothing of widows, with three living, shaving men kneeling upon the carpet—kneeling as men were wont to kneel—for we much fear that the olden genuflections of courtship, when men bent their knees respectfully, as Cupid bends his bow, to shoot the better, are now seldom if ever performed on carpet, lawn, or daisied mead—we ask, how many a virgin from among three men would at once, though tremblingly, have laid her elective hand upon one man to be promoted, for ever and for ever, to be a part of herself—how many a maiden would have thus resolved—ere either of the Misses Maybee could, of three mere hats, make election of one hat?

Nevertheless, let justice be done to the maidens of Crumpet House. The hats, in very truth, were to them very much more than hats; not three hollow things—things of pasteboard skeletons and castor outside—but to them prostrate candidates for female favour. Thus both Dorcas and Bertha, especially Dorcas, surveyed the three linings of the three hats as they would have striven to inspect the three linings of three wooers' breasts, could they—proud spinsters as they were—ever have been brought to think of any man deeper than his waistcoat.

Having to choose a hat that, to the ignorant, outdoor eye, should have the shape and mark of authority; that, in all truth, or semblance of truth, should have a certain air of dominion, appearing upon the peg in the passage no other than the hat, beaver, castor, top-covering, arti-

ficial apex of the master of the house, it was very natural that the gentlewomen should take time and employ earnest thought, in order that such a hat might be chosen that, once hung upon the peg, should seem, to all domestic intents and purposes, a hat wholly and entirely at home there. Hence there was much discretion needed; the ladies had not—perhaps they thanked their stars for it—to choose a husband, but to select the real hat of a spouse of shadows. Again, the hat is a palpable thing, a shape of reality, looking very well, and more than well, upon the house-peg, whilst the husband himself may be only a mate of moonshine. For thus it was determined by the Misses Maybee.

There was silence in Crumpet House for at least three minutes. At length Dorcas, giving herself and her chair a resolute jerk, approached nearer the hats. Linking her ten fingers in her lap, and bending her head, she looked deeper and still deeper into the hats, and Bertha did the like. Mary Peggs imitated her two ladies, as she would call them, though with less grace; for, stooping, she rolled her arms up tightly in her apron, as though bringing the subject closer to her feelings, and looked from hat to hat.

Now the hats were as different in shape as, maybe, heads. Moreover, the three linings of the hats were as distinct in colour and texture as are the moral linings of men—as different as their brains. We will serve the hats as the Czar of all the Russias serves his naughty children whom, with a twinge of the paternal heart, he is compelled to send into a cold corner in Siberia, or elsewhere. We will christen the hats numerically. Algebra shall be their sponsor. The hats shall be 1, 2, 3.

Hat 1 is a hat that has seen better days, and not a few

worse nights. Unquestionably it is a hat descended from a real beaver. That hat was, no doubt, once waterproof in the Mississippi or Susquehanna, Colombian streams! That hat has been present when birch trees fell—when the landlord made his own house; and, even as the beavers that swim the river of four heads, carried his own clay-mortar on his own trowel-tail. Nevertheless, quite a gentleman. Hat 1, we say, is a hat that has a little rubbed it through life, and yet a hat that has still an air about it. Plainly, hat 1 was making its way into the bosoms of Dorcas and Bertha. Both of them, leaning their heads a little aside, looked at hat 1 as at a pretty fellow—a little dimmed, but still dangerous.

"Dorcas," said Bertha, twitching forth her finger, then snatching it in again, "what do you think of that hat?" She spoke of hat 1.

"Bertha," said Dorcas, "I'm not decided. Peggs, what do you think of the hat?"

"Well, mum," said Mary, "I'm no judge, mum, and don't wish to be, of anything as belongs to the other sex, mum. Still, mum, I should say it's a very sarcy-looking hat."

"It has a libertine air," said Dorcas, sighing, haply at the depravity of the male animal.

"I once lived with a family, mum, and the master had just such a hat as that. Always at nine-pins, mum, and never home till the cocks crowed. What his wife suffered she never told half. Many a time has these hands took off his boots on the door-mat."

Dorcas, hugging a shiver to herself, said, "Peggs, that will do."

Hat 2 now fixes maiden meditation. It is a plain, quiet-looking hat—a hat brimming with all the decencies.

It is not, and never was, a hat of superfine fabric; it owes the beaver nothing; all its debts are to the silkworm; the edges are a little sharp and bare; nevertheless, many a worthy head has carried between itself and the angels, a much meaner hat.

"Bertha"—Dorcas nodded down upon hat 2—"that looks a good, honest hat."

"I don't know," said Bertha. "It may be honest, but a little common. What do you say, Peggs?"

"Honest, mum! There was another family. I could almost vow I see the master in that hat. The meanest of men, mum. And then such a nypocrite! Even his own wife didn't know all his wickedness, which is hardly using a woman as is right. She died of a broken heart, and I shall never forget when I last see her. She had on a new purple gown with a blue visite, and I never thought she'd live long; and a bonnet with moss roses; but nothing saved her. And if I was on my deathbed I should say her husband did it."

Hat 3, and the last hat, now mutely prefers its claims. The hat is the oldest of the three—a hat, moreover, with the brim somewhat tipped up at the back, as though accustomed to take its ease on coat collar, unknowing or careless what the world thought of it. Hat 3 is neither of beaver nor silk, but of hare or rabbit—a strong, coarse frame of a hat, with a rough and somewhat fuzzy outside.

"This is the third and the last," said Dorcas, eyeing the solitary hat; for, as each of the other hats was judged, it was removed apart. "The very last," said Dorcas.

"And I do think," said Bertha, "the very worst."

"La! bless you, mum!" broke in Mary Peggs; "the very last place but one afore I came here there was just

such a hat, if it isn't the very hat itself. If ever there was a viper of a man ——"

"Peggs!" cried Dorcas rebukingly.

"I mean, mum, a snake—a snake in blankets—it was my master. He'd had three wives, and I know wouldn't stop at that. My poor missus! I did pity her. She used to wear the prettiest open-worked petticoats and primrose cap-strings—always primrose. Well, when I look at that hat, if it isn't the very spit of him—he was what they called an elder, and once took the plate in his hand after chapel, and there was a noise about bad money; and the last I heard on him was, he was in the streets of Californy selling dog-collars."

"Nevertheless," said Dorcas with all her constitutional energy, "nevertheless, unless we determine to buy an entirely new hat ——"

"You know best; but I should say, Dorcas," replied Bertha, "a new hat, to say nothing of the expense, would have an artificial appearance. If I may use the expression, it would not look domestic."

"Sartinly not, mum. If it isn't a hat with a look of wear and tear about it, depend on't 'twill go for nothing: it must be a hat as has seen life, or you might as well hang up a pumpkin." It was thus that Mary, mutely encouraged by her mistresses, spoke of the needful attributes and qualities of the master hat—the dominant beaver.

"Put the hats once again together," said Dorcas.

Mary took up each hat, shook it, turned it upside down; gave it a tap on the crown; again looked into the lining; again gave the hat a shake; and, winding her bare arm—mottled flesh-brush!—around the hat, placed the three hats this time triangularly on the carpet.

O maidens! and oh!—yes, O widows! would ye, call-

ing up your energies for the scrutiny—would ye only question, consider, and decide upon the claims of a candidate for bridegroom honours with something less than half the earnestness, with little less than a moiety of the vigilance with which the interior and exterior of a mere hat were, at this juncture of our story, judged by spinsters—a mere hat, we say—a hat to be selected to do nothing, to serve no other purpose than to hang at its ease upon a peg of dead wood, an idle symbol of marital protection, of spousal strength—would ye, O women! so look down upon, so ponder the pretensions, not of a mere hat, but of a head that carries a hat; of shoulders that carry the head; and of legs that support the shoulders, vertebral column, and, indeed, the whole superincumbent estate of man—would ye so consider him, ye would not be—women. No; nothing like love at first sight; and how often such love happens in the matter of a husband, and how very seldom in the matter of a bonnet! To proceed to serious business.

The hats 1, 2, 3, are placed, as we have said, triangle-wise. Unconsciously did Mary Peggs place them tripod-fashion—a truth that, albeit all too deep in the well for the spinsters to recognize, may, nevertheless, have imparted to the hats a subtlety of inspiration, passing from the hollowness of hats to the fulness of hearts.

No longer time than we have taken to set down the last paragraph has a spider employed to let itself down, all self-dependent (fitting crest for the brave, bold man of his own hands), down from the low ceiling; and there it hung over hat No. 2—hung swayingly to and fro.

"Why, Mary, there's a spider," said the elder Miss Maybee, reproachfully of Mary's housewifery.

"No, mum, not a spider," answered Mary confidently;

"not a spider, mum, but a money-spinner, and that's luck. Depend upon it, mum, that's the hat for our peg."

"Why, Mary," replied Dorcas—and she still doubtingly eyed the spider swaying to and fro, secure in the line that held him, for he had spun it himself—"why, Mary, that is the very hat, if I mistake not, of which you spoke so badly."

"Very true, mum," answered Mary, "to be sure; but then the hat hadn't a money-spinner in it. And, as I'm a Christian, now the sun's come out, that hat looks the very best of all the three."

The sun, it was true, shone downward a beam of gold into the hat; and the spider glistened like a jewel in the ray of noon.

"I must confess it," said Bertha, "now the sun is out, the hat is quite another sort of hat. As for the money-spinner, I'm not superstitious. Still a money-spinner can do no harm ——"

As Bertha spoke a black-beetle crawled up the inside of the hat No. 3—crawled up and paused squat upon the rim.

"A beetle, a black-beetle!" cried Dorcas.

"A beetle!" screamed Bertha.

"And if it isn't a beetle!" said Mary; and very handsome, in his episcopalian black, looked the beetle, his shards soaked with sunlight. "Where could it have come from? For didn't I knock the hat again and again? But it's just like my old master that wore such a hat."

"There may be something," said Dorcas, "in the other hat. Give it me."

Dorcas took the hat No. 1: she shook it downwards again and again; struck it gently against her knee; again shook it; again, and was then convinced. During this

operation the nimble hands of the spider had overhauled his own rope—the squat black-beetle had tumbled softly on the carpet.

"This is the hat," exclaimed Miss Dorcas Maybee, as with determined fingers, she held tightly to No. 1.

"Why, Dorcas, that hat," cried Bertha, with a sly look, "that hat hasn't a money-spinner—not even a black-beetle. That hat has nothing in it."

"I like it all the better," said Dorcas; and the resolute woman repeated to herself, "All the better."

And as the choice was made, even as the hat was elected for its utter emptiness, the Jew rang at the bell, and "Old clo'! old clo'!" was croaked at the gate.

CHAPTER III.

On the motion of Miss Dorcas, Mary Peggs instantly suffered the old-clothes man to pass the portal. With the air of a man prepared to do business, he dropped his clothes-bag on the gravel path; then leisurely wiped his forehead, for he had been driving a hard bargain in the sweat of his brow. He had purchased of the lady of a solicitor an entire masculine suit of black, which, to the confiding, an oath or so would make quite as good as new. That Hebrew purchaser of the old, and vendor of the new, had a magic touch of renovation. With the mere moultings of a raven he would replume and turn out, as a bird of glossiest feather, the worst-plucked crow.

"My good man," said Dorcas, "we have selected this hat;" and the spinster pointed to the hat held on one hand by Mary, and caressingly smoothed around with her warm arm.

"Vell, you have a eye for a' at! And I daresay you had as good a eye for the husband as is to wear it. You don't want any children's things?" And the Hebrew put the question as a footpad would present a pistol. At least, Miss Dorcas thought so, for she started from the inquirer, and with only the firmest of hands subdued a spasm.

"There, now, my good man, we only want the hat," said Bertha. "How much?"

"There, now," said the Jew, and, article by article, he drew forth his last purchase—the woollen outside of the solicitor aforesaid. "There, now," and he held up the coat jauntily, bared the double-breasted legal waistcoat conscientiously, and shook the trousers vigorously; "there—you shall have the lot a bargin; and I know, by the werry looks of you"—and the Jew laughed at the outraged Dorcas—"they'd fit your good man like his skin."

"Like your imperence," exclaimed Mary Peggs, coming resolutely to the rescue. "Do you think we buy second-hand clothes?"

"Vell, there's no 'arm done," said the gentle Jew. "But you buys a 'at, and ——"

"And if we do," answered Mary, "I suppose 'ats isn't trousers?"

"I tell ye vot it is," said the Jew. "I don't vant to take money on you—altogether otherways. And so haven't you nothin o' your husband's you could sell? Bless you! they never misses it. Any thing you're a tired of seein 'em in? I'll buy any thing on you—any thing from a satin gownd to a cat-skin."

"Now, we've neither one nor the t'other; and so, what's the lowest price o' this 'at?" loudly demanded Mary.

"It isn't worth talkin on. If you've got even an old chaney punch-bowl, vy, I'll take that, and you shall have the 'at for nothin."

It was in vain that the Hebrew essayed further trading. The commercial operation was confined to the transfer of the hat No. 1. The clothes-man would have bought, without reservation, every stich of the home clothing of the husbands of the spinsters, who were a little ruffled by the volubility with which the Jew of second-hand ran over the different articles of dress that woman, from her first peccadillo, had made necessary to man. They had nothing to sell, and finally they quitted the garden, and left Mary Peggs alone on the gravel walk to conclude the dealing with the Jew. Armed with the fullest powers to treat, she proceeded directly to her purpose. A little worm on the garden-bed, a span or two from where she stood, might have taught her better diplomacy.

"I've got my work to do," said Mary, "and that's enough. And so, at a word, how much for the 'at?"

"Ha!" said the Jew, with a piercing under look, "you don't know who owned that 'at. That 'at—if it had only been a dress 'at—that 'at might have gone to court."

"Well, but it didn't," answered the commercial Mary; "and when people buy things they don't pay for what the things might have been. Sucking-pigs might have been elephants." And she returned the look of the Jew.

"I tell you vot it is, you women is so hard," said the Hebrew.

"And if we are, it's you men as makes us so," said the maid of all work.

"You haven't got nothin you could change for the 'at?"

"Nothin, no more than new-born babies."

"The 'at's a superfine beaver. And beavers is goin out. The 'at's waterproof: in course, beavers is waterproof; but you won't catch any more beavers makin 'ats."

"That's their business, and none of mine." Here Mary, turning round, caught the hurrying looks of her mistresses at the window. Whereupon Mary, with new resoluteness, addressed the Jew. "If you don't tell me how much—for I've got my dinner to cook, and can't waste no more time with you—I'll pitch the 'at over the gate into the road."

"Vell, it's givin the 'at away at five shillins."

"But, as we don't want you to give it away, we are not a goin to give you five shillins."

"Vell, then, if you've any physic bottles, I'll take em, and ——"

"We never have any physic in this house, and if we had, it wouldn't be in bottles. I'll tell you now at a word, and I never budges from it—never. Move the Moniment, and then I'll say, per'aps, you may move Mary Peggs. At a word, here's two shillins for the hat;" and, resolutely as Queen Eleanor proferred bowl or dagger, as determinedly did Mary offer the two shillings or the refused beaver. The Jew fairly blenched at the strong will of that *pucelle* of all work.

"I tell ye vot," said the Jew; "I'd rayther deal with ten men than one voman."

"Well, now, that's just like me. So would I," said the maid.

With this she-laid the two shillings in the monetary hand of the Jew (dust to dust), and, opening the garden gate, firmly pointed the Hebrew's way into the road.

The Jew swung his bag round upon his shoulder—no camel could carry its hump more as a parcel of itself—and took with him the two hats rejected. The Jew paused at the step, turned round, and, with the least malice in his eye, and with uplifted, unwashed, prophetic forefinger, and showing his wisdom-teeth—the teeth with which he was wont to test good money—the Jew said, "I tell ye vot; ye'll never know vot you've bought with that hat."

Unconsciously, but vigorously, Mary struck the hat once and twice against the gate-post, then flung-to the gate, then paused, and looked searchingly into the hat. Then her face broke into a smile, and she said, "All the old Jew's stuff and malice; the 'at 's a perfect gentleman." And again, in testimony of this belief, again and again, as she walked towards the house, did she pass her arm around the hat. Again and again.

Mary entered the parlour and laid the hat upon the table. "Two shillings," said Mary, with the pleased look of a bargain-monger.

"It isn't dear," said Bertha.

"Dear!" said Dorcas, "it's absurdly cheap. I only hope the Jew came honestly by it."

"Never thought to ask him, mum," said Mary, "as I never interferes with nobody's own business. Still it is cheap, for it looks so like a gentleman's 'at. 'Would do credit to any house. Shall I hang it on the peg, mum?"

"Stop," said Dorcas, and she gently interposed between the hat and Mary, took up the hat, and smoothed it round and round with her small hand.

"Wonder what sort of a gentleman first owned the 'at," said Mary. "Handsome, or otherways?"

"What does it signify to us?" asked Miss Bertha.

"What, indeed?" said Dorcas; and still she smoothed and smoothed the beaver.

"Still we may as well see how it will look in its place," observed Bertha, and she moved towards the passage.

"To be sure," replied Dorcas, not stirring a step.

"Wonder if the hat's a married hat, mum?" said Mary.

Dorcas placed the hat upon the table.

"Married or single," cried Bertha, "what *can* it signify to us?" And she took up the hat and stepped into the passage, and ere you could wink the hat was upon a peg.

"Looks quite at home, don't it?" said Mary, with a laugh.

"It's very strange, very ridiculous," observed Miss Dorcas, "but really, and upon my word, the hat does seem to give one a sort of confidence."

"Quite as good as having a husband in earnest, and with nothing of the trouble," observed the maid of all work.

There was no reply vouchsafed to this truly superficial remark, and Mary departed upon household business. The two sisters addressed themselves to the inevitable needlework—which a philosopher of our time has eloquently praised for its tranquillizing influence on the female mind—and after awhile the calm, quiet spirit of Crumpet House, somewhat startled and fretted by the commercial visit of the Hebrew, resumed its sway; the clock ticked-ticked as heretofore; the same bluebottle fly bounced and bumbled at the window-pane; the cat rounded herself upon the hearthrug; and the twitched thread of the sewers pleased the brooding ear of housewifery. Meanwhile the hat hung upon the peg. It might, perchance, have smit-

ten the owner of that hat with some remorse, could he have known the innocence, the purity, the maiden guilelessness, that reigned in the homestead whereto his all unworthy beaver had been gathered. It might, too, have suddenly urged one or both those maidens to have leaped to their feet, to advance towards the passage—to pause, and then to take the fire-tongs from the hearth, and with the implement—as Dunstan seized the Evil One—to lay hold of the hat, and with a vigorous muscular effort to fling it across the garden wall into the common road—we say such virtuous, energetic impulse might have moved the maiden breast, could the spinster bosom have divined the character, designs, and habits of the late owner of that hat. The hat hung upon the peg a symbol of manly protection, of domestic duty, and household strength. And the owner of that hat ——

But let the benevolent reader think the worst.

It seemed plain to the convictions of the dwellers of Crumpet House that the summer of 18— was about to chronicle itself as very famous for thunder and tempest. It was early in the afternoon, and yet the sky was suddenly midnight dark. The wind began to howl; large rain-drops to fall; and then the full concert of a hissing tempest and a pattering flood. And then the lion of the storm gave utterance in fitful growlings. Now, it was constitutional of the two spinsters to be preternaturally alarmed at thunder. So acutely sensible were they of its influence that, like some ill-boding folks with ill-luck, they could smell it in the air a long way off.

Rumble—rumble—crash—crash!

You would have thought that the thunder-maker had let fall at least half a dozen bolts on the roof-top of Crumpet House. The modest tenement trembled in every

joint; Semele herself did not wince so much at the approach of the thunder-bearer. The spinsters screamed; and suddenly, in the deepest cellar, a kilderkin of the mildest ale was smitten to the heart and soured by the blow. Another clap, and with it the parlour door was thrown open, and, as it opened, the hat shook for a moment on the peg, then fell with a dull dump to the ground. As though the hat had been a tender thing of flesh and blood, Miss Bertha ran to it, picked it up, smoothed it round, and hung it on the peg again. With a momentary pang she felt the littleness of the deceit—the hollowness of the comfort. The storm was dreadful. The wind roared—the thunder rumbled and crashed—the lightning blazed. There were three lone women in the house, and, after all, the hat was not a man. Very great and very deep was the perturbation of those spinsters.

There was a moment's lull of the storm; and in the lull might be heard in the road, tingle, tingle, tingle—the notes of the muffin-bell. Then followed a thin, high, ancient voice, the attenuated property of an old man crying "Muffins!"

The wind, taking breath, howled with redoubled force, then sank with a sob.

"Tingle—tingle—tingle."

The lightning flashed—the thunder roared.

"Muffins!" cried the voice.

But it was not given to the sisters of that thunder-shaken tenement to emulate the calmness of the dealer without. With a scream they ran into their chamber, and, jumping into bed, covered their heads with the bedclothes. They had not that high, that comforting philosophy that, with the world crashing around, enables the sage meekly yet perseveringly to cry, "Muffins!"

ADAM'S APPLES.

ADAM had within himself the knowledge of all human things, present and to follow. His fatherly breast was but as a looking-glass—a bright, unwrinkled speculum, in which were shown the shadows of the misty future. This is a solemn, weighty truth, attested by Hebrew rabbis, old and bearded as Methusaleh's he-goats. All that is—was, to Adam. To his eye the lumpish clay became shaped to brick for the dwelling-places of shop-keepers. To his eye the gold that leered at him—prophetically mischievous!—from the quartz—that glistened upwards through the running waters—took the form of stamped shekels and guineas; and Adam saw the almond-sod with pot of manna; and the anointed head of the Defender of the unborn Faith, Carolus Secundus, with lions and tigers heraldically caged within the metal.

Adam looked upon the silkworm, and, through it, at the works of its posterity; following it down, down, a long way down, tracking it through banquets and birthday drawing-rooms, until he beheld the faded fragment fluttering in Rag Fair.

Adam heard the bleating of the sheep; the patriarchal ram, the father of flocks, innumerable as flakes of snow in Russian winter; and Adam saw in the fleece the coat, severely cut, of William Penn; haply, too, the miraculous pair of breeches ever conveyed at his need, by cherubim, to William Whitfield.

Adam lay beneath the oak. An acorn dropped into his hand. His world-reading eye dwelt upon the seed. He saw forests. Then he heard the hammers of ship-wrights; and he saw the oaks, bowed into ships, take water, breasting it like swans, from the dock. And then

with somewhat of the saddest look, he saw Horatio Nelson smitten on the deck.

Adam at the brook scoops the water with his gourd. And now a lion stalks to the stream, roaring his thirst. The brute drinks; then turns away, as yet without a threatening look, an angry growl, at his godfather. And Adam, with a meek smile, watches his tawny majesty; follows him as he goes and disappears in the deep wood; but still follows him adown his long, long, long descent; and, smiling, sees the rebuked, the chicken-hearted lion, at Bartlemy Fair—the lion that takes within his coward jaws, and all unscratched renders it back again, the showman's head—price twopence.

Adam sees an ostrich—foolishness in fine feathers. Half afraid, espying Adam, the gaunt creature bursts its head into a bush; the while the winds toss, and play with its tail-feathers. And again Adam smiles; for he sees the feathers of the ostrich in the half-crowns of German princes; and in the plumes he sees the deep, sagacious, ostrich policy of regal state-craft, that, ever with its head in a bush, believes its tail is unrevealed.

[It will be seen by the reader that here was a theme peculiarly the author's own. Some rare fruit would have been here had it been vouchsafed to the author to fill his contemplated basketful of Adam's Apples. Through the rolling centuries would quaint and curious bits of picturesque and illustrative knowledge have been caught, to be weaved into the author's page. Odd fancies, poetic and philosophic touches, drawn from rare books, and treated with a power all his own, would have made these apples worth the gathering—had the author, I repeat, been spared time to garner the fruit that hung in rich clusters upon his tree.]

A WIFE WHO HAD "MADE" HER HUSBAND.

CHAPTER I.

Long and long had Mr. Abraham Storks resisted the earnest and affecting prayers of Mrs. Storks, the wife of his soul and bosom, to sit for his portrait; that he might leave himself vital in oils, ere, at the latest season, he passed into dust. And Mr. Storks, with ever a dulcet severity—for Storks had a touching way of mingling sweetness with reproof, and, had he been a schoolmaster, would, we think, have chastised with a heavy rod of lavender—Mr. Storks ever rebuked his wife when she touched upon his probable picture, then lying in the chaos of unground pigments—the painted Adam, yet Adam in colourman's earth.

"Vanity, darling—conceit, sweetest—presumption, love—extreme folly, foolish woman! What's a picture? The painted show of two or three hundred years! The rainbow—yes, so to speak, the rainbow of a few centuries! And what are centuries, Mrs. Storks, when we think of time? I have always thought of a portrait as the ghost of the living; or, if it isn't the ghost at once, why, 'tis sure to be. The fireside spectre of one's departed prime, Mrs. Storks. How can any reasoning creature—not to be too hard upon you, Mrs. Storks—any reasoning creature who has seen the sun set behind Mont Blanc, as you did last autumn, when you can't forget, Joanna, my moral reflections upon that circumstance—how can you

think of the vanity of a painted portrait?—but as I said, you foolish dove, I won't be hard upon you."

"Well, then, Abraham," said the undaunted wife, "why not have a marble bust?"

"Now, my own giddy Joanna, only think of the expense! To be sure, a bust is something strong and real. But a portrait! The third generation banishes it to a garret, and a rat makes his meal off nose, and mouth, and double chin! Now a bust! That's something to fling in the teeth of time, telling time, with fair play, to do his worst."

"Precisely. And so, Abram, you'll let me have this little bit of marble?"

"My foolish Joanna, my silly pet—a marble bust! You aggravating lamb, only think of the expense!"

"But then, Abram," and Mrs. Storks glided her hand beneath her husband's chin, "but then, love, it's only the first expense."

Well, the enlightened reader, single or married, knows how all this ended.—Mrs. Storks had her own way, having the bust. And Mrs. Storks had the best right to so precious a piece of marble. "I should think so, indeed, if so inclined," says a lady. "Was she not the man's own wife."

Madam, she was more than his wife.

"More than his wife!"

More than his wife; and begging you, madam, for one moment to look from your wedding-finger, that, for the past minute, you have, with quivering eyelids, addressed and contemplated, we will tell you a secret—a secret holding, as a jewel-case holds a precious jewel, the peculiar claim of Mrs. Storks to the marble likeness of one who was more than her husband.

Mrs. Storks had *made* Mr. Storks.

We have the worthy woman's word for it, repeated—but only to her bosom female friends—a thousand times. "My dear, I made Storks!" And ever, when the dear soul spoke thus of her handiwork, she would merely draw herself up a little, arch her neck like a swan nibbling daintily at the smallest of water-lilies, and then subside into her usual repose, as though having "made Storks," she thought no more of the deed than if Storks had been a mud pie.

"When I married Storks he was nothing, and now—but what he is, I made him."

"When Storks first knew me he hadn't so much as—and now—but he owes it all to me; I made him."

"Bless you, my dear, you wouldn't have known him then! And now look at him! But then—haven't I made him?"

A wife has, by virtue of her proper moiety—and her better moiety too—the dearest claim to the man she has wedded; but when, without being sought, or wooed, or won by an independent member of the human family, she absolutely makes the man she marries—finds herself, so to speak, in her own husband—when a woman does this, repaying, on the part of her sex, any previous obligation woman may have had to the sleeping Adam—she certainly, beyond all other wives, asserts a deep, mysterious kind of proprietorship in the thing she has created; that is, as Mrs. Storks would say, "made." So frequently would Mrs. Stork speak of Storks as of her own manufacture, that no china mug on the man's shelves could have been more the original handiwork of a potter, than was Storks himself the work of his wife.

Let us, however, be just to Mrs. Storks. However

she might vaunt her creative powers to her female friends, she never twitted her husband with a vain-glorious syllable. No; Storks was kindly permitted to enjoy the delusion that he had come into the world, and grown in it, even as other men. Until his dying day he never knew what he really owed to Mrs. Storks; never for an instant dreamt that, even as with one blow, he had been made by her. Self-denying Mrs. Storks!

[The intended story is a curious one. Crumpler is the villain of the scene. His ward marries the sculptor of Storks's bust; and Crumpler, taking advantage of the couple's simplicity, cheats, robs, the artist's wife. Crumpler is in the house of Mrs. Storks. One night is left alone with the bust. Throws a handkerchief over the marble: the bust sneezes. Crumpler is terribly startled. The bust speaks. The presence of the cheated artist's wonderful handiwork chills Crumpler. Then the bust tells him that he shall see nobody in the house—no company save in his (the bust's) presence. "Thwart this command," says the bust, "and the house shall instantly be filled with croaking frogs." The author has left no notes that would indicate the manner in which this story was to have been worked out. But I find this note under those from which I have gleaned the above pale outline: "Crumpler soothed and reformed by bust."]

DAY-DREAM ISLAND.

A FRAGMENT.

A thousand, yea, a thousand isles
  Bedeck the sparkling seas,
Endear'd by heaven's sweetest smiles,
  And heaven's balmiest breeze.

Fair places, fresh as with the bloom
  Of Eden's fragrant bow'rs,
Ere sorrow's tears or passion's gloom
  Defiled the laughing hours.

Ah, yes! not yet hath vanish'd hence
  That grace of blessed price,
That gives to human innocence
  A human paradise.

And not amidst these lovely fanes—
  Still sanctified below
From sordid hopes and selfish pains,
  Man's vanity and woe—

Can aught more beautiful be known
  Than that delicious spot
Where dwelt—a king on Nature's throne—
  A fay of happy lot.

A very king that fairy wight,
  Amidst a courtly throng
Of creatures lovely to the sight,
  And singing Truth's own song.

Ten thousand trees his courtiers were,
With fruits aye lowly bent,
And birds that through the spicy air
Their unbought music sent.

And myriad flow'rs of brightest dyes,
Endow'd with every sweet,
Did turn on him their laughing eyes,
And kiss his straying feet.

The kid, the squirrel, and the roe,
The parrot, jay, and dove,
Did leap, and scream, and murmur low
Their unaffected love.

'Twas thus that pigmy elf was king,
And thus, by noblest right,
He fealty had of every thing
By Love's supremest might.

It was, in sooth, a radiant home
Where dwelt that pigmy free;
All land of fairy you might roam,
Yet no such region see.

The ocean, clad in glassy sheen,
Upon its breast did hold
An island of eternal green,
Beneath a sky of gold.

The cocoa and the foodful palm,
The plane of giant span,
The herb of medicinal balm,
And bountiful banyan;

The fig, the tamarind, the vine,
The sago, and the cane,
Pomegranates, and the luscious pine,
And fields of yellow grain;

The myrtle, deck'd in bloom of snow,
Where humming wild-bee feeds;
The tulip tree's resplendent show,
And hyacinthine meads;

Each lovely and each gracious thing
Rewarding human toil
Spontaneous in that isle did spring,
As erst in Eden's soil.

The very sand upon the shore
Was delicate and bright,
As that which tells the minutes o'er
To wisdom's watchful sight.

And there in constant murmurs fell
The placid, shining main—
A haunting sound, a mighty spell,
To lull the aching brain;

To lay the fev'rish thought to rest,
To hush the rising groan,
And harmonize man's jarring breast
With Nature's solemn tone.

And still the bounteous ocean threw
Its treasures to the day;
A thousand shells of burnish'd hue
Made glorious the way.

And when the light of starry skies
Was trembling on the sea,
The mermaid from her cave would rise,
And warble melody.

And oft across the main would float
A strange and solemn swell—
The wild, fantastic, fitful note
Of Triton's breathing shell.

And sounding still that music sweet,
The sea in silver spray
Would break beneath the sea-nymph's feet,
And glitter in the ray.

In ev'ry star, in ev'ry air,
In ev'ry sound and sight,
A look and voice of love was there,
And peacefulest delight.

And pond'ring on that lovely scene
Of land, and sea, and sky,
The dearest, fondest thought had been
To ebb away and die:

That, dying, we might seek the spring
Whence flow'd the tide of good,
And bathe the spirit's earth-clogg'd wing
In that immortal flood.

O Nature, beautiful and wise!
Thus be it ever given—
That we may read within thine eyes
The promises of heaven:

That with a love as deep, as true,
As sinless and intense,
As ever youthful bridegroom knew
For plighted innocence—

We still may woo thy truthful gaze,
May listen to thy voice!
Assured the bliss of after-days
In thee, our early choice.

So, loving thee, this life's a feast
By Peace and Plenty spread,
And Death himself a holy priest—
The grave, a bridal bed.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

A FRAGMENT.

Dec. 26, 1850.

It is Christmas eve. Already the ringers have passed into St. Michael's church—already the clock throbs towards twelve. And now the ringers hang at the ropes, intent to pull down a shower of music upon the city. The clock strikes; and the bells pour forth.

And as the clock strikes, each solemn note says, *Rest—rest!* The first peals *Rest;* and still, with clearing utterance, every sound, from the first to the twelfth, cries, *Rest!*

And *Rest—rest!* is the blessed burden of the rejoicing bells.

Deep in the shadow of the church porch, prostrate on the stones, is a human form. A cloud swims from the moon, that rains down silver light upon the face of the sleeper. How many, many years lie dead in his white hair! How many, many generations are buried in the wrinkles of his cheek!

And now his lips curve into smiles; for the music of the chimes enters his forlorn heart, comforting it!

His face grows smoother, fuller; and now a bright hue dawns in his blasted hair like colour in the hyacinth.

Still the music of the chimes falls upon the sleeper like miraculous dews; and still every touch and stain of grim old age is cleansed with their holiness.

The sound *Rest*—the sound, in thrilling silver sweetness, as though it fell from mercy's lips—the Mercy throned in heaven—enters the heart and brain of the sleeper, and, sleeping, he is newly made in the freshness of a second life.

APPENDICES.

I.

(Page 12.)

THE EARL OF DUNDONALD—SCOTCH PEERS—THE ENGLISH NAVY.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

THE Earl of Dundonald paid the electoral peers of Scotland a handsome compliment. His address implied a belief that knowledge—professional knowledge on his part—might probably win their votes, and return him to the House of Lords as one of the representatives of the Scotch peerage. For the sake of the noble electors themselves, we wish they had been found more worthy of the good opinion of his lordship.

Were ducal dignity represented in the peers by elected coronets only, we can easily imagine candidates for the honour, whose claims would not be voiced with the like unworldly simplicity animating the address of the nautical earl. He, however, tells his story with the ingenuous confidence of a sailor. He knows that, the time of need arriving, he can be of vital service to his country; and he believes that merit, experience, and patriotic enthusiasm may find favour with the constituency nobles! With a simple faith in human goodness—a faith surviving the persecutions of a slanderous, felonious Toryism—for Lord COCHRANE was alike blackened and robbed by the Tory Admiralty of the good old times—his lordship believed that to simply show a worthy title to the honour of representation was to stand fairly for obtaining it.

Now, as we have premised, were certain dukes elective only to

the House, they must surely trust for their seats to other sympathies. Did Blenheim return a duke, even MARLBOROUGH would not attempt an election, standing only upon his knowledge. His Grace of NEWCASTLE—shamefully neglected, by the way, by his valet, who ought to hide pen, ink, and paper whenever he sees his master inflamed with "A Letter to the *Times*"—would not plead his election for Clumber, or his means of preserving even the Thames from conflagration, but would base his claim upon his inextinguishable sorrow—sorrow burning still in tears, like the Greek fire in a puddle—for the murdered Sarum, the martyred Gatton. And, moreover, there are dukes—Scotch dukes, in every way worthy of their own thistles—whose best appeal to their noble compatriots would be this: "They made wildernesses of God's pleasant places; they sacrificed men to deer; they tabooed whole glens from the desecrating footsteps of their fellow-creatures; and whilst lamenting that the coronet did not award them the power to bar men from heaven under certain regulations, could yet assure their constituents that they should only be too happy, did they possess the fortunate privilege, to levy a toll on all vulgar comers even at the gates of paradise." Now we cannot think this forced. When we see a duke—poor, ill-starred man!—glowering and swelling at a Scotch professor caught in a glen of some thirty miles' extent, where we behold the noble proprietor eyeing the vermin biped as though he were a two-legged rat, trapped, and therefore to be worried—we can but imperfectly imagine the tremendous tricks that the said duke would commit with sun, moon, and stars, could his towering nobility only make property of their influences. How he would turn on the light, and turn it off—a most tyrannous director of the Sun Office! How, if the moon were really the green cheese oft times fabled, his Grace, who shuts up his glen, would shut up the luminary in a cupboard of dark clouds from the eyes of mere men, benignly permitting it to gild his own trout streams, and shimmer on the heads of antlered deer! However, to get away from such uncomfortable, contemptible company, and to return to the Earl of DUNDONALD.

His lordship at once lays himself alongside "fixed property."

"Twenty years of ill-conducted, wasteful war originated liabilities, which thirty years of peace have failed materially to diminish. Such a contest, even of one fourth the duration, would

add some hundreds of millions to the encumbrances *on fixed property*, the consequences of which, I apprehend, your lordships cannot contemplate without painful anticipation."

The voice that makes the guineas in a man's pocket tremble is a voice to be seriously listened to; and we had great faith that the Scotch constituency—especially glen-closing dukes—would on this occasion have lent the noble earl even all their ears. His lordship continues :—

"Wars in which this country has been engaged have been protracted to an injurious length. From a recurrence of this evil I am now as desirous to preserve my country as when, with that view, I brought forward proofs of the most injurious abuses, which party spirit at that period unfortunately defended."

And party spirit, moreover, had its sweet revenge. Lord COCHRANE cried, "Stop thief!" but the rogues were too strong for him. The naval history of England proves that the inherent force of the country has been shown, not in its conquests of the enemy's fleet, but in its survival after the iniquities of maritime legislation. The British Lion has had no such enemy as the British Admiralty. The noble earl could in little time, we are certain, work out the following sum :—

"Given, ten French three-deckers and two Admiralty lay-lords of the good old time—state their relative mischief in the last war to the British navy." We have a reasonable hope that much of this evil is abated; but the Admiralty was a time-honoured sink of tyranny and corruption. We have a lively belief that Satan, in his former London walks, never failed to stop before the doors of the Admiralty, to make thereto one of his profoundest and most thanksgiving bows.

The rapacity of Admiralty law bears the same proportion to the stomach of common law as that of a shark to a pike. It is quite wonderful to perceive the appetite of lawyers when fairly stimulated by sea breezes and salt water, with no chance, as in common cases, of disgorging. They pick a prize to the very bones, and again and again bring in a bill for labour of mastication. In truth, the appetite of a lawyer afloat is enough to make a cormorant blush through his black. But hear his lordship :—

"Assuredly, my lords, had members of your right honourable House, or honourable members of the other House of Parliament, then or since reflected on the consequences of permitting the

proceeds of captures (so wisely decreed by their predecessors as a provision to stimulate and reward the energy of the navy) to be wholly absorbed, during the last three fourths of the late war, by the rapacity of the Courts of Admiralty, they would have perceived, not only the directly injurious effect, but the suppressed discontent and disgust manifested by those who feared to complain of being duped and plundered. The consequence of this was, my lords, that, when the sea had been swept of large vessels, whose proceeds paid amply for their condemnation, the commerce of the coast, carried on in numerous small vessels, each comparatively of little value—was left unmolested, being far better protected *by the exorbitant and all-absorbing charges of the Courts of Admiralty than by the forts, batteries, and ports on the shore of the enemy.*"

Here is a thrilling shot at the land-owners:—

"My lords, I trace the expenditure of more than the portion of the public debt which renders it important to land-owners to desire a tax on corn, to the then asserted and blindly supported 'vested rights' of the Court of Admiralty. If such rights remain, my lords, the captors of vessels carrying continental coal must be indemnified somewhat after the manner that captors of slave ships are rewarded. Any of your lordships may investigate these facts, and take up the subject with great advantage to the public and yourselves."

His lordship is, above most men, entitled to respectful attention when speaking of his scientific labours. He has proved himself no dreamer. It was no visionary that fired the French fleet. His plans—anew reported in January last—'can set at nought not only ordinary modes of defence, but the novel means of destruction, preparing in foreign countries for use, both on shore and afloat, namely, the projecting horizontally shells, carcasses, and incendiary missiles to blow up or burn our ships of war—to which means a recent device has been added, as yet essayed only on the brute creation placed in vessels, fired at experimentally, to prove its destructive power.

"As an officer, I gratuitously gave my secret war plans to my sovereign and country. My plans of defence, as a substitute for forts and ports of refuge in war, I am desirous, in my character as an amateur engineer, to render useful if I can obtain attention and dispassionate consideration."

And it behooved the body addressed by the noble earl to assure to him such small grace—and to the country such great advantage—as that of his lordship's return to parliament.

His lordship has the greatest claim upon the respect of all men. He is ennobled by his genius; and more, he is ennobled by the heroic endurance of thirty years of wrong.

II.

(Page 152.)

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LAST PARACHUTE.

October, 1837.

Considerable excitement was on the —th ult. manifested throughout the populous district of Walworth. It had been industriously, though confidentially, whispered that Mr. Minnow, a fishmonger and vestryman, distinguished no less for his public spirit than his private virtues, was about to share in the perilous ascent of Mrs. Graham. A new parachute, invented by Mr. Minnow, whose scientific attainments had long been the theme of admiration among a select circle of friends, was to be tried on the occasion. And, with that liberality which had ever characterized the conduct of the above-named gentleman, a bushel of live oysters, supplied from his own warehouse, was to accompany the aerial voyagers at least five miles above the earth, and then to descend in a parachute, in order that the timid and skeptical might be assured and convinced of the perfect safety of the conveyance. In his zeal for science Mr. Minnow now resolved that his own infant—the youngest of an interesting family of ten—should be the favoured tenant of the parachute; but, as it had been only three days short-coated, Mrs. Minnow, in her natural anxiety for the health of her offspring, suggested that the dear baby might possibly take cold; and when it was considered that oysters would do quite as well, the maternal hesitation on the part of Mrs. Minnow must find some allowance in the bosoms of the most curious and the most scientific.

We should waste time, ink, and paper were we to attempt to demonstrate the vast utility of the parachute. Its extraordinary influence on the comforts of society is, happily, not now to be

disputed. To be able to shoot from a balloon to the earth, when the balloon itself would afford that transit, is to enjoy the most gratifying sense of independence. Who would descend the stairs of a house when a safe and rapid flight into the street might be taken from the garret window? However, to the eventful proceedings of the day.

At an early hour the ground was thronged. The balloon was inflated, and, by its tugging motion, seemed, like a young eagle, to desire to wing its proud and lofty way into that bright and circumambient air wherein it was soon to soar in gentle grace and glittering beauty. At three o'clock Mrs. Graham appeared upon the ground, and was received with marked enthusiasm. She looked at the balloon, bowed, and smiled confidently. She was dressed in a brown gown, white straw bonnet, and blue ribbons. We had almost forgotten to state that she also wore a chinchilla tippet. By those who stood near her she was understood to inquire for her fellow-passenger, Mr. Minnow.

At this moment, as we are credibly informed by an ear-witness of unimpeachable character, Mr. Minnow came upon the ground. He was at first received with silence; but, on several persons exclaiming, "That's he—that's Minnow!" an indescribable shout seemed to rend apart the very heavens. Mr. Minnow put his hand upon his heart, and bowed. He was a remarkably respectable-looking man, having on a handsome blue coat with bright buttons, drab breeches and gaiters, a white hat turned up with green, a gold watch (he took it out to inquire the hour), and large appendages. He carried in his hand what—and we think, too, we state the general impression—we took to be a gig umbrella. Reader, it was the NEW PARACHUTE! Who that looked upon the machine could have suspected it? Who, when the mystery was unfolded, can describe the delight of the intoxicated multitude? At length all was prepared, and ——

And here, readers and fellow-countrymen, we are compelled to pause to call upon you to applaud the vigilant benevolence of the district magistracy, who had caused Inspector Lynx, of the "I" division, to prohibit the ascent of the oysters—we are bound to say there was a full bushel—unless it could be satisfactorily proved to him, upon scientific principles, that no accident could accrue to them from the experiment.

We were delighted at this interference for two reasons.

The first is, it proved the humanity and activity of the magistrates; and the second afforded us the pleasure of hearing Mr. Minnow shortly, but lucidly, lecture on the principles of his new parachute, and convince Inspector Lynx that it was impossible the descent from any height could be so violent as to break in pieces *both* shells of the oyster; that, if the bottom shell were broken, the top would be uninjured, and *vice versâ*. On this, in the most handsome manner—on this Inspector Lynx suffered the bushel of adventurous aeronauts to be placed in the parachute, and we deal in no hyperbolical figure when we state that expectation was upon tiptoe.

Mr. Minnow handed Mrs. Graham into the basket-car, and, with no visible emotion, followed. A third passenger, a studious-looking man—as it was whispered, the editor of a journal of considerable weight—took his seat upon the "cross-bench." The word was given—the ropes were cut—the balloon rose very, very slowly. Mrs. Graham flung out several bags of sand, and Mr. Minnow lightened his pockets of several packs of cards, eagerly sought for by the crowd as mementos of the soul-stirring occurrence. We were happy in securing one of these precious tokens, the subjoined *fac-simile* of which we are proud to lay before our readers:—

PETER MINNOW,

Shrimp and Shell-Fish Merchant,

NEW CUT, LAMBETH.

The only Warehouse for the real Parachute Oysters.

Sent in Barrels to all parts of the United Kingdom.

N.B.—PERIWINKLES IN EVERY VARIETY.

Although many bags of sand and several packs of the above cards were flung from the car, the balloon rose lazily, and some of the lower order of spectators had their mouths ready formed to hiss, when Mrs. Graham darted a glance of suspicion at the editor. With some confusion in his manner he put his hand to his coat pocket, and hurriedly flung an unsuspected copy of his

own journal from him; and, extraordinary as it may appear, the balloon, with the parachute attached to it, shot like a rocket into the air, Minnow just before exclaiming to his wife, "Mind, Betsy, the left box!"

The crowd huzzaed, Mrs. Graham, Minnow, and the second gentleman each waving a flag of a different hue.

We are happy to say that here our task concludes, for we have now to report the words of that daring aeronaut, Peter Minnow, himself:—

"We rose with a gentle and steady breeze. For at least five minutes—so clearly could we discern objects—I could distinguish the moustache of Potlid, the master tinman of Lambeth Marsh; nor was it until two minutes more had elapsed that we had wholly lost sight of his tip.

"We crossed the Thames between Waterloo and Blackfriars. By the reflection of the sun upon a black cloud, and by the aid of an excellent glass, we plainly discerned the copper edge of a bad sixpence presented to, and taken by, the unsuspecting toll-man.

"The coal barges looked no larger than old shoes, and the fan-tail hats of the coal-heavers like patches on the cheeks of a lady. The pearl buttons on the velveteen jacket of a ticket-porter, as Mrs. Graham assured me, presented quite an era in the history of aerostation.

"We looked from time to time with intense interest on the passengers in the parachute, all of whom appeared perfectly tranquil. We felt assured, from their unaltered demeanour, that no timidity on their part would prevent a fair trial of the powers of the new machine.

"The weather was beautiful. As we steered eastward St. Paul's became a conspicuous and animating object. We hovered above it like an eagle flapping his fan-like wings in the molten sun.* Here we descended so low, and there was about us such a deathlike calm, that we heard, or thought we heard, the half-pence chink at the door of the cathedral. Mrs. Graham playfully remarked to me that the statue of Queen Anne, observed from our point of view, looked very like a Bavarian broom-girl.

* We trust we do no wrong to Mr. Minnow, but we shrewdly suspect that his companion, the editor, has helped him to a figure or two.

"As we were wafted gently onwards Bow church arose in all its simple dignity. By a strange coincidence Bow bells were ringing. We were borne tranquilly onwards until we found ourselves above the Stock Exchange. Here many persons looked very small indeed, and here we experienced a dead calm. In order that we might rise into another current we cast more sand out, and feared, from the confusion we saw below, that we had unconsciously flung a great deal of dust into the eyes of several contractors.

"We rose and found another current, and, to our inexpressible satisfaction, were carried due west. Even at such an altitude we were able to make out objects. I saw what I am sure was the line of stakes belonging to the Golden Cross, but Mrs. Graham insisted that it was the National Gallery.

"I observed to the gentleman that accompanied us that the rarefied air produced in me symptoms of sudden hunger. At this he significantly asked if it were necessary that the whole bushel of oysters should descend unopened. To this I replied, with firmness, that I could not break faith with the public—the parachute must go the whole bushel.

"We were now driven on with great speed, and were about the desired five miles above the surface of the globe, when Mrs. Graham remarked that we had sailed a great distance, and that consequently we should have an equal distance to return.

"I had promised the spirited proprietor of the Victoria Theatre to present myself upon his stage at half-past eleven at night. (I may be here permitted to express my regret that, as an old neighbour of that gentleman, I was compelled to refuse the terms of the proprietor of the Surrey Theatre. I could *not*, with justice to my family, take two pounds, and include the bushel of oysters. My tub is still at his service for the dress-boxes.) Half-past eleven at the latest; the hour was stated in the bills, and I expected a great crowd in my rooms when the play was over. On this I preferred to let the parachute descend.

"It was an anxious moment. I cut the cord, the aeronauts—the whole bushel—shot quicker than lightning down the blue abyss. We rose, but, owing to the skilful direction of Mrs. Graham, suffered no inconvenience. The balloon was almost immediately at our command, and we prepared to descend, that we might join as soon as possible our brother aeronauts.

"We alighted in a paddock, the property of Mr. Fuss, late of Houndsditch, at the picturesque village of Pinner. To himself, his amiable lady, their lovely family, and various domestics, we owe the greatest thanks for assistance in our descent.

"Mr. Cuts, schoolmaster of Pinner, in the most handsome way dispatched his fifty boys in various directions in search of the parachute, liberally offering sixpence from his own pocket to the fortunate finder.

"We were then ushered by Mr. and Mrs. Fuss into their front parlour, where we partook of a cold collation—shoulder of mutton, pickled walnuts, ale, &c.

"We made a hearty meal, but were naturally anxious for the fate of the parachute. At length our fears were dissipated by the appearance of a male and female gypsy, followed by some of the boys of Mr. Cuts, who brought to us the uninjured parachute and all the—shells!

"The gypsies were rigidly cross-examined, but were firm in their statement that the oysters came to the earth ready opened. When the peculiar lawlessness of this class of people is taken into consideration, their statement will weigh nothing with the scientific; for it is plain that the same force that opened an oyster must have had some effect upon the frail fabric of the parachute, which will, for the next six weeks, be exhibited in my rooms for the satisfaction of the curious, whether they take their oysters raw or scalloped.

"He indeed must be the most skeptical or the most envious of men, or both, who can ever venture to question the safety and utility of my parachute.

"After enjoying the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Fuss, the balloon and parachute were packed up, and we arrived at the stage door of the Victoria Theatre at five-and-twenty minutes past eleven, where we were cordially welcomed by the lessee!"

Thus far goes the simple statement of Mr. Minnow. It is now our duty to declare that, no sooner was his arrival made known, than a loud shout was set up for him, when he instantly appeared upon the stage, led on by the manager. A supernumerary in the background carried the parachute.

Mrs. Graham was next called for, when that lady appeared, and courtesied an acknowledgment of the honour.

A vehement cry was next raised for the proprietor. He came

on after some hesitation, and was welcomed with a loud burst of applause. He was so affected by the novelty of his situation that he was led off, leaning on the arms of his friend, the stage-manager.

Mrs. Minnow and numerous family were next recognized in the left-hand stage-box. They were loudly applauded, and severally returned their mute yet eloquent thanks.

The friends of science will, we feel assured, be delighted to learn that it is next season the intention of Mr. Minnow to ascend every evening with his parachute, beginning on Easter Monday, until further notice.

III

(Page 117.)

THE ENGLISH STAGE—1832.

Were we asked what profession promised, with the greatest show of success, to form a practical philosopher, we should, on the instant, make reply, "The calling of an English dramatist." There is, in his case, such a fine adaptation of the means to the end that we cannot conceive how, especially if he be very successful, the dramatist can avoid becoming a first-form scholar in the academy of the stoics. The daily lessons set for him to con are decked with that "consummate flower" of wisdom, patience; they preach to him meekness under indigence; continual labour with scanty and uncertain reward; quiescence under open spoliation; satisfaction to see others garner the harvest he has sown; with at least the glorious certainty of that noble indigence lauded by philosophers and practised by the saints—poverty, stark-naked poverty, with gray hairs; an old age exulting in its forlornness! If, after these goodly lessons, whipped into him with daily birch, he become no philosopher, then is all stoicism the fraud of knaves, and even patience but a word of two syllables. But we are convinced of the efficacy of the system. English dramatists *are* stoics, and not in a speculative sense, but in the hard, practical meaning of the term. Time has hallowed their claim to the proud distinction; it is consecrated to them by the base coats of

their prime, and the tatters of their old age; not only endured without complaint, but enjoyed as "their charter."

English dramatists are philosophers. They have been subjected to the whims and caprice of those whose professional lives depended on the men they have slighted—and have they complained? No! They have had their dearest property plucked from them—they have had their golden thoughts minted, only to be dropped into the purses of other people. Have they murmured at the violence? No! They have died "like rats, in holes and corners." They have left their children to the tender guardianship of overseers and churchwardens—and has indignation stirred the thin blood of the fraternity? No! *Ergo*, English dramatists *are* philosophers.

Our attention has been newly turned to this pacific sect by a pamphlet* recently published. We have sufficiently descanted on the monopoly of the drama. As public journalists, with a true love for the letters of our country; as politicians, calling for the equal security of property to all men; it behooves us, especially at the present juncture, to speak of the rights—we should say the wrongs—of dramatic literature.

The pamphlet before us (from which we borrow several facts) is valuable, as presenting a careful digest of the French laws applicable to dramatic literary property. On the 13th of January, 1791, a law was passed in France, which enacted that the works of living authors could not be represented *on any stage* in the kingdom without the written consent of the author. A transgression of this law to be punished by confiscation of the entire receipts of the house for the benefit of the writer. In the same year it was also decreed that the dramatist's share of the profits should not be liable to seizure for the debts contracted by managers.† The author's right and property continues in his works

* "On Theatrical Emancipation and the Rights of Dramatic Authors. By Thomas James Thackeray, Esq. C. Chapple."

† "Who would believe," says a French writer, "that in matters of literary property, England, whose laws are daily offered to us as models, is at this day as barbarous as we were in France sixty years ago? It is there held as a matter of course that the piece of an author, when printed, can be played by all the managers of theatres in the three kingdoms without any remuneration; and, in one of the numbers of the *London Magazine*, the author of several dramatic works laments

during his life, and in posthumous works during the lives of those who have become donors of them: after them it reverts to the heirs. The children of authors have an exclusive right of printing the works of their deceased parents for twenty years; but the other heirs for only ten years. These rights belong to the surviving husband or wife during life, provided the marriage settlement permits it. The unpublished works of authors and composers are not liable to be seized by creditors; this law has been illustrated by several verdicts. So anxious has the French legislature shown itself for the prosperity of the drama, that any manager accepting a piece, and failing to produce it within a given time, is liable, as has been proved by several suits instituted by authors, to pay the writer the sum previously agreed upon. Dramas are represented in their turn of acceptation. If, however, a piece possess local interest, or there be any other inducement to anticipate the legitimate period of its production by a *tour de faveur;* as, however, the number of these *tours* is limited, an author has his remedy if his piece be postponed, after the usual *tours* have made way for its representation. These points sufficiently prove the solicitude of the French government for the prosperity of a species of writing which combines in itself the highest attributes of literature. In England, on the contrary, the drama is a neglected weed—a thing of the highways, to be trodden under foot, or plucked up by the roots.

The French law carefully provides against the chicanery of managers, who would defraud the dramatist by changing the name of his work, or altering the *dramatis personæ*. Certain agencies are established (by the authors themselves) in the departments, who represent the dramatists, and who, under the appellation of dramatic correspondents, exercise all the rights the authors themselves possess, recovering all claims that may be due. The scale of remuneration (which depends on the number of acts) varies at different theatres.*

his unfortunate position, not wishing to have his last piece performed by the theatre which had shown itself unjust to him in a former instance, and not daring to print it, because it would be another means of placing it at the disposal of the theatre."

* The following is the scale of remuneration at the *Théâtre Royal de l' Opéra Comique*:—

For a work in five, four, or three acts, 8½ per cent. on the gross

In addition, however, to payment for the drama, there is the privilege of tickets and personal free admission—the admission to remain for life on the production of two pieces in five, four, or three acts; three of two acts, and so on. If an author or composer be entitled to a second free admission, he may be allowed to dispose of it annually; after his death his widow, or next heir, enjoys the second free admission, but has no power to dispose of it. It is under such just and enlightened legislation that the drama of France continues to flourish; and, whilst it amply rewards its professors, supplies nearly every other country with materials for the stage. It is under such government that M. Scribe is enabled, by the exercise of his surprising genius—surprising in its vivacity and its fecundity—to realize from three to four thousand pounds yearly. What, on the contrary, would have been his fate had he written for the English stage? Why, he would have made the fortunes of three or four "starry" actors, and have lived in poverty. Mr. Thackeray (of whom we now take our leave, thanking him for a pamphlet that must have cost him some pains, and may be made most available by English writers in the coming discussion) subjoins the basis of a petition,* on the adoption of the principles of which depend, in our opinion, the future destinies of the English stage.

receipts each night of performance. (*Note.*—At the *Theatre du Vaudeville*, *Theatre des Nouveautes*, and the *Theatre du Palais Royal*, the scale is *twelve* per cent. on the gross receipts.)

For a work in two acts, 6½ per cent. on gross receipts.

For a work in one act, 6 per cent. on gross receipts.

The author of such works as will form the entire representation of the evening shall be entitled to a further remuneration, fixed at 6 per cent. on the gross receipts.

The gross receipts are understood to be formed of the following:—

1. Of the receipts at the doors.
2. For boxes taken by the month or year, or those taken per night.
3. For subscriptions of every denomination.

The profits allotted to authors in the proportions above will belong equally to the author and the composer, that is to say, one half to each.

* 1st. That no dramatic composition of an author represented on any theatre in England shall be represented on any other theatre in the United Kingdom without the formal consent of the author, under

We now ask, What has been the result of the unprotected condition of the drama? Why, the present degradation of our theatres. It has before been put—but the question should be insisted upon again and again—who will write for the stage when to labour is to be despoiled? who will select the walk of literature, fenced with thorns and infested with *creeping things*, when there are open "primrose paths" to fortune and advancement? If literary men may be likened (and we trust they may, even in these days of orthodox meekness and self-denial), without profanation, to the various labourers in the church, we should liken the dramatist to the poor drudge of a curate in the establishment of letters. The poet, the novelist, the historian, nay, the writer of a *confectioner's oracle*, is secure in the fruits of his see, his deanery, his rectorship, his fat living; but the dramatist, dependent on caprice, is not insured even his "forty pounds a year;" he is every now and then stopped on the highways, and the little he may have in his purse rifled by thieves, who, "rob on the safe side of an act of parliament." For it would not be more monstrous were a bill to be passed exempting robbers from punishment who should attack curates, and hanging the knaves who should rob the higher dignitaries of the church, than in the present state of the law, which guards poems, novels, histories, cookery books, and only leaves unregarded, plays.

The want of protection for dramatic literature, whilst it has almost banished original writers from the stage, has introduced a swarm of translators and adapters, who, so viciously has worked the system, have gorged the actor to the starvation of the writer. The question is not, Can a man write a play? but,

penalty of confiscation to his benefit of the entire produce of the representation.

2d. That an obligation be imposed on managers, after having approved and accepted a piece, to bring it forward in its turn, or within a limited period, or to pay the author the sum agreed upon as the price of his labours, &c.

3d. That the direct heirs of the author shall succeed to the property of his dramatic works, and enjoy the rights and advantages derived therefrom.

4th. That the share of the profits of the author shall in no case be liable to seizure for the debts contracted by the proprietors and managers of the theatre.

Does he know French? Then, does he know some leviathan actor who will introduce the translation to the theatre, the whole weight and gist of the drama depending upon and dignifying the gentleman who so introduces it, and who, from being constantly made the solitary feature of a piece, is blown up, at the expense of his brother actors, into false importance, and straightway demands the most extravagant terms? It is from such causes that we have imported melodramas played by actors of thirty, forty, fifty pounds per week salaries. Translation has produced this evil; and a want of protection of dramatic copyright has produced translation, by keeping from the stage writers of original thought.

This system has actually degraded the calling of a dramatist; he is looked upon as a mere literary tailor, who, with patterns in hand (*i. e.* last imported French pieces from Soho Square), takes the measure of his man, and, if he fit him, receives his miserable pay. At one time English dramatists looked abroad into the world for their materials; they took a comprehensive view of human nature for their immortal works, and trusted to the actor, who is only an actor in proportion as he is worthy of that trust, to mould himself to the embodiment of the poet. Then a drama was a high creation, for it was the result of the study of human nature in its various and complex workings; then a drama was a picture of the human heart—a mirror of man. What is a modern drama in its general acceptation? What are the motives that induce its composition—what the materials that form its worth? Why, the adapter sees no other human nature save that within the circuit of a green-room; he fits his work to an actor's peculiarity; he adapts and pares down the world to an actor, instead of making the actor dilate himself to the world. If such were not the case should we constantly read in the paper such notices as the following? "We understand that Mr. —— has a forthcoming drama, in which, we hear, he has taken the exact measure of ——!" Taken measure! Only think of *Macbeth*, or *Falstaff*, or *Sir Giles Overreach*, or *Bobadil*, being written "to measure!" Yet it is to this grovelling custom that we owe the degradation of the present stage. It is this system that has sacrificed the dramatic genius of the country to the interested vanity of a few mannerists, in themselves no more comparable to the genuine actors who have pre-

ceded them than are the ephemera by which they live comparable to the highest triumphs of the olden days, when to write a drama was to know the soul of man.

We repeat it, according to the present system the author is made the drudge, the poor dependent of the actor. We may well illustrate the relative situations of actor and writer by a scene from Sheridan's *Duenna*. There are the red-faced minions of the cloister, the knaves with "three inches on their ribs," dividing wealth amongst one another, pouring libations down their throats, and roaring, "The bottle's the sun of our table;" there they are in their pampered, unnatural greatness, each "a star," at forty or fifty pounds per week, accounts at their bankers and carriages at their door; there they are, filled "even to bursting;" and there is the *lay brother*, the poor dramatist, in shrunk starvation, hardly daring to call his soul his own, whispering his words, and, lowly bending, scratching up, almost by stealth, the crumbs that fall from the feeder's table. Can this be called a forced description of actors engaged at from thirty to forty pounds per week; and the author, who for perhaps six months' labour, after much pain and trouble, attendance and solicitation, and with great good luck to boot, gains, it may be, one hundred pounds; or, what has proved more likely, holds the manager his hopeless debtor to that amount? *

The present unjust state of the law annihilates the civil rights of the author to his own; he is forgotten by the legislature, and can hardly expect to be remembered by those to whose immediate interest he devotes his labour. One instance, from fifty, of his forgetfulness—this utter unconcern of those claims which, if the stage be any thing, should be preëminent—we will briefly relate. A dramatist presented a piece to an establishment; the production was read, approved, and nothing remained but to settle terms and the time of representation. The manager began to enumerate the various expenses. "There must be two or three new scenes, three or four new dresses, the expense of licensing." It appeared that nothing else was to be provided for, when, by some extraordinary providence, the claims of the

* Mr. Wood, who played Masaniello, received thirty pounds per week. What has Mr. Kenney, who *produced* the drama, pocketed? *Nil.*

originator of the drama flashed on the mind of the manager, who added "Yes, and then there's the author's *fee!*" The author's fee! Now, we hold this little anecdote is illustrative of the whole system of present management. The scenery is, of course, the grand consideration; then come, *æquis passibus*, the claims of the tailor and decorator, the salaries for stars, the expense of copying parts, licensing, &c. &c.; and lastly, if thought of at all, the "fee" (delicate word!) for the author—for the man who puts all the other parts in motion. A "fee," *i. e.* something for paper, pens, and ink.*

Our hopes of an "equitable adjustment" of the rights of dramatists are excited by a consideration of the spirit of the times, now happily awakened to the remedying abuses, not only political but personal. To obtain relief, however, it is necessary to display the extent and bearing of an evil, to force its consideration on the public mind, and, if other higher incentives were wanting, to shame the legislature into tardy justice. We gather new hope from the following announcement in our excellent contemporary, the *Athenæum*, of the 7th ultimo (*i. e.* April 7, 1832):—

"It is, we hear, the intention of several literary men of eminence to bring forward a measure to secure genius the fruits which it produces, and make the region of the mind as much the property of the holder as land is the property of the person who purchases it. As the law now stands an author has a right in his works for *twenty-eight years:* if he dies within that period the right cannot be revived or renewed for his descendants or his heirs, and all the fruits of his talents and industry go to the enrichment of the world at large. It is not so with the proceeds

* It would seem that managers, tutored by the system, estimated the value of a drama according to the scale of the old lady of whom we have heard the following anecdote. Her son had produced a drama, and, having received for his labour the sum of five pounds, was loud in his contempt of the amount. At this the dame, in true Israelitish spirit, inquired, "Why, how much did the paper cost?" "Paper—why, perhaps a shilling." "Well, and how much the pens and ink?" "Oh! pens and ink—why, perhaps sixpence." "Well I declare!" replied the matron, with managerial calculation; "here's a young man makes *four pounds eighteen shillings and sixpence* CLEAR PROFIT, and yet it isn't enough!"

of any other kind of labour. The man of business secures his gains in gold or in land, and bequeathes his all to whom he pleases; while the man of genius, who embarks the capital of his intellect in either verse or prose, has only a short-lived lease of what is as much his own as land or houses can be. Had the widow and children of Burns, for instance, inherited the property of his undying poems, they would have been rich to-day, and been preserved from the misery to which some of them have been subjected."

A man who writes a poem, a history, a novel—in fact, any thing *but a play*—enjoys his right to the proceeds of his labour for twenty-eight years. On the contrary, the dramatist enjoys no such right for twenty-eight hours. The work of his brain is instantly torn from his possession; he produces, and he is pillaged. *The Hunchback*, a play made up of the rarest qualities of literary genius; a production which has shed a golden light on the cold and comfortless gloom of the modern theatre; a mental achievement that places its author in "the forehead of the times," that will embalm his memory with the highest dramatic genius of England, mighty and glorious as she is in that genius—*The Hunchback*, which has acted as a dream, a talisman, on the intellect of this vast metropolis—*The Hunchback* is no more protected by the British legislature than is the meanest fern on the most public common. At the time we write *The Hunchback* is unpublished. No matter; it may be come at (a little garbled, perhaps) by provincial managers, who may wish to obtain the property of Mr. Knowles without his sanction, by due application to the Agency Office at the corner of Bow Street. There the manuscripts, even by this time (we write four days after the production of the play), are doubtless ready for sale; or, it may be, already on their way by the mail to their various points of destination.*

The Hunchback, whilst yet unpublished, is represented at country establishments; at Bath, for instance. On this Mr. Knowles may remonstrate, when he shall receive an impertinent

*. On one occasion the "agent" applied to the dramatist himself, offering him a *guinea* for a copy of his piece. This liberal overture being refused, the reply was, "Oh! no matter, I can get it; but I thought I'd *give you the chance*."

answer from the manager of the above theatre (for we have seen such documents), stating that the present law, or rather *no* law, of dramatic copyright was a very proper one:—

"Only complained of by pettifoggers and adapters, who wished to be secured in their stolen goods."

At the heels of this may tread an empty compliment on the production of

"An original play; originality being, to a lover of his art, like manna dropped in the wilderness!"

—the writer, however, showing his desire to feed on "originality" as he would on "manna," that is, without paying a doit for his ordinary: he would receive both as the gifts of Providence. Another letter from Dublin may run as follows:—

"Sir,—Before I received your letter a copy of your drama was forwarded to me from London, for which I have paid two pounds!"*

Thus has the author of *The Hunchback* no remedy. If Mr. Knowles would be assured the profits of his genius he should invent a new corkscrew, not write an exquisite play. We may see the protecting "patent" on a tooth-brush; but where shall we look for it in a drama? Tragedies, like rabbits, may be bagged without a license.

The present legal condition of the drama is a more fruitful cause of injustice on the one hand, and risk and chicanery on the other, than in any other branch of commerce. Subterfuge and falsehood are resorted to where open wrong may fail. If a new drama be produced and remain unpublished, and then managers of the metropolitan theatres fail in their attempt to obtain the property of their rival, they immediately produce a counterfeit, a paltry forgery. *The Evil Eye* (an original drama) was last season played by the English Opera company. The author, Mr. Peake, was applied to by the proprietors of the Surrey for permission to represent his drama, it being unpublished. The application was refused, when the Surrey proprietor caused some-

* We must, however, in justice, state that the Dublin letter may contain (for we ground our supposition on the tenor of an original communication) a wish "that literary property should be respected," with a hope "that a law might be passed to that effect." Dublin *has* consideration for the despoiled: Bath has no bowels.

thing to be vamped up, and called it *The Evil Eye*, having taken the principal points from the original piece, and amalgamated them with jargon foreign to the subject-matter. A like contempt of right has recently been displayed by the people of Sadler's Wells, and followed by those of the Surrey. Before the publication of *The Rent Day* one of the Wells actors visited Drury Lane Theatre, and, having taken notes of the characters and chief situations of the piece, produced his counterfeit at the minor theatres, and subsequently had the audacity to print it. It is high time that such private wrong and public fraud were put an end to.

In the session of 1831 a bill was introduced into the Commons by the Honourable George Lamb to protect the rights of dramatists. The measure was not prosecuted to a successful issue in consequence of the sudden dissolution of parliament. However, the question, we understand, is again to be agitated; and we call not only on the literary members of the House to give their earnest support to the bill, but we demand the interference of the legislature to protect property—to place the barrier of the law between piracy and private right. We demand this in the name of justice, and for the cause of the highest and the brightest portion of English literature—the English drama.

Let such a measure be formed, and the theatre will again be the chosen arena for the exercise of the intellect of the country. As the law now stands the profession of a dramatist is, of all literary pursuits, the most thorny and unprofitable. He may work a miracle of wit to delight present and future generations, and be himself the prey of that profession which his labours tend to exalt. He may, by some fortunate stroke, build a house of gold for the actor, and be himself the Lazarus at its gates.

IV.

(Page 202.)

PUNCH AND PEEL.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S FIRST CONTRIBUTION TO PUNCH.

Arcades ambo.

Reader. God bless us, Mr. Punch! who is that tall, fair-haired, somewhat parrot-faced gentleman, smiling like a school-

boy over a mess of treacle, and now kissing the tips of his five fingers as gingerly as if he were doomed to kiss a nettle?

Punch. That, Mr. Reader, is the great cotton-plant, Sir Robert Peel; and at this moment he has, in his own conceit, seized upon "the white wonder" of Victoria's hand, and is kissing it with St. James's devotion.

Reader. What for, Mr. Punch?

Punch. What for! At court, Mr. Reader, you always kiss when you obtain an honour. 'Tis a very old fashion, sir—old as the court of King David. Well do I remember what a smack Uriah gave to his Majesty when he was appointed to the post that made Bathsheba a widow. Poor Uriah! as we say of the stag, that was when his horns were in the velvet.

Reader. *You* recollect it, Mr. Punch! *You* at the court of King David!

Punch. I, Mr. Reader, I; and at every court from the court of Cain, in Mesopotamia, to the court of Victoria, in this present flinty-hearted London; only the truth is, as I have travelled, I have changed my name. Bless you, half the Proverbs given to Solomon are mine. What I have lost by keeping company with kings not even Joseph Hume can calculate.

Reader. And are you really in court confidence at this moment?

Punch. Am I? What! haven't you heard of the elections? Have you not heard the shouts of *Io Punch?* Doesn't my nose glow like coral—ar'n't my chops radiant as a rainbow—hath not my hunch gone up at least two inches—am I not, from crown to toe-nails, brightened, sublimated? Like Alexander—he was a particular friend of mine, that same Alexander, and therefore stole many of my best sayings—I only know that I am mortal by two sensations—a yearning for loaves and fishes, and a love for Judy.

Reader. And you really take office under Peel?

Punch. Ha! ha! ha! A good joke! Peel takes office under me. Ha! ha! I'm only thinking what sport I shall have with the bed-chamber women. But out they must go: the Constitution gives a minister the selection of his own petticoats, and therefore there sha'n't be a yard of Welsh flannel about her Majesty that isn't of my choice.

Reader. Do you really think that the Royal bedchamber is, in

fact, a third house of parliament—that the affairs of the state are always to be put in the feminine gender?

Punch. Most certainly. The ropes of the state rudder are nothing more than cap ribbons: if the minister haven't hold of them, what can he do with the ship? As for the debates in parliament, they have no more to do with the real affairs of the country than the gossip of the apple-women in Palace Yard. They're made, like the macaroni in Naples, for the poor to swallow; and so that they gulp down length, they think, poor fellows, they get strength. But for the real affairs of the country. Who can tell what correspondence can be conveyed in a warming-pan? what intelligence—for

"There may be wisdom in a papillote"—

may be wrapped up in the curl-papers of the Crown? what subtle, sinister advice may, by a crafty disposition of Royal pins, be given on the Royal pincushion? What minister shall answer for the sound repose of Royalty if he be not permitted to make Royalty's bed? How shall he answer for the comely appearance of Royalty if he do not, by his own delegated hands, lace Royalty's stays? I shudder to think of it; but, without the key of the bedchamber, could my friend Peel be made responsible for the health of the princess? Instead of the very best and scrupulously aired diaper, might not—by negligence or design, it matters not which—the Princess Royal be rolled in an Act of Parliament wet from Hansard's press?

Reader. Dreadful, soul-perturbing suggestion! Go on, Mr. Punch.

Punch. Not but what I think it—if their constitution will stand damp paper—an admirable way of rearing young princesses. Queen Elizabeth—my wife Judy was her wet-nurse—was reared after that fashion.

Reader. David Hume says nothing of it.

Punch. David Hume was one of the wonders of the earth; he was a lazy Scotchman; but, had he searched the State Paper Office, he would have found the document there; yes, the very Acts of Parliament—the very printed rollers. To these rollers Queen Elizabeth owed her knowledge of the English Constitution.

Reader. Explain; I can't see how.

Punch. Then you are very dull. If not parliament, the assembled wisdom of the country.

Reader. By a fiction, Mr. Punch.

Punch. Very well, Mr. Reader; what's all the world but a fiction? I say, the assembled wisdom: an Act of Parliament is the sifted wisdom of the wise, the essence of an essence. Very well; know you not the mystic, the medicinal effects of printers' ink? The devil himself isn't proof to a blister of printers' ink. Well, you take an Act of Parliament—and what is it but the first plaster of the finest brains?—wet, reeking wet, from the press. Eschewing diaper, you roll the act round the Royal infant; you roll it up and pin it in the conglomerated wisdom of the nation. Now, consider the tenderness of a baby's cuticle; the pores are open, and a rapid and continual absorption takes place, so that, long before the Royal infant cuts its first tooth, it has taken up into its own system the whole body of the statutes.

Reader. Might not some patriots object to the application of the wisdom of the country to so domestic a purpose?

Punch. Such patriots are more squeamish than wise. Sir, how many grown-up kings have we had, who have shown no more respect for the laws of the country than if they had been swaddled in 'em!

Reader. Do you think your friend Sir Robert is for statute rollers?

Punch. I can answer for Sir Robert on every point. His first attack, before he kisses hands—and he has, as you perceive, been practising this half hour—will be upon the women of the bedchamber. The war with China, the price of sugar, the corn laws, the fourteen new bishops about to be hatched, timber, cotton, a property tax, and the penny post—all these matters and persons are of secondary importance to this greater question, whether the female who hands the queen her gown shall think Lord Melbourne a "very pretty fellow in his day," or whether she shall believe my friend Sir Robert to be as great a conjuror as Roger Bacon or the Wizard of the North—if the lady can look upon O'Connell, and not call for burnt feathers, or scream for *sal volatile*, or if she really thinks the pope to be a woman with a naughty name, clothed in most exceptionable scarlet. It is whether Lady Mary thinks black, or Lady Clementina thinks white; whether her father who begot her voted with the Marquis

of Londonderry or Earl Grey—*that* is the grand question to be solved before my friend Sir Robert can condescend to be the saviour of his country. To have the privilege of making a batch of peers or a handful of bishops is nothing, positively nothing. No, the crowning work is to manufacture a lady's maid. What's a mitre to a mobcap? what the garter of a peer to the garters of Lady Adeliza?

Reader. You are getting warm, Mr. Punch—very warm.

Punch. I always do get warm when I talk of the delicious sex; for though, now and then, I thrash my wife before company, who shall imagine how cosy we are when we're alone? Do you not remember that great axiom of Sir Robert's—an axiom that should make Machiavelli howl with envy—that "*the battle of the Constitution is to be fought in the bedchamber?*"

Reader. I remember it.

Punch. That was a great sentence. Had Sir Robert known his true fame, he would never after have opened his mouth.

Reader. Has the queen sent for Sir Robert yet?

Punch. No; though I know he has stayed at home these ten days, and answers every knock at the door himself, in expectation of a message.

Reader. They say the queen doesn't like Sir Robert.

Punch. I'm also told that her Majesty has a great antipathy to physic; yet, when the constitution requires medicine, why ——

Reader. Sir Robert must be swallowed.

Punch. Exactly so. We shall have warm work of it, no doubt; but I fear nothing when we have once got rid of the women. And then we have a few such nice wenches of our own to place about her Majesty; the queen shall take Conservatism as she might take measles—without knowing it.

Reader. And when, Mr. Punch—when you have got rid of the women, what do you and Sir Robert purpose then?

Punch. I beg your pardon: we shall meet again next week. It's now two o'clock. I have an appointment with half a dozen of my godsons; I have promised them all places in the new government, and they're come to take their choice.

Reader. Do tell me this: who has Peel selected for Commander of the Forces?

Punch. Who? Colonel Sibthorpe.

Reader. And who for Chancellor of the Exchequer?

Punch. Mr. Henry Moreton Dyer!

PUNCH AND PEEL. THE NEW CABINET.

Punch. Well, Sir Robert, have you yet picked your men? Come, no mystery between friends. Besides, consider your obligations to your old crony, Punch. Do you forget how I stood by you on the Catholic question? Come, name, name. Who are to pluck the golden pippins—who are to smack lips at the golden fish—who are to chew the fine manchet loaves of Downing Street?

Peel. The truth is, my dear Punch ——

Punch. Stop. You may put on that demure look, expand your right-hand fingers across the region where the courtesy of anatomy awards to politicians a heart, and talk about truth as a certain old lady with a paper lantern before her doors may talk of chastity—you may do all this on the hustings, but this is not Tamworth. Besides, you are now elected; so take one of these cigars (they were smuggled for me by my revered friend Colonel Sibthorpe), fill your glass, and out with the list.

Peel. (Rises and goes to the door, which he double locks; returns to his seat, and takes from his pocket a small piece of ass's skin.) I have jotted down a few names.

Punch. And, I see, on very proper material. Read, Robert, read.

Peel. (In a mild voice, and with a slight blush.) First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer—Sir Robert Peel!

Punch. Of course. Well?

Peel. First Lord of the Admiralty—Duke of Buckingham.

Punch. An excellent man for the Admiralty. He has been at sea in politics all his life.

Peel. Secretary for Foreign Affairs—Earl of Aberdeen.

Punch. An admirable person for Foreign Affairs, especially if he transacted 'em in Sierra Leone. Proceed.

Peel. Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—Lord Wharncliffe.

Punch. Nothing could be better. Wharncliffe in Ireland! You might as well appoint a red-hot poker to guard a powder magazine. Go on.

Peel. Secretary for Home Department—Goulburn.

Punch. A most domestic gentleman; will take cafe of home, I am sure. Go on.

Peel. Lord Chancellor—Sir William Follett.

Punch. A capital appointment. Sir William loves the law as

a spider loves his spinning; and, for the same reason, Chancery cobwebs will be at a premium.

Peel. Secretary for the Colonies—Lord Stanley.

Punch. Would make a better Governor of Macquarie Harbour; but go on.

Peel. President of the Council—Duke of Wellington.

Punch. Think twice there. The Duke will be a great check upon you. The Duke is now a little too old a mouser to enjoy Tory tricks. He has unfortunately a large amount of common sense; and how fatal must that quality be to the genius of the Wharncliffes, the Goulburns, and the Stanleys! Besides, the Duke has another grievous weakness—he won't lie.

Peel. Secretary for Ireland—Sir H. Hardinge.

Punch. Come, that will do. Wharncliffe, the flaming torch of Toryism, and Hardinge the small lucifer. How Ireland will be enlightened, and how oranges will go up!

Peel. Lord Chamberlain—Duke of Beaufort.

Punch. Capital! The very politician for a court carpet. Besides, he knows the etiquette of every green-room, from the Pavilion to the Haymarket. He is, moreover, a member of the Garrick Club; and what, if possible, speaks more for his state abilities—he used to drive the Brighton coach!

Peel. Ambassador at Paris—Lord Lyndhurst.

Punch. That's something like. How the graces of the Palais Royal will rejoice! There is a peculiar fitness in this appointment; for is not his lordship son-in-law to old Goldsmid, whilom editor of the *Anti-Gallican*, and for many years an honoured, and, withal, notorious resident of Paris? Of course Ben Disraeli, his lordship's friend, will get a slice of secretaryship—may be allowed to nib a state quill if he must not use one. Well, go on.

Peel. That's all at present. How d'ye think they read?

Punch. Very glibly—like the summary of a Newgate calendar. But the truth is, I think we want a little new blood in the next Cabinet.

Peel. New blood? Explain, dear Punch.

Punch. Why, most of your men are, unfortunately, tried men. Hence the people, knowing them as well as they know the contents of their own breeches pockets, may not be gulled so long as if governed by those whose tricks—I mean whose capabilities—

have not been so strongly marked. With new men we have always the benefit of hope; and with hope much swindling may be perpetrated.

Peel. But my Cabinet contains known men.

Punch. That's it; knowing *them*, hope is out of the question. Now, with ministers less notorious, the Cabinet farce might last a little longer. I have put down a few names; here they are, on a blank sheet of "Jack Sheppard."

Peel. A presentation copy, I perceive.

Punch. Why, it isn't generally known; but all the morality, the wit, and the pathos of that work I wrote myself.

Peel. And I must say they're quite worthy of you.

Punch. I know it; but read—read Punch's Cabinet.

Peel. (*reads*) First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer—the *Wizard of the North.*

Punch. And wizard as he is, he'll have his work to do. He, however, promises that every four-pound loaf shall henceforth go as far as eight, so that no alteration of the corn laws shall be necessary. He furthermore promises to plant Blackheath and government waste ground with sugar-cane, and to raise the penny-post stamp to fourpence in so delicate a manner that nobody shall feel the extra expense. As for the opposition, what will a man care for even the speeches of a Sibthorpe, who can catch any number of bullets, any weight of lead, in his teeth? Go on.

Peel. First Lord of the Admiralty—*T. P. Cooke.*

Punch. Is he not the very man? Who knows more about the true interests of the navy? Who has beaten so many Frenchmen? Then think of his hornpipe—the very shuffling for a minister.

Peel. Secretary for Foreign Affairs—*Gold-dust Solomons.*

Punch. Show me a better man. Consider the many dear relations he has abroad; and then his admirable knowledge of the rates of exchange. Think of his crucible. Why, he'd melt down all the crowns of Europe into a coffee-service for our gracious queen, and turn the pope's tiara into coral bells for the little princess! And I ask you if such feats ain't the practical philosophy of all foreign policies? Go on.

Peel. Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—*Henry Moreton Dyer.*

Punch. An admirable person. As Ireland is the hotbed of all crimes, do we not want a lord-lieutenant who shall be able to

assess the true value of every indiscretion, from simple murder to compound larceny? As every Irishman may in a few months be in prison, I want a lord-lieutenant who shall be emphatically the prisoner's friend. Go on.

Peel. Secretary for Home Department—*George Robins.*

Punch. A man so intimately connected with the domestic affairs of the influential classes of the country. Go on.

Peel. Lord Chancellor—*Mr. Dunn, barrister.*

Punch. As it appears to me, the best protector of rich heiresses and orphans. Go on.

Peel. Secretary for the Colonies—*Monney Moses.*

Punch. A man, you will allow, with a great stake—in fact, all he has—in one of our colonial possessions. Go on.

Peel. President of the Council—*Mrs. Fry.*

Punch. A lady whose individual respectability may give a convenient cloak to any policy. Go on.

Peel. Secretary for Ireland—*Henry Moreton Dyer's footman.*

Punch. On the venerable adage of "like master like man." Go on.

Peel. Lord Chamberlain—*the Boy Jones.*

Punch. As one best knowing all the intricacies, from the Royal bedchamber to the scullery, of Buckingham Palace. Besides, he will drive a donkey-cart. Go on.

Peel. Ambassador at Paris—*Alfred Bunn, or any other translator of French operas.*

Punch. A person who will have a continual sense of the necessities of his country at home, and therefore, by his position, be enabled to send us the earliest copies of M. Scribe's printed dramas; or, in cases of exigency, the manuscripts themselves. And now, Bobby, what think you of *Punch's* Cabinet?

Peel. Why, really, I did not think the country contained so much state talent.

Punch. That's the narrowness of your philosophy. If you were to look with an enlarged, a thinking mind, you'd soon perceive that the distance was not so great from St. James's to St. Giles's—from the House of Commons to the House of Correction. Well, do you accept my list?

Peel. Excuse me, my dear Punch, I must first try my own, when, if that fails ——

Punch. You'll try mine? That's a bargain.

V.

SYDNEY SMITH, DOUGLAS JERROLD, AND ALBANY FONBLANQUE CONTRASTED.

BY R. H. HORNE.

The three writers who form the subject of the present paper are so full of points and glances, so saturated with characteristics, that you may dip into any of their volumes, where the book fully opens of itself, and you shall find something "just like the author." The Rev. Sydney Smith is always pleased to be so "pleasant," that it is extremely difficult to stop; and it is remarkable that he clears off his jokes so completely as he goes, either by a sweeping hand, or by carrying on such fragments as he wants to form a bridge to the next one, that you never pause in reading him till fairly obliged to lay down the book. Albany Fonblanque very often gives you a pause amid his pleasantries, many of which, nay most of which, are upon subjects of politics. or jurisprudence, or the rights and wrongs of our social doings, so that the laugh often stoops in mid-volley, and changes into weighty speculation or inward applause. In his combined powers of the brilliant and argumentative, the narrative and epigrammatic, and his matchless adroitness in illustrative quotation and reference, Fonblanque stands alone. Douglas Jerrold is seldom disposed to be "pleasant"—his merriment is grim—he does not shake your sides so often as shake you by the shoulders, as he would say, "See here, now!—look there, now!—do you know what you are doing?—is *this* what you think of your fellow-creatures?" A little of his writing goes a great way. You stop very often, and do not return to the book for another dose till next week or so. The exceptions to this are chiefly in his acted comedies, where there is a plentiful admixture of brilliant levity and stinging fun; but in all else he usually reads you a lesson of a very trying kind. Even his writings in *Punch* give you more of the bâton than the beverage "in the eye." Sydney Smith has continually written articles for the pure enjoyment and communication of fun; Fonblanque never; Jerrold never, except on the stage, and that was probably only as "matter of income" rather

than choice. Sydney Smith, in hostility, is an overwhelming antagonist; his arguments are glittering with laughter, and well balanced with good sense; they flow onwards with the ease and certainty of a current above a bright cascade; he piles up his merriment like a grotesque mausoleum over his enemy, and so compactly and regularly that you feel no fear of its toppling over by any retort. Fonblanque seems not so much to fight "on editorial perch," as to stand with an open code of social laws in one hand, and a two-edged sword in the other, waving the latter slowly to and fro with a grave face while dictating his periods to the laughing amanuensis. As Jerrold's pleasantest works are generally covert satires, so his open satires are galling darts, or long billhook spears that go right through the mark, and divide it—pull it nearer for a "final eye," or thrust it over the pit's edge. All these writers have used their wit in the cause of humanity, and honestly, according to their several views of what was best and most needful to be done, or done away with. They have nobly used, and scarcely ever abused, the dangerous, powerful, and tempting weapon of the faculty of wit. Some exceptions must be recorded. Sydney Smith has several times suffered his sense of the ridiculous to "run away" with his better feelings; and in subjects which were in themselves of a painful, serious, or shocking nature, he has allowed an absurd contingent circumstance to get the upper hand, to the injury, or discomfiture, or offence, of nature and society. Such was the fun he made of the locking people in railway carriages upon the occasion of the frightful catastrophe at Versailles. Fonblanque has continually boiled and sparkled round the extreme edge of the same offence, but we think he has never actually gushed over. The same may be nearly said of Jerrold, though we think he has been betrayed by that scarcely resistible good or evil genius, "a new subject," into several papers which he had much better never have written. One, the worst, should be mentioned; it is the "Metaphysician and the Maid." No doubt can exist as to who the bad satire was meant for. This was of itself sufficiently bad in the *et tu, brute*, sense; but, besides the personal hit, it has grave errors. If the paper had been meant to ridicule pretended thinkers and besotted dreamers, those who prattle about motives, and springs, and "intimate knowledge," charlatan philosophers, or even well-meaning transcendentalists "who darken knowledge;" and if it

had also been intended to laugh at a man for a vulgar amour, the mistaking a mere sensuality for a sentiment, or a doll for a divinity—all were so far very well and good.

The "hit" at a man desperately in love, who was in the middle of an essay on "Free Will," is all fair, and fine wit. But here the sincere and earnest thinker is ridiculed—a well-known, sincere, and profound thinker having been selected to stand for the class—his private feelings are ridiculed (his being in a state of illusion as to the object is too common to serve as excuse for the attack)—his passion for abstract truth is jested upon, and, finally, his generosity and unworldly disinterestedness. But the "true man's hand" misgave him in doing this deed. The irresistible "new subject" was not so strong as his own heart, and the influence of the very author he was, in this brief instance, turning into ridicule, was so full upon him that, while intending to write a burlesque upon "deep thinking," he actually wrote as follows :—

"He alone who has for months—nay, years—laid upon great imaginings—whose subject hath been a part of his blood—a throb of his pulse—hath scarcely faded from his brain as he hath fallen to sleep—hath waked with him—hath, in his squalid study, glorified even poverty—hath walked with him abroad, and by its ennobling presence raised him above the prejudice, the little spite, the studied negligence, the sturdy wrong, that in his outdoor life sneer upon and elbow him—he alone can understand the calm, deep, yet serene joy felt by . . . ."

The foregoing noble and affecting passage—the climax of which is forced into a dull and laboured absurdity—is more than a parody; it is an unintentional imitation derived from some dim association with the well-known passage of Hazlitt's commencing with, "There are moments in the life of a solitary thinker, which are to him what the evening of some great victory is to the conqueror—milder triumphs, long remembered with truer and deeper delight," &c. (*Hazlitt's Principles of Human Action.*) We leave these two passages with Mr. Jerrold for his own most serious consideration; the original terminating with a natural climax—his own so abominably. It is probable that we could say nothing more strongly in reprehension than Mr. Jerrold could say to himself. As for the satire on the weaknesses or follies of the strongest-minded men when in love, the *Liber*

Amoris left nothing to be added to its running commentary of melancholy irony upon itself and its author.

It is customary, in speaking of great wits, to record and enjoy "their last;" but there are, at this time, so many of Sydney Smith's "last," in the shape of remarks on the insolvent state of America, that it is difficult to choose. If, however, we were obliged to make selection for "our own private eating," we should point to the bankrupt army marching to defend their plunder, with *ære alieno* engraved upon the trumpets. For the voice of a trumpet can be made the most defying and insulting of all possible sounds, and in this instance even the very insolence of the "special pleader" is stolen—*ære alieno*, another man's sarce!*

Mr. Fonblanque's "last" are so regularly seen in the *Examiner*, and there will, in all probability, have been so many of them before these pages are published, that we must leave the reader to cater for himself, and more particularly as it would be impossible to please "all parties" with transient political jokes upon matters of immediate interest and contest. But nothing can more forcibly prove the true value of Mr. Fonblanque's wit than the fact, that all the papers collected in "England under seven administrations" were written upon passing events; that most of the events are passed, and the wit remains. A greater disadvantage no writings ever had to encounter; yet they are read with pleasure and admiration; and in many instances, yet but too fresh and vigorous, with improvement, and renewed wonder that certain abuses should be of so long life.

Mr. Jerrold's "two last" we may select from the "History of a Feather" and the "Folly of the Sword." In the first we shall allude to the biting satire of the Countess of Blushrose, who, being extremely beautiful, was very proud and unfeeling towards the poor; but, after over-dancing herself one night at a ball, she got the erysipelas, which spoiled her face, and she then became an angel of benevolence, who could never stir abroad without "walking in a shower of blessings." In the second we find the following remarks on war and glory:—

"Now look aside, and contemplate God's image with a musket.

* It also suggests the Latin idiom of *ære alieno exire*—a new way to pay old debts.

What a fine-looking thing is war! Yet, dress it as we may, dress and feather it, daub it with gold, huzza it, and sing swaggering songs about it, what is it, nine times out of ten, but murder in uniform?—Cain taking the sergeant's shilling? . . . Yet, O man of war! at this very moment are you shrieking, withering, like an aged giant. The fingers of opinion have been busy at your plumes—you are not the feathered thing you were; and then this little tube, the goose-quill, has sent its silent shots into your huge anatomy; and the corroding ink, even whilst you look at it, and think it shines so brightly, is eating with a tooth of iron into your sword."

Our last extract shall be from Sidney Smith's celebrated "Letters of Lord Plymley," and on a subject now likely to occupy the public mind still more than at the time when it was penned:—

"Our conduct to Ireland during the whole of this war has been that of a man who subscribes to hospitals, weeps at charity sermons, carries out broth and blankets to beggars, and then comes home and beats his wife and children. We had compassion for the victims of all other oppression and injustice except our own. If Switzerland was threatened, away went a Treasury clerk with a hundred thousand pounds for Switzerland; large bags of money were kept constantly under sailing orders; upon the slightest demonstration towards Naples, down went Sir William Hamilton upon his knees, and begged, for the love of St. Janarius, they would help us off with a little money; all the arts of Machiavel were resorted to to persuade Europe to borrow; troops were sent off in all directions to save the Catholic and Protestant world; the pope himself was guarded by a regiment of English dragoons; if the grand lama had been at hand he would have had another; every Catholic clergyman, who had the good fortune to be neither English nor Irish, was immediately provided with lodging, soup, crucifix, missal, chapel-beads, relics, and holy water; if Turks had landed, Turks would have received an order from the Treasury for coffee, opium, korans, and seraglios. In the midst of all this fury of saving and defending, this crusade for conscience and Christianity, there was a universal agreement among all descriptions of people to continue every species of internal persecution; to deny at home every just right that had been denied before; to pummel poor

Dr. Abraham Rees and his Dissenters; and to treat the unhappy Catholics of Ireland as if their tongues were mute, their heels cloven, their nature brutal, and designedly subjected by Providence to their Orange masters. How would my admirable brother, the Rev. Abraham Plymley, like to be marched to a Catholic chapel, to be sprinkled with the sanctified contents of a pump, to hear a number of false quantities in the Latin tongue, and to see a number of persons occupied in making right angles upon the breast and forehead? And if all this would give you so much pain, what right have you to march Catholic soldiers to a place of worship, where there is no aspersion, no rectangular gestures, and where they understand every word they hear, having first, in order to get him to enlist, made a solemn promise to the contrary? Can you wonder, after this, that the Catholic priest stops the recruiting in Ireland, as he is now doing to a most alarming degree?"

The influence of these three writers has been extensive and vigorously beneficial—placing their politics out of the question. Their aquafortis and "laughing gas" have exercised alike a purificatory office. Their championship has been strong on the side of social ameliorations and happy progress. The deep importance of national education on a proper system has been finely advocated by each in his peculiar way—Sydney Smith by excessive ridicule of the old and present system; Fonblanque by administering a moral cane and caustic to certain pastors and masters, and ignorant pedagogues of all kinds; and Jerrold by such tales as the "Lives of Brown, Jones, and Robinson," in vol. ii. of "Cakes and Ale," and by various essays. If, in the conflict of parties, the Rev. Sydney Smith and Mr. Fonblanque have once or twice been sharply handled, they might reasonably have expected much worse. As for vague accusations of levity and burlesque, and want of "a well-regulated mind," and trifling and folly, those things are always said of all such men. It is observable that very dull men, and men incapable of wit either in themselves or of the comprehension of it in others, invariably call every witty man and every witty saying which is not quite agreeable to themselves by the term flippant. Let the wits and humorists be consoled; they have the best of it, and the dull ones know it.

VI.

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LETTERS TO DOUGLAS JERROLD'S GODCHILD.

I am indebted for these extracts to Mr. Hepworth Dixon, by whom they were addressed, while journeying with my father, to his little boy. They are full of characteristic touches.

DIEPPE, *August* 18, 1854.

DEAR WILLIE,

A kiss—good-by—grind—whiz—phiz, and we land in Dieppe safe and well! We met Godpapa, Godmamma, Miss Polly, and Tom at the station, all in good time. I got every thing shipshape, and took charge of the common purse (for you must know that Godpapa, when on his travels, spends his money like his wits, as if he had more gold and precious gems than ever glistened in Aladdin's cave), and away we sped through the bright sunshine, merry and laughing, till we came to the sea, when Master Tom put on a grave face, for his stomach doesn't like salt water, and, hiding himself behind a horse-box, was seen of us no more for five long hours. Godpapa is a capital sailor, as you know, from the old boating days at Rocklands; and we joked, and smoked, and kept the ladies brisk, in spite of Mamma's white cheeks and Miss Polly's imploring eyes. So we get to Dieppe just at sundown, to find the hotels crowded for the races—always a droll sort of thing in France, like a review in Hyde Park, or a regatta at Venice, or a jubilee at Munich, or any thing else that has no meaning and much absurdity; so, instead of going to a nice hotel fronting the sea, as we ought to have done, we go to M——'s, a house on the port, with a commanding stench in front and rear, because Godpapa had been there once before, and had been excessively uncomfortable! After a bad supper (which, as the meats and wines were French, we enjoyed, smacking our lips over the thin Macon as though it had been Moët's), we are carried over the open sewers a street or two, and up dark passages, and along creaking wooden galleries, built in the day of Henri Quatre and Madame Longueville, to

bed, in such a tiny bed, not too big for Queen Mab to sleep in !— in rooms without carpets, candlesticks, or water-basins, but with windows looking into our neighbours' rooms, and kindly allowing them a peep into ours. As the street noises die away, we hear the roll of shingle on the seashore, and we know that the grim castle is glooming over it in the close, starless night. God bless you !

FONTAINEBLEAU, *August* 22.

MY DEAR WILLIE,

After four hot days in Paris we are cooling in the prettiest sort of country house on the edge of the great forest of Fontainebleau, into which we drive and ramble, losing ourselves in its magnificent avenues of chestnuts and poplars. . . . Godpapa has a great love for trees, and woods, and gardens; indeed, we can't tell if he loves even books better than flowers, of which he knows all the names, English and Latin, and all the verses that have ever been written about them ; so we pass under the lacing branches, and chat, and smoke, and laugh. . . . We did not have very much laughing in Paris, except over a dinner that M—— undertook to ride down and order for us in the Bois de Boulogne, all in the true French style, and in which there was not *one* dish that any body could eat ! We had great fun with him, plaguing him about his taste in the fine arts, and all that. Paris we left rather hastily ; for the cholera is terrible, and we are told that thirty thousand people have already died there, and it is now raging more than ever. Godpapa and I, coming home from the bath yesterday morning, saw men carrying a dead body out, and when we got to our own hotel found a coffin in the doorway, which made *him* very sick ; so we ate little breakfast, but ran out, bought some linen trousers, straw hats (mine is a duck of a hat, and makes Godpapa jealous !), and away by the noon train to Fontainebleau, where we have seen the forest—a real old forest like Epping, which you have seen—only, of course, it is a French Epping, and therefore straight and stiff, and the roads through it very windy—and the court where Napoleon bade adieu to his old guard. We have thrown cake to the carp, those blind old Belisarius fish in harlequin coats, said to have rings in their noses, put through them in the days of Francis I., and, therefore, the only living remnants of the old times of France. . . .

AIX IN SAVOY, *August* 25.

DARLING WILLIE,

What a ride and a sail, and how tired we are! Godpapa done up and gone to bed, although we have tumblers with a band under the window! Mamma laid down quite shaken. When we left Fontainebleau the heat was like furnace heat, and the train was stifling, the wasps irritating, and the people dismal about cholera; but what glorious sweeps of vineyards, and what gorgeous oleanders, pomegranates, and dahlias! Godpapa had never seen a vineyard before, nor a pomegranate blossoming in the open air; and he raved all day over this new beauty, and wanted to stop at all the pretty places—such as Tonnerre, Nuits, St. Julien. "There," he cried, "is Tonnerre! My God, what a landscape! Let us stay here for a day or two. Give me the 'Murray'—let me see, Tonnerre—ha!—dull town—steep slope—Marguerite of Burgundy—desolated by cholera in '32—that will do." And on we slid, past Dijon, Chalons, Macon, tasting the wines, and munching grapes, and sometimes tarts with live wasps in them; and so in the late hours to Lyon, tired to death, to face the long delay at the station, the hauling over of luggage, and the impatience of the ladies, who don't like their gear to be thumbed, and poked, and administered. "Any thing to declare?" asks a pompous gentleman, all button and tobacco. "Yes," says Godpapa, who will have his bit of fun; "a live elephant—take care!" Riding into Lyon on a sultry night is like wriggling into a mouldy melon, stuffed with strong onions and cheese; and we looked at each other's turned-up noses, and thought of the fresh lakes and breezy Alps. "Could you send and take places for us in to-morrow's diligence for Geneva?" says Godpapa to Mr. Glover, landlord of the Hôtel de l'Univers, where we tumbled in at midnight. "All the places taken for three days," tartly answered Glover. "Any other conveyance?" "Only the river." "*Only!* What river?" "Rhône to Aix in Savoy—there catch Chambery diligence to Geneva." So we dropped into bed half dressed—dosed an hour—and off again (after paying such a bill!)—mamma very tired and chill in the dull morning air—and at four o'clock flung off the Rhône bank, and, with our faces to the Alps and the rising sun, dodged, swung, and leaped against the rapid current, between heights crowned, like the Rhine, with ruined convents and castles, and through broad

reaches, and past picturesque old towns—a long, sweet, and merry day. (P.S.—*Mr. Punch* will certainly hear of Mr. Glover's merits.) At sundown we entered Lago Borghetto, and arrived at Aix by dusk, to find the little town crammed, the best hotel full, the street hot with sulphur, and noisy with soldiers, boatmen, ostlers, guides, and visitors—most of these last Italians flying from their own places in fear. At last we got into an hotel —very bad and dirty—both the ladies knocked up. . . .

Annecy, August 28.

. . . Sick with sulphur, lungs full of steam, and poisoned with sour food, we escaped from Aix this morning by a nice little trick. Our landlord, unable to catch four live English every day, and finding our society pleasant and profitable, as he could charge us for dinners we never touched, told us overnight there were no places to be got for a week in the Chambery diligence, nor a single horse to be hired for posting. So Godpapa goes down before breakfast, makes a long face, and whispers to him that he fears one of the ladies is seized with cholera! The honest landlord suddenly recollects that horses and a very nice carriage may be got, and cheap too! Done, done! As we step in, a funeral procession, with priests, and singing boys, and candles, drones past the door, and we drive away in a light shower, out of the deep sulphurous valley, now to emerge into winding roads, with Italian cottages and real Italian vines, trained up the sides of houses, and up branches of apple-trees. Very merrily we ride, Godpapa crowing and singing, and marking down every pretty spot to come to again, and spend a summer in it. He has laid out thirty or forty summers already, so you see he means to live for ever, as we all hope he may. And here we are in a darling old town, with such a lovely lake under our window, and such a wall of mountain above it, and such queer old houses close by—houses like those in Chester, with shady arches, and shops under them, as in old Italian cities, where people strive with all their arts to keep sunshine out! Here we eat lotte, and drink to Rousseau and Madame de Warren, and order our carriage, and start for Geneva. . . .

Geneva, August 29, 1854. — What a lovely drive over the mountains! what a road full of pictures! You should have seen us gay young fellows trudging on before the carriage, dropping

stones over the great bridge at La Caille, jabbering with the peasants on the road, clambering over rocks to catch glimpses of famous cascades, or listening to the sweet pine music in the lonely evening places. In one village we left the ladies, resting the tired horses, and pushed a mile or two ahead, and had stopped to see the sun set over a high hill, when a troop of girls came up, crowing and shouting, with pumpkins on their heads, large enough for Cinderella's coach-and-six to crack out of—lithe, graceful girls; but we could not tell a word they said, though they looked as if they thought we had sprung out of the ground; and they passed on laughing until they met the ladies, when we could hear them set up a great shout. About twelve at night we rattled into Geneva, to find every house chock full. "If Monsieur will sleep in his fiacre, perhaps we can find a bed for him to-morrow or next day," says the landlord of Des Bergues to Godpa. We drive to the Ecu, Couronne, Angleterre, Balance. All oozing with life. Not a coal cellar for coin or love. Naples, Geneva, Rome, Turin—all seem now at Geneva—princes, dancers, painters, conspirators, all flying from cholera. At last we hear of rooms; we drive to them, and find under the town gate an ancient, dirty, and dismal Swiss inn, the landlady of which is rushing about, pulling people out of bed to make way for us—for the English lords and ladies! Two rooms cleared, and clean linen brought, together with brandy and water. As we drink and laugh, Godpa spies a door in the room not before noticed, and, trying it, opens on a monk in bed! "Ho! ho! Cannot this door be locked?" "No," says the landlady, "else how will the poor padre come out?" He had actually no way in or out except through our bedroom. A row, an expostulation, a threat of leaving, and the wretch was dug out of his sleep, bundled off, his room hired for peace' sake, and we fell to rest. In Switzerland the innkeepers are mostly magistrates, and the church has no chance with Boniface when milord objects to the nuisance.

Geneva, Sept. 4.—Godpa and I have been up and down and over the lake everywhere; to Ferney, where Voltaire lived, and Mamma has gathered you splendid fir bobs; to Coppet, where Bayle lived; to Lausanne, where Gibbon lived; to Clarence, where Rousseau fixed the story of Julie and St. Preux; and to Coligny, where Milton lived, and where Byron had a house, in which he wrote poems, and from which he saw the live thunder

leap among the peaks of the Jura. The ladies walked with us to Coligny, where we did not feel sentimental or see any live thunder, but were very thirsty, and played skittles, and drank some bad claret. We have been to Chillon too (ask Miss Williams to read you the "Prisoner of Chillon"), and walked in the worn steps of Bonnevard, and watched the glittering green light on the roof, and heard the deep drone of the water outside the wall, and refused to scratch our names on the pillars. . . . Take care to address your letters in a very plain hand. There is a paper published in Geneva giving lists of all strangers, and this is the way in which the world is informed of the arrival of two gentlemen you know :—

"M. Stissworth.
M. Douglar."

So no wonder if the post-office cannot always find our letters! Of course this is too good a jest to spoil; so we leave the rectification to history. Mamma is not very well, though full of spirits; and Godpa begins to fidget about a box of cholera pills, given him before we started by your good friend, Erasmus Wilson, and which Godpapa told him we should never take unless we are *bound*. This morning he ran out before breakfast (for we are now in a very pleasant hotel, the Angleterre, and really *can* breakfast), and came back in a new straw hat—best Leghorn. The ladies twigged him, and nudged me not to see it. So he began to talk about hats—but mum! At last he got angry at our blindness, and put his new straw on the table, when we all laughed outright, and he most of any. . . . Good by. Here's the William Tell snorting under our window: off to Lausanne!

Lausanne, Sept. 5.—Fresh air and thin brandy and water keep us pretty well in the midst of a good deal of sickness, and still more alarm. We have the first all day, and a little of the other at night, so that Godpapa calls this trip our brandy and Waterloo! What a delightful sail on the lake, and what a red nose Godpa has got! . . . We are kept here (in Freiburg, and thank heaven for it) by a blunder of the diligence man, who has carried off our luggage to Berne, and left us behind. And we have enjoyed such a treat in the church, where the organ has played us a dream, a storm, an earthquake, and all kinds of wonderful and difficult things in music, at which poor Godpa cried very much, for you must know he is very sensitive to sweet sounds. But I

must tell you a bit of fun, at which the ladies have not yet done laughing. Godpa says to me in German, which they don't understand, "Let's have a choice bottle of hermitage for dinner;" and, pretending it is only the common country wine, we all drink and are merry. But hermitage is in smaller bottles than table wine, so Godpa says to the landlord, "These are very small." "Ha!" cries Boniface, "I perceive—it is all a mistake. This is a wrong flask; you must have another." So the ladies look and wonder, and Godpa persuades them that the landlord is going to *give* them a second bottle. So don't they drink and enjoy it! And we sit laughing on the terrace over the Saarine till the golden light fades on the Alp-heads, and the stars twinkle out, and silence sweeps up the great valley, hushing, as it were, the coursing river down below. Good night, and angels guard you!

Berne, September 7.—Ten miles through the forest Godpa and I walked this morning—he, strong and lithe as a chamois, singing and whistling as we stepped along over the green turf, now catching the cry of milkmaid, now the caw-caw of a rook, and now the crash of a tree. A breezy and enchanting mountain road, on which we saw the sun rise, purple, and pink, and gold. An Irish lady, long Frenchified, occupied a fifth seat in the *rotonde*—a Miss O'Dogherty, thin, rouged, and fifty—who amused us by her strange knowledge and still stranger ignorance. "Oh, madam! and you live in London? And you see the queen sometimes? And how does she dress? And has not she blue eyes?" As we rode through a pass that made Godpa jump with joy, she simpers, "Ha, yes! it is very pretty—sweetly pretty; it is quoite rural." . . . Godpapa has bought you a stone bear. Berne, you remember, is the paradise of bears. Bears in wood and bears in wax—bears in marble and bears in bronze—bears on the coins and bears on the church-towers—live bears in the Ditch and dead bears in the museum—bears on the cathedral walls, bears on the public fountains, bears in the shop-windows, bears on the town gates—bears everywhere, even in our portmanteaus. In the great thoroughfare is a bear in armour, champion of the city. . . . We go to Lucerne, the Rhigi, Zug, and Zurich, on our way to Germany.

Zurich, September 9. . . . The heat is certainly great, and we feel loth to leave our haven on the lake, the gardens that we have learned to love so much, and the evening boat and song

that are sweeter still. The old library here makes a charming noonday lounge, where we have read over lots of valuable letters —the nicest reading-room in the world, always excepting the ducal library in Venice, which, like Venice itself, is beyond comparison. (P.S.—By this time Godpa has a list of a hundred places to spend his future summers in! Hurrah!) To-morrow we leave for Bâle and Heidelberg, and shall drop slowly down the Rhine, sleeping at Bingen, Bonn, Cologne, and so to Aix, Brussels, Ghent, Bruges, and Ostend. Ten days more will see us home. I got your letters at Lucerne, where Godpa also found his letters from Mr. Knight. We find the telegraphic words were delivered in Fleet Street nine minutes after they were given in at Geneva. Godpa seemed awe-struck. Of course he knew, as everybody knows, that the lightning carries fact; but he had never sent a telegraph before in his life; and this whispering over Alps, lakes, and seas, suddenly brought home to him, struck him like a blow. Write to Brussels. Love to Edie and Harold. Heaven keep you, darling! . . .

Bâle, September 10.—What a bill to pay in Zurich! Godpa says they charged ten francs a day for listening to my German. He won't speak one word; not that he can't, for he knows the language well enough; but he is lazy, and likes to have no trouble; and because I rattle away and get things done, without much respect for genders and accusatives, he sits and criticizes Naughty old boy! You must scold him for me. . . .

Cologne, September 14.—. . . Faugh! The dust of eleven thousand virgins is in one's mouth—the clack-clack of fifty tin begging-cans in one's ear—the steam of a myriad sewers in one's nostril—and the glare of a hundred acres of white stone in one's eyes—good-by to Cologne!

Brussels, September 16.—More dust, stench, and stone at Aix, and then the sweet ride through the valley of Liège, and then my own charming old Brussels—city of picture and contrast, with something in it of every place on earth—of Rome and of London, of Granada and of Cologne, of Rotterdam and of Paris. And where else in Europe have you priests and progress, manufactures and monks? Here we are at home again—good wine, nice theatre, even a park under our window. . . . Three days more and we shall meet in St. John's Wood, and all dine with Godpa, who has been raving ever since we left Cologne about fat goose and old port!

TO THE MEMORY OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.

I.

" Even in youth did he not e'er abuse
The strength of wit or thought, to consecrate
Those false opinions which the harsh rich use
To blind the world they famish for their pride;
Nor did he hold from any man his dues."—*Shelley.*

" An honest man's the noblest work of God."—*Pope.*

A man of genius, honest worth, and truth hath pass'd away;
A man who fought the people's fight until his locks grew gray;
A man who never bent his soul a hireling's place to seek;
A man who never fear'd the strong, but aye upheld the weak;
The genial wit, the journalist, who would not wield his pen
To countenance the little lies and cant of little men;
Let darker minds and lower souls a dead man's praise condemn—
To point out spots upon the sun is only fit for *them.*
And now he's gone!—our loss we feel—we'll daily feel it more,
For Freedom's cause hath lost the pen that graced her ranks before;
The bigot's heart is hot with joy, dull Mammon's heart may leap—
Life's warfare o'er, their noblest foe at peace doth sweetly sleep!
Yet mourn not idly o'er his grave—the words he left behind
Were something more than empty sounds that die upon the wind;
Their echoes through men's hearts shall ring, as onward years shall roll,
And men will own the master-hand, and say, " God rest his soul!"
Turn to thy rest, true heart and brave! Let Slander's venom'd tongue
Seek bitterly to mar thy fame, and reason right to wrong;
But o'er thy grave *some* hearts will own—as all true natures can—
Here, weary from life's dusty road, doth rest an honest man!

W. B. B. S.

[One of Bon Gaultier's grandsons.]

II.

Ere laughters, wit-waked, in silence die—
Ere tears, by tenderness unseal'd, are dry—
While, with imagined joy and mimic woe,
Your nerves still tingle, and your feelings glow,
Pardon, if on your mirth and lustihead,
I force the solemn presence of the dead.

As in mysterious Egypt's fatal hours
The skull still grinn'd its moral through the flowers,
The service of your reverend hands I crave
To place a wreath upon a fresh-turf'd grave—
His grave, whose pulses never more shall *stir*
To plaudits of the crowded *theatre:*
Who sleeps the sleep of death, not recking fame
Nor friendship, nor what honours crown his name.
Yet, if aught touch the disembodied mind,
It should be thought of dear ones left behind
To bide the world's harsh buffet. If one joy
From earth can reach souls freed from earth's alloy,
'Tis sure the joy to know kind hands are here
Drying the widow's and the orphan's tear;
Helping them gently o'er lone life's rough ways,
Sending what light may be to darkling days—
A better service than to hang with verse,
As our forefathers did, the poet's hearse.
Two things our Jerrold left, by death removed—
The works he wrought, the family he loved.
The first to-night you honour; honouring these,
You lend your aid to give the others ease.
Like service in like loss none more than he
Was prompt to render—generous, facile, free.
He had a sailor's heart; 'twas thus he drew
The sailor's character with touch so true:
The first that gave our stage its British tar,
Impulsive, strenuous, both in love and war;
With English instinct, using still his blade
Against the strong, the weaker cause to aid.

While Dibdin's song on English decks is sung,
While Nelson's name lives on the sailor's tongue,
Still Susan's tenderness and William's *faith*
Shall weave for Jerrold's tomb a lasting *wreath*."

[Written by Mr. Tom Taylor; spoken by Mr. Albert Smith, at the Adelphi Theatre, July 29, 1857.]

III.

Too soon! too soon for us, if not for thee —
Thou wert a child in merry spirit still
When thy dumb body laid it down and slept
Beneath the shadow of the cypress tree;
While we, unknowing, at thy living will
Still wonder'd, and still laugh'd, until we wept!
Too soon!—Thou, Tyranny, with iron hand;
Thou truculent oppressor of the poor;
Thou feign'd interpreter of God's command,
Exult not in his death—his thoughts endure!
And thousand hearts are lighted with the flame,
And thousand hands are ready for the blow
His word invoked—to hurl on Vice its shame,
Give Crime its judge, and Bigotry its foe!

WILLIAM DUTHIE.

THE END.

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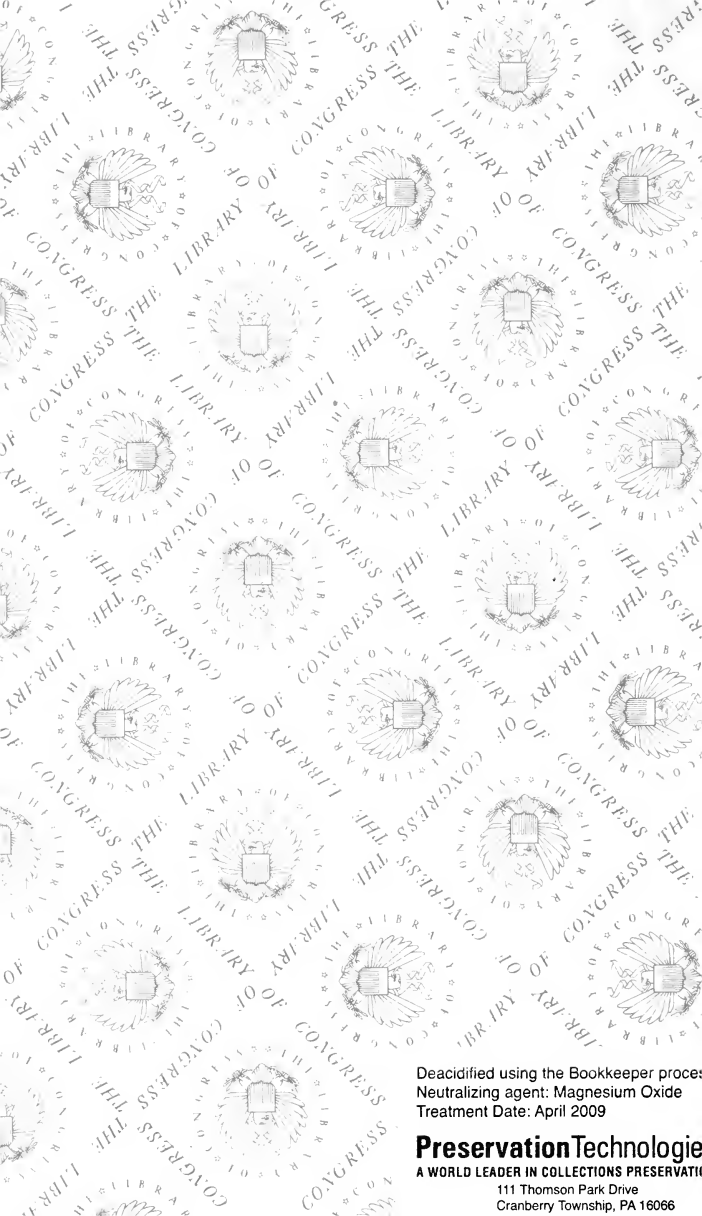

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